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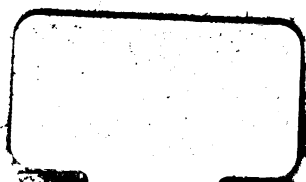
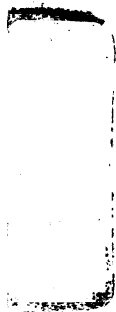
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Sporting
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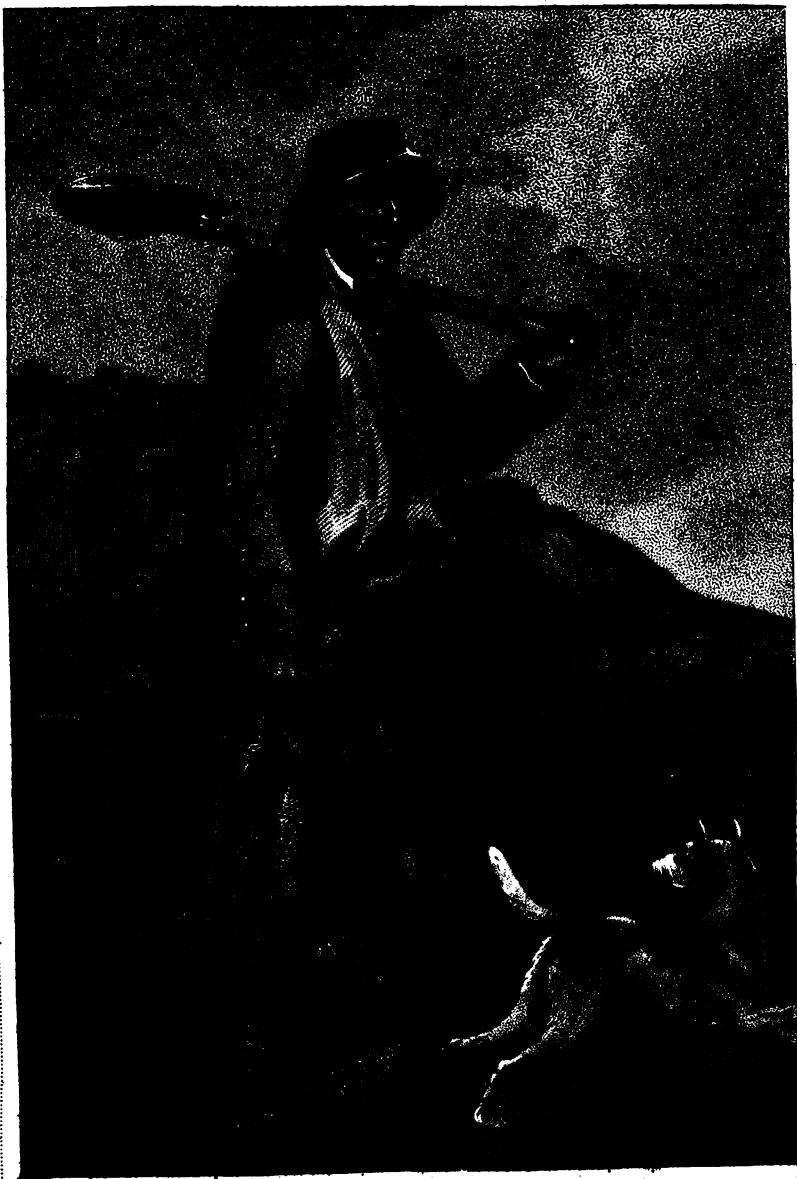


Illustration by J. S. S.

The Warreners.

Illustration by J. S. S.

Published by J. S. S., Warwick, Spence.

First of the Improved Mark.

THE

Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF
THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 21.



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Printed for J. Whible, 18, Warwick Square.

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

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MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

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	RACING CALENDAR 1—16

[Embellished with a highly-finished ENGRAVING by Mr. BOND, from a Picture by Mr. MARSHALL, of Mr. RICHARD KNIGHT, late Huntsman to Earl Spencer.—And a spirited ETCHING of a HORSE FALLING FROM A PRECIPICE.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick-Square, near St. Paul's;
C. CHAPPLE, No. 66, Pall-Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J.
BOOTH, Duke-Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket;
and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. M'Dowall, Printer, Femberton Row, Gough Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

A Correspondent who we hold in no slight degree of estimation, has attempted a kind of satirical description of a day's sport with Mr. Chapman's Harriers on Wimbledon Common; but, as few packs are better hunted than Mr. Chapman's, the ridicule will apply as much to the Prince of Wales's, or any other Harriers in the Kingdom, as to Mr. C's: our Correspondent must therefore excuse the publication of his letter. Putney being *near* London, and only, perhaps, because it is *near* London, it caught the Idea of our Correspondent, to adopt a subject similar to the idle inventions in the public Papers concerning *Cockney Sportmen*; things that would have done very well thirty years ago, but for which nothing occurs to warrant at the present day. The improved manners of the people; the restriction of the Laws; and above all, the expence of a Certificate; have rendered the subject not only imaginary, but threadbare.

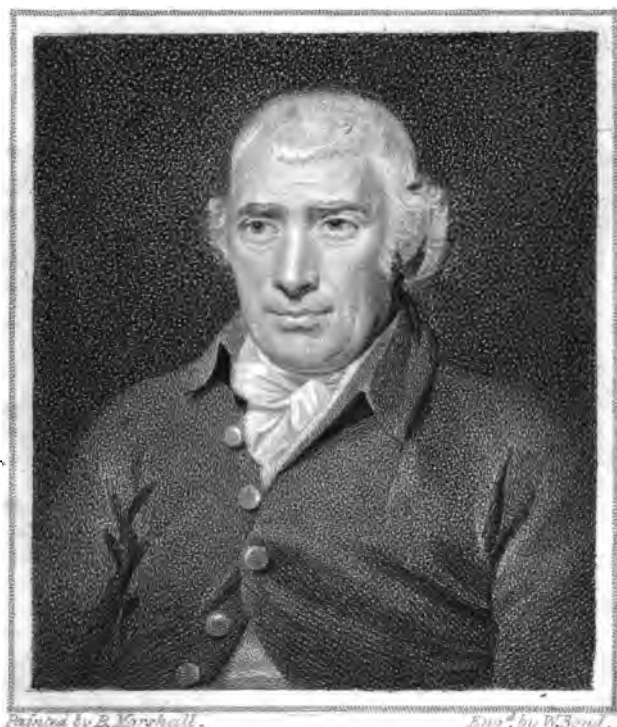
The above Observations will apply to another Correspondent, (R. B.) who has made *COCKNEY SHOOTING* the subject of his letter.

Our Correspondent at Inverness will perceive we have availed ourselves of his favour.

Cricket Matches being so numerous, and occupying so much room, we have not been able to follow them up in order, and at *full*: these things will be managed better next season. Those past that have not been given, shall be collected in the best manner in our power, and appear in brief in the next Magazine.

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Mr. Richard Knight.

HUNTSMAN.

Engr. by J. Whitt, Ward-R. Square, London

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1802.

MR. RICHARD KNIGHT,
*Late Huntsman to Earl Spencer, with
a beautiful Engraving of his Por-
trait, by Mr. Bond, from an ori-
ginal Picture painted by Mr. Mar-
shall.*

ALTHOUGH an unexpected disappointment prevents our giving some account of this celebrated Huntsman, in the present Month's Magazine, our readers may be assured of its appearance in the next.

Having mentioned Earl Spencer, as his late master, we take permission to *throw off* a little, in order to fill up the space intended for the particulars of Mr. Knight's celebrity, unavoidably delayed till next month; and that, by remarking, that his Lordship has been the patron, not only of Mr. Knight, but of some of the first *huntsmen* in the kingdom. Indeed, the superiority of his judgment, when at the head of a great *hunting* establishment, has rendered his name immortal. It was Earl Spencer, who, with a certain degree of perspicuity and penetration, that first employed that unrivalled *Huntsman*, Horace Nelson; who discovered how admirably adapted he was for a *long chase*; and

how invariably and invincibly determined he was, at all times, to be *in at the death*.

When Horace took the *Field* and *threw off*, the well trained *Pack* were so exact, and so perfect in *discipline*, that not a hound gave *challenge* upon *drag*, 'till they were sure to run up to *their Game* and bring it to *view*. Upon breaking *covert*, he was always at the *head* of the *Hounds*, to prevent even a *chance* of their being *at Fault*; and would sooner hazard his *Life* at the most *dangerous Leaps*, than suffer the disgrace of the *Pack's being beat*. He had formerly been *Whipper-In* to that famous old *Sportsman* JOHN JERVIS, and from him, with his own native courage, caught the spirit of looking *danger in the Face*. No *weather*, however *dreadful*, prevented his taking the *Field*, or continuing the *Chace*. When the *Game* was a *foot* his *Pack* was remarkable for their *speed*, and were never known to *tire*: of which they gave ample proof in a *tedious drag* with a *light*, fluctuating, and uncertain *scent*; 'till the *leading Hound*, beginning to *feather*, at the entrance of the *Nile*, a *challenge* ensued. The exhilarating sound rallied the *pack* to a *point*. They entered the *Aboukir*

Copse, when the **GAME** was *unknown*; and, after a few *short* and *shifting* turns in *Covert*, brought to *view*: when one of the most *desperate* *chases* took place, ever recorded in the *annals* of *Sporting*. **NELSON**, and the **WHIPPERS-IN**, took every thing in *stroke*; the pack, with the most unprecedented courage, *lay side by side*, and might have been covered with a *sheet*; the *scent lay well*, and they continued running *breast high* without a *check*, (except once for a few minutes) for *near eight hours*, when nature being quite exhausted, the **HOUNDS**, exulting, ran into *their Game*; and **NELSON**, the gallant **Nelson**, secured the *Brush*; after sustaining more difficulties than ever were known upon any former occasion. Lord Spencer has likewise had the good fortune of selecting many other **CELEBRATED HUNSMEN**, who have done equal honour to the distinct and separate **PACKS** they had the happiness to lead. Witness the **Duncans**, the **Keiths**, the **Warrens**, &c. &c. who never *drew bit* until up to their *Game*, and were **IN AT THE DEATH**.

While on this subject, it may not be inapplicable to mention, that a young fellow, who was formerly in the *hunting Stables* of Old Digby, and is thought would have made an excellent *hunter*, has lain out of place for more than *ten years*. The lad has *great* relations, and a good character; but could never get a *situation*. He happened once, at a meeting of *first rate* **Sportmen**, to give his opinion against the majority, for *taking the field*, in **ANOTHER COUNTRY**, and told them freely, that they *knew no more than the man in the moon*, what they were about. This so exasperated the mighty **Nimrod** of the day, that he has been kept out of place ever since. The young man, however, as well as **Nimrod** himself, has lately turned **Farmer**.

HARRIERS.

THE PRINCE'S HARRIERS.

THE Prince of Wales's harriers now add to the Brighton amusements; they throw off on Mondays at Portslade; Wednesdays, at Patcham Windmill; and Fridays, on the Race-hill. The Subscription Pack, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; but from what places is not yet mentioned.

A Day's Sport at Brighton.

WEDNESDAY the 20th Instant, the Prince of Wales, with a numerous party of dashing sportsmen, took the diversion of hare-hunting in the neighbourhood of Brighton. Two brace of hares were killed in the course of the morning; the first hare was killed before the Prince arrived. His Royal Highness, after a severe run, was in at the death of the second; and, in this chase, his horse outstripped the field. The Prince joined in the two succeeding runs, which afforded excellent sport. His Royal Highness retired from the field about three o'clock; and, with various of the Nobility, paraded the Steyne before dinner.

PUTNEY HARRIERS.

THE Putney Hounds, Mr. Chapman's, have taken the field, now the wet weather has set in; they have had some good runs. They throw off every Wednesday morning, about nine o'clock, at Twickenham; on Mondays and Fridays, at the same hour, at Putney, or Wimbledon.

PORTSEA HARRIERS.

Portsmouth, Oct. 16—This morning Mr. Pittis's pack of Harriers threw off in the Island of Portsea, the first time this season, before upwards of twenty Horsemen; they found one Hare, which, after an excellent run, was killed. The Hounds will go out twice a week during the season.

THE

THE NEW FALSTAFF.

SHAKESPEARE's Historical play of Henry IV. being introduced at Drury Lane, on Thursday evening the 5th inst. *a very great man*, Mr. Stephen Kemble, from the Edinburgh Theatre, came forth in the character of *Falstaff*. Allowing for the difficulties of a first appearance, he performed the character with much ability, and was well received.

Before the curtain drew up, Mr. Bannister came forward, and delivered the following address, written by Mr. S. Kemble himself, which was received with bursts of applause.

A Falstaff here to-night, by Nature made,
Lends to your favourite, Bard, his *pondrous* aid.

No man of buckram he! no stuffing gear!

No feather-bed—nor e'en a pillow-bier!
But all good honest flesh, and blood, and bone,

And weighing, more or less, some *thirty-stone*.

Upon the Northern coast, by chance we caught him,

And hither, in a *broad-wheel'd waggon*, brought him.

For in a chaise the varlet ne'er could enter,

And no mail-coach on such a fare would venture.

Blest with unwieldiness—at least his *size*!

Will favour find in every critic's eyes,
And, should his humour, and his mimic art,

Bear due proportion to his *outward part*—
As once 'twas said of *Macklin*, in the *Jew*,

This is the very Falstaff, *Shakspeare* drew—
To you, with diffidence, he bids me say,

Should you approve, you may command his stay,

To lie, and swagger here, another day.
If not—to better men he'll leave his sack,

And go, as ballast, in a collier, back.

The play commenced afterwards under very favourable auspices. Mr. K. certainly, without any *stuffing*, according to the theatrical phrase, *looks* the character he as-

sumes, exactly; and we are truly happy to find, that every subsequent appearance of his, has brought an overflowing house at Old Drury. Indeed so much so, that he has been prevailed on to remain longer in town than he intended; and has since played the character of *Falstaff*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

On the Veterinary Art, &c. &c.

A NEW edition, (the second) of a *Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses; and on the Moral Duties of Man towards the Brute Creation*. By John Lawrence, 2 vols. 8vo.

We shall have to speak of this new edition in a future Magazine; and therefore now only mention the publication.

A Treatise on the Diseases of Horses: in which the Causes and Symptoms, are plainly and accurately delineated; a method of cure recommended, &c. With an Appendix containing a variety of efficacious and useful prescriptions, dedicated by permission, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. By John Denny, Surgeon, &c.

The methods of proceeding proposed in this treatise, are justly commendable for their ease and efficacy, both in the composition and cure. In several of the Veterinary works, hitherto published, there has been a great want of accuracy in the distinction of diseases, by their appropriate symptoms or signs, an essential point, in which Mr. Denny has excelled many of his predecessors.

Veterinary Pathology: or a Treatise on the Cause and Progress of the Diseases of the Horse; together with the most approved methods of prevention, and cure. By William

liam Ryding, Veterinary Surgeon to the 18th Light Dragoons.

This work appears to contain a considerable portion of interesting matter, combined with a brevity which renders the author's precepts remarkably pleasant to the memory; and which, notwithstanding a few blemishes of style, will communicate considerable information to the reader.

The Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse's Foot, concisely described; with practical Observations on Shoeing; together with the Symptoms of, and most approved Remedies for, the Diseases of Horses. With fourteen Illustrative Plates. Dedicated by permission to the President, Committee, and Members of the Commercial Travellers' Society. By James White, Veterinary Surgeon to his Majesty's first or Royal Dragoons. 18mo. 4s. Boards. Badcock. 1801.

A Compendium of the Veterinary Art: containing an accurate Description of all the Diseases to which the Horse is liable; their Symptoms and Treatment; the Anatomy and Physiology of the Horses's Feeding and Exercise; the Stable, &c. Illustrated by Plates. Dedicated, by Permission, to His Royal Highness the Duke of York. By James White. 12mo. 6s. boards. Badcock. 1802.

The latter is a second edition of the former work*, greatly enlarged by the addition of remarks on the less important diseases. In fact, Mr. White's first object was the anatomy and physiology of the horse's foot, which is illustrated by plates, some of which are coloured; and the observations on the most important diseases, in the first edition, were apparently afterwards added. He has added also in the second an anatomical description of the internal parts of the body: the

descriptions are more minute, the formulæ more numerous, and judicious remarks on the management of the stable, are subjoined. The most important additions, however, are those relating to external inflammations.

Astley's System of Equestrian Education; exhibiting the beauties and defects of the Horse; with various and important observations on his general excellence, preserving him in Health, Grooming, &c. with plates.

The merit of this work may be admitted to have gained so much attention, as to have brought it to a third edition. If Mr. Astley does not possess the depth of some former writers on the Equestrian Science, he possesses a general knowledge of his subject, and has written in a style and manner, which are the effect of a clear conception of the Art he professes to illustrate.

An Inquiry into the Structure and Animal Economy of the Horse. Comprehending the Diseases to which his Limbs and Feet are subject; with proper directions for Shoeing; and pointing out a method for ascertaining his Age until his twelfth Year. To which is added, an Attempt to explain the Laws of his progressive Motion, on Mechanical and Anatomical Principles. The whole illustrated by eighteen Copper-plates. By Richard Lawrence, Veterinary Surgeon, Birmingham. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d. Boards.

As we propose in our succeeding Numbers to examine this, and some of the other works mentioned, we shall decline all further notice of them for the present.

BERENGER'S HORSEMANSHIP.

THE revival of Horsemanship, and the improvement of the Veterinary Art in England, does not es-

* Noticed in the *Sporting Magazine* for June, 1801. Vol. XVIII. p. 144. cape

escape the notice of our neighbours upon the continent. The following account of a German Translation of Berenger's History of Horsemanship, lately published at Hamburgh, we have translated from a Foreign Literary Journal—"It is a matter of much surprize that this work has not sooner made it's appearance in the German language, especially since M. Henze, in his Catalogue of Veterinary works, has noticed it as one of the most important on the subject. Our pleasure, however, is increased, on finding the translation of it from the hands on an Equestrian so able as Mr. Frederic Heubel, one who has enriched the science of Horsemanship with so many productions of his own. M. Berenger has had recourse to the earliest periods; and carefully collected every thing relating to the object of his inquiry, from the Sacred Writings, from Homer, and other authors of the earliest ages. He also inquires whether the Horse was first used for riding or drawing; treats of the invention of the saddle, bridle, and stirrup; and next of the countries, most celebrated for the breed of Horses; of Racing; of Horsemanship among the Romans; of the feed of Horses; of the colours which are most admired; and of the Arabian, Asiatic, African, American, and European Horses. Very copious also, is his information upon the English Horses, and the laws concerning them—Lastly he treats of the hoof."

LADY EDWARD BENTINCK.

WE are happy in stating, that Lady Edward Bentinck is as well as her friends could wish her after the late accident she met with. The following account may be depended on as more authentic than any, which has yet appeared:—Lady Edward Bentinck was lately

riding out with a party of friends, when on descending a hill, her horse stumbled. In recovering him, he made a twist, and broke her thigh just above the knee, whilst on her saddle; she remained in that state, still keeping her seat and supported by Sir J. B. Burgess, &c. till proper assistance was procured. Although the greatest dispatch was used, nearly an hour elapsed before her Ladyship was got into a carriage. She applied and fastened the bandage herself to her thigh, and since her confinement, upwards of a fortnight, has given a decided proof of that fortitude of mind, she was always believed to possess.

MANNER OF HUNTING

BEARS, FISHING, &c. IN FINLAND;

From Acerbi's Travels through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, lately published.

THIS is a very entertaining and laborious work; and, as a recommendation of it to our readers, they may be convinced that the author has paid the most minute attention to the customs and manners, and particularly to the diversions, of the people through whose territories he passed.

With respect to hunting the bears, he observes: the favourite weapon of the Finlander, in hunting the bear, is an iron lance fixed at the end of a pole. At about the distance of a foot from the point of the lance, is fixed a cross bar, which prevents the instrument from penetrating too far into the body of the bear, or passing through both sides. When the Finlander has discovered where the bear has taken up his winter quarters, he goes to the place, and makes a noise at the entrance of the den, by which he endeavours to irritate and provoke him to quit his strong hold. The bear

bear hesitates, and seems unwilling to come out; but continuing to be molested by the hunter, and perhaps by the barking of his dog, he at length gets up, and rushes in fury from his cavern. The moment he sees the peasant, he rears himself upon his two hind legs, ready to tear him to pieces. The Finlander instantly brings back the iron lance close to his breast, concealing from the bear the length of the pole, in order that he may not be upon his guard, and consequently to parry with his paws the mortal blow which the hunter means to aim at his vitals. The Finlander then advances boldly towards the bear, nor does he strike the blow till they are so near each other, that the animal stretches out his paws, to tear his antagonist limb from limb. At that instant, the peasant pierces his heart with the lance, which, but for the cross bar, would come out at his shoulder; nor could he otherwise prevent the bear falling upon him, an accident which might be highly dangerous. By means of the cross bar, the animal is kept upright, and ultimately thrown upon his back; but what may seem to some very extraordinary, is, the bear, feeling himself wounded, instead of attempting with his paws to pull out the lance, holds it fast, and presses it more deeply into the wound. When the bear, after rolling upon the snow, ceases from the last struggles of death, the Finlander lays hold of him, and calls for the assistance of his friends, who drag the carcase to his hut; and this triumph terminates in a sort of festival, where the poet assists, and sings the exploits of the hunter."

"Their method of catching fish in winter is in the following manner:—A couple of openings are made in the ice, and by means of ropes and long poles, they then contrive to pass their nets from one opening to the other; the drawing

out of the nets is attended with infinite labour. They have another method of fishing on the ice, which seemed extremely novel and curious: it is in catching fish by the stroke of a mallet or club. In autumn, when the frost begins to set in, the fisherman courses along the rivers, and when he observes a fish under the ice in shallow water, he takes a violent blow with his wooden mallet perpendicularly over the fish, so as to break the ice. The fish, stupified by the blow communicated to it by the water, in a few seconds rises quite giddy to the surface, where the man seizes it with an instrument made for the purpose.

RIGHT HON. T. CONNOLLY'S *Strict Adherence to his word of Honour.*

THE above gentleman, one of the first commoners in Ireland, and brother-in-law to the Duke of Richmond, some years ago, sitting alone in an apartment in his house in Dublin, a very genteel sharper having gained admittance, presented his pistols, and demanded Mr. Connolly's purse. The latter, seeing no alternative, immediately delivered it; when the thief, telling him that he had one more demand to make, which was, that he should give him his honour, neither to speak to any person, nor move from where he then sat, for *half an hour*. This Mr. C. agreeing to, the robber had not been long gone, before one of the family entered the apartment, who, upon asking a question, was justly surprized to see Mr. C. shake his head, and point to his watch; and which he continued to do to every interrogation, till the half hour was expired, when he exclaimed, "I have been robbed!" The fellow, however, had so well availed himself of the time given, that all inquiry after him was fruitless.

The MUSICAL FOOTMAN, with PATRIC CASEY, extracted from the Musical Farce of the Sixty-Third Letter; of which notice is taken in our Magazine for August last.—No. 119, Vol. XX.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

SIR WILFUL'S STUDY.

SIR WILFUL POSITIVE *discovered alone at breakfast.*

I THINK I have properly secur'd my ward—I have bound her down by such promises that I may bid defiance to any secret lover—Here, Dulcet!—damn that fellow! he's worse than Casey—for ever running after some organ, or listening to a ballad-singer—I wonder my sister-in-law could recommend me such a servant, when she knew my aversion to music; but I dare say she did it on purpose to torment me.—Dulcet! *(ringing a bell.)*

Enter DULCET, singing "A master I have," &c.

What is the reason I must ring for you so often?

Dul. I'm sorry for it—I'm sure, Sir, I never wish to hear you ring, it's such discord.—

Sir W. P. And confound your concord—here take away the things.

Dul. *(Approaching the table, takes up the bell and begins to sing, ringing to the tune of)* "Merry are the bells and merry do they ring."

Sir W. P. Zounds! what do you mean? put down the bell.

Dul. *(singing.)* "Merry is myself and merry will I sing."

Sir W. P. Do you hear? put it down, and none of your damn'd music!

Dul. Damn'd music!—

Sir W. P. This is no time for your curs'd notes.

Dul. Lord, Sir, I'll beat time if Vol. XXI. No. 121.

you'll let me. *(hums a tune and beats time with his foot.)*

Sir W. P. Be quiet, fellow! Isn't it very hard I must be tormented every day with your abominable sounds? In the morning you begin with what you call—"Good morrow to your night cap."

Dul. "On two legs rid," &c. *(singing.)*

Sir W. P. Ouns! be quiet.—Then at night you play on the table your damn'd confounded noise of "Go to bed Tom."

Dul. Oh, Sir, every child can play that. *(playing on the table.)*

Sir W. P. Ouns! he'll break all the things—be quiet! how dare you make this noise in my ear?

Dul. Your ear! lord, Sir, you have no ear!—You don't know "Morgan Rattler," from "My lodging is on the cold ground."

Sir W. P. If you don't hold your tongue, and take away the things, damme I'll knock you down, and then your lodging will be on the cold ground.—

Dul. "And hard, very hard be my fate.—" *[Exit with breakfast things.]*

Sir W. P. *(solus.)* I must part with him immediately!—he has smash'd I don't know how many china plates with playing the cymbals—all my tumblers with imitating the musical glasses, and crack'd a most beautiful tea-board with practising the tambourine.—If at the street door, he is playing with the knocker; and if I call for a knife and fork at dinner, I must wait till he has finish'd a tune with them.

Re-enter DULCET.

Zounds! what brings you here again?

Dul. A letter, Sir, that's all. *(gives him a letter.)* Well, since I must not whistle or play, I'll entertain myself with my ballads. *(aside, and takes out a bundle of ballads.)*

B

Sir W. P.

Sir W. P. (reading the superscription.) "Sir Wilful Positive."—Why, who gave you this letter?

Dul. (looking over his ballads, and reading the titles.) "Young Lubin."

Sir W. P. Lubin!

Dul. "The Charming Fellow."

Sir W. P. Curse your charming fellow! what is he?

Dul. The Waggoner."

Sir W. P. Waggoner—Oh, then it comes from the country. Did he say any thing when he gave it to you?

Dul. "Ge ho! Dobbin."

Sir W. P. Pshaw, he was speaking to his horses then, and not to you.—Let me see, (opens the letter and reads.) "An unknown friend thinks proper to apprize Sir Wilful Positive of the unfortunate malady which has happen'd to Mr. Beverley, during his tour abroad: the unhappy gentleman has been much deranged in his mind, and at intervals is quite outrageous."—Oh Lord! I shall be afraid to sit in his company.—"It is supposed by his physicians, that he was bit by a tarantula, as he finds great relief in lively music." Plague on it—I can give him no lively music.—"If your ward will constantly read and sing to him, he may, notwithstanding, make an agreeable husband."—Ouns! Lydia must not know of this misfortune, nor my sister-in-law, for she'd tell all the world.—Well, who in the name of wonder could have written this letter?

Dul. (still looking over and reading the titles of his ballads.) "Peggy Perkins."

Sir W. P. Peggy Perkins! who is she?

Dul. "The lass of Richmond Hill."

Sir W. P. Richmond Hill! and when did she give it to the waggoner?

Dul. "In the dead of the night."

Sir W. P. Eh, damn the fellow!

he's reading his curs'd ballads. There's a knock at the door—see who it is.—Well, Sir, why don't you run?—Ouns, Sirrah, you should be as brisk as a lamplighter!

Dul. The lamplighter! Oh, you mean Jolly Dick; yes, Sir—"Father and I the world delights," &c.

[Exit singing.]

Sir W. P. Silence, Sirrah—Poor Beverley! aye, this accounts for his not having call'd on me since his return. I wish I had been acquainted with him before he went abroad, then I should have known his disposition, and—

Re-enter DULCET.

Dul. One Patrick Casey would be glad to speak to you, Sir.

Sir W. P. Patrick Casey! the scoundrel, have not I discharg'd him—he was paid his wages, and what does he want?

Dul. I can't tell, Sir—I ask'd him if he knew "Corporal Casey," and he said he was his cousin in Kilkenny, and that he himself is the Tipperary Adonis.

Sir W. P. Pshaw! tell the fellow I am busy—where did you leave him?

Dul. (looking at his ballads, and not minding him.) "Encompass'd in an angel's frame."

Sir W. P. What! are he and Patty together? Oh the villian! but damn it, he's here.

Enter PATRICK CASEY.

P. Cas. Your servant, Sir.—I knew the way up very well; what kind of a humour is he in, the old tune I suppose? (apart to DULCET.)

Dul. Old tune, he has not one, old or new.

P. Cas. Oh, I see how it is; that blessed countenance of his is a map of crossways.—Faith I never saw him yet, that he was not pleased—to be angry.

Sir W. P.

Sir W. P. Well, Sir, what do you want? Eh, to slip a love letter, I dare say!

P. Cas. There's for you. By my soul the old gentleman reads love in my face, ha! ha! he!—No, your Honour, I came at present upon business to yourself. I have been looking after a place, do you see, and I think I have found one, if I have not lost it. There's a young maiden lady, of about seventy-five, wants a stout, good looking, experienced young man, and I have offered my services—so, if she should chance to call for my character, why your Honour knows what to say.

Sir W. P. Indeed I do—I'll give her your true character.

P. Cas. Thank your Honour, that's all the maiden-lady wants. I told her ladyship that I was the Tipperary Adonis, and the cause of my leaving you, was that you had nothing at all for me to do; and so I thought it best to give up your business entirely.

Sir W. P. Oh, but I shall tell her another story; she shall know that I had a great deal to do, but that you did nothing; that whenever I sent you to my ward's, you were always loitering away your time with Patty.—

P. Cas. That will do—it will convince her of my attention to the ladies—then she'll ask me who Mrs. Patty is, and I'll tell her she is your beautiful ward's beautiful chamber-maid; and to be sure, as the voice of a beautiful girl always tickles the ear of an Irish heart, why I used to stop two or three hours extraordinary to listen to her beautiful music.

Dul. Music! lord, can Patty play?

P. Cas. Play! faith she's as full of tricks as a little kitten in a basket of chips.—

Dul. But does she understand music? can she sing?

Sir W. P. Sing! pshaw! no, she can't! damn this fellow! he'll corrupt my new servant.

P. Cas. No! she can't!—Faith the drone of a bagpipe is not more sweet than her sweet natural tones.

Dul. Can you play upon the bagpipes?

Sir W. P. Curse your bagpipes! Dulcet, look for my snuff-box—look for my snuff-box, I tell you.—

Dul. Here's the Tobacco-box, Sir. (*offering a ballad.*)

Sir W. P. Damnation! this fellow is always plaguing me with his ballads—

Dul. (*to P. Cas.*) Can you play the Irish Wake and Molly Astore?

P. Cas. Molly Astore! that I can—Lango lee—Ally Croaker—the Proker—the Pig under the Pot—and all the sweet planxties put together.

Dul. Put together! oh, that's a medley.

Sir W. P. Ouns! I shall never be able to part these fellows. Sir, you sha'nt stay any longer here, I'll turn you out.

P. Cas. Turn me out!—Ah ha! I smoke you—that's because your ward is come home, and you are afraid that she may take a peep at the Tipperary Adonis.—

Sir W. P. Why, you impudent dog, do you think my ward would look at that damn'd ugly face?

P. Cas. Ugly face? Come, that's very pretty! say that again, and by the powers, all the girls in the parish will be up with their arms against you.

Dul. I say, could your cousin sing?

P. Cas. Sing! faith it was he taught me to sing.—

Sir W. P. Damnation! leave my house, Sir.—Dulcet, see that my carriage is ready.—

P. Cas. Oh, don't mind your carriage, your Honour, I can walk home.

I humbly thank you all the same. Well, you'll give a fine character of me, I suppose.

Sir W. P. Fine! I'll give the character you deserve.

P. Cas. Thank your Honour, that will do.—Now I'll go home and sing, "Oh be joyful." [*Exit.*]

Dul. Oh be joyful! I never heard that song in all my life.—Oh, I must go and hear him. (*going.*)

Sir W. P. Stay where you are—I'll see him out, and shut the street door myself.—

Dul. But, Sir, I never heard that song—I must go and hear him—indeed, Sir—

Sir W. P. Hullo—stop— [*Dulcet runs off; Sir W. P. following him.*]

PART OF THE LAST ACT.

SIR WILFUL POSITIVE AND SIDNEY.

Enter DULCET, with wine and glasses.

Dul. Here's the wine, Sir, (*fills out the wine, singing*) "Flow thou regal purple stream."

Sir W. P. Be quiet, Dulcet.—Your physicians allow you wine, Sir, I presume?—

Sid. Physicians!—Oh, Sir, I am my own physician, I assure you. (*drinking.*) I should have call'd long before this, Sir Wilful, but a misfortune happened— (*drawing his chair nearer, while SIR WILFUL is moving his farther.*)

Sir W. P. Misfortune! pray don't think of your misfortune, Sir—don't I beg of you.—I want no apology—indeed I don't. Come, we must drive away care.

Dul. (*singing.*) "Begone dull care!"—

Sir W. P. Silence, you scoundrel.

Dul. (*speaking.*) "You and I shall never agree."

Sir W. P. No indeed, we never shall—fill out some wine.

Dul. (*singing.*) "A bumper, &c."

Sir W. P. Silence, Sirrah.—You had a good passage I hope, Mr. Beverley?

Sid. Tolerable, Sir Wilful—we had some stormy weather.

Dul. (*singing very loud.*) "The stormy winds do blow—"

Sir W. P. Be quiet, Dulcet!—Zounds! you don't know what mischief you may do now.—I assure you, Mr. Beverley, I was very anxious—(*an organ is heard, DULCET drops the water with the glasses, &c. runs to the window and dances.*) There! the damn'd scoundrel has startled the gentleman!—Pray, Sir, be composed—for heav'n's sake, Sir—(*fanning SIDNEY.*) He is a poor whimsical fool, and fond of an organ—I hope he did not alarm you much—come from the window, Dulcet, and let the gentleman have a little air.

Dul. Yes, Sir. (*hawling to the organist out of window.*) Hullo!—you are to play a little air for the gentleman—master says he'll throw you out half a crown—(*running up to SIDNEY.*) Sir! Sir! will you have "When pensive I thought on my love?"

Sir W. P. Damnation! don't make the gentleman more pensive than he really is!—come, sing for him, play upon the table, beat the drum, sound the trumpet, blow the French-horn, do any thing—make haste—where are your ballads?

Dul. Oh, here, Sir, here—here—what do you like, Sir? here's "Crazy Jane." (*offering SIDNEY a ballad.*)

Sir W. P. No, nothing that's crazy.

Dul. And here's "Mad Tom."

Sir W. P. Ouns, if you talk of madmen I'll knock you down.

Dul. Well, Sir, I won't—here's "Polly's complaint in Bedlam."

Sir W. P.

Sir W. P. Bedlam! damn the scoundrel!—I'll kick you out of the room. Sing a lively song for the gentleman directly.

Dul. Sing! oh that's my pleasure, morning, noon, and night—but what shall I sing? Here, Sir, look over my ballads—choose a song—pray choose a song.—

SONG.

Here are catches, songs, and glees,
Some are twenty for a penny;
You shall have what'er you please,
Take your choice, for here are many.
Here is "*Nan of Gloucester Green*,"
Here's the "*Lilies of the Valley*;"
Here is "*Kate of Aberdeen*,"
Here is "*Sally in our Alley*."

Here is "*Mary's Dream*," "*Poor Jack*,"
Here's "*The Tinker*" and "*the Tailor*;"
Here's "*Bow-wow*," and "*Paddy-whack*,"
"*Tally-ho*," "*The hardy Sailor*."
Here's "*Dick Dock*," "*The hearty Blade*,"
"*Captain Wattle*," and "*The Grinder*;"
And I've got "*The Cottage Maid*;"
Damme, though, if I can find her.

Drinking songs, too, here abound,
"*Toby Philpot*," "*Fill the Glasses*;"
And "*Why stands the glass around?*"
"*Here's a health to all kind Lasses*."
Here's "*Come let us dance and sing*,"
And, what's better, far than any,
Here's "*God save great George our King*,"
"*Hearts of Oak*," and "*Rule Britannia*."

CRITICISM

ON

MR. COOKE'S FIRST PERFORMANCE OF HAMLET,

At Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday evening, September 27—written on the morning after the performance.

LAST night the public curiosity was wound up to an uncommon pitch. Mr. COOKE, to the astonishment of all acquainted

with his acting, had announced himself for the character of *Hamlet*. This has been reckoned the strongest post of his rival, (Kemble's) and on which he was peculiarly ill-qualified to assail. We are always pleased with spirit, and we are often interested the more in an adventurous enterprise as the means seem disproportionate to the end. If the person who exposes himself to danger, has gained our esteem by former achievements, we feel the greater anxiety to discover whether he will add to his reputation, or sink beneath his ill-directed efforts.—Covent Garden Theatre was crowded at an early hour.

It is painful for us to state, that those who were disappointed in gaining admission, have no reason to think themselves unfortunate. Are there any who would find pleasure in seeing a great man's laurels wither on his brow? It is much to be lamented that Mr. COOKE chose, or was compelled to make, this experiment.—A temporary supply may be brought into the treasury; but he must have hurt himself in the opinion of the public. His well-earned fame may be able to stand the shock; but, had this been his first appearance in London, it is our serious opinion that he would not have been tolerated a second time, and that his vast talents in other departments of the drama must have remained for ever in obscurity.

He looked the character rather better than we expected; his air was juvenile and interesting. He seemed, however, as little animated with the sentiments of *Hamlet*, as with those of *Sir Archy M'Sarcasm*.—Indeed he delivered several of the speeches very much in the manner of the satirical knight. Not one feature of the character did he delineate: outline and colouring were equally exceptionable. We are

anxiously

anxiously taxing our memory for something to commend—Nothing at all presents itself. We can recollect no proofs of the polished education of a Prince; no symptoms of philosophic melancholy; no traits of filial piety; no expression of generous friendship; no throbs of smothered affection; no marks of suspicion; no ebullitions of resentment; no apparent desire for revenge; no conflicts between doubt of being misled, and obedience to the supernatural mandate. Mr. COOKE must have failed in expressing his notions. It is impossible that he could have read over the part without knowing who *Hamlet* is; his principles and his frame of mind; his situation at the opening of the piece; the resolution that he had formed to revenge his father's murder; and the plans which he forms to accomplish this great object. Yet, he certainly did not seem to be aware that *Hamlet* was tired of existence, when he pronounced the soliloquy, "To be or not to be;" and in the play scene, the whole House imagined that he merely wished to make merry with the story of *Gonsalvo*. To express the soft and tender passions Mr. COOKE is utterly unfit. Not only his voice and manner disqualify him, but even his smile. This is uniformly the same, and denotes a disposition to cajole and over-reach, whatever be his internal emotions. His pathetic exclamation of "father!" to the ghost, raised a general laugh. We trust that he will henceforth keep within his own sphere; as these alterations must lead him to a vast distance from the great centre of the theatrical system—THE PUBLIC FAVOUR, round which it is our earnest wish to see him triumphantly revolve.

Mr. COOKE met with but a cold reception. At the conclusion of the last act some hissing called

forth the exertions of his friends, and the struggles between the two parties continued for several minutes; all disapprobation was at last drowned amidst peals of applause; but most people seemed to wish rather to shew their respect for Mr. COOKE's general merits as an actor, than to sanction with their praise this particular performance.

CRITICISM

ON

MR. COOKE'S SECOND PERFORMANCE OF HAMLET,

On Monday, Oct. 4.

MR. COOKE, on Monday night, appeared a second time in the character of *Hamlet*. We were in hopes we should have been able to have added with much better success. After the strong and unanimous condemnation of the former attempt, it did not appear probable that he would persevere, unless he had fresh and untried resources. We imagined that he had been prevented from exerting his talents by indisposition or embarrassment, or that by hard study he had discovered the cause of his failure, and had laid up a store of fresh graces with which he was to transport us. He could not set up his own judgment against that of the Public, and no man would voluntarily expose himself to certain disgrace. But, alas, we could not perceive that any new light had broke in upon him. A week of painful application, to detect old errors, and to catch new beauties, has been completely lost. Whatever obstructed the display of his art, still continues to extend over him its inimical influence. Mr. COOKE was as unlike *Hamlet* as ever, and he has proved more completely his insufficiency for what he had

had undertaken. After this disregard of the Public voice, we should feel little tenderness in taking the performance to pieces, and fairly balancing its merits against what it has defective and absurd; but the task would really be irksome and unprofitable. It is only from contrasting what is bad with what is good, that pleasure is felt, or improvement arises. If we were to follow Mr. COOKE from scene to scene, and from act to act, we should only have to remark; "Here he was cold and phlegmatic, instead of agitated and impassioned;" "here he was boisterous and stormy, instead of displaying wounded sensibility and silent anguish;" "throughout, he appeared a *robustious periwig-pated fellow*, instead of the amiable and accomplished Prince of Denmark. Until Mr. COOKE shall be able to enter into the feelings and sentiments of *Hamlet*, it will be in vain for him to think of representing him. We have heard of actors who, in this part, lost all sense of their individual existence; who felt a real disgust at life from what they observed around them; who actually believed that they saw a supernatural being upon the appearance of the Ghost; who were animated with the most ardent passion to revenge the foul murder that had been committed; and to whom the various plans and resolutions of *Hamlet* seemed to rise up spontaneously in their minds. At any rate the spectators have often been deceived by the cunning of the scene, and have for a while imagined themselves at the Court of Denmark, witnesses of the most striking events. Last night we were always in Covent Garden Theatre, seeing — COOKE, Esq. mangle the finest dramatic character ever drawn by any poet. Mr. COOKE could not make even the audience forget for a moment that they be-

held the successful representative of *Shylock*, *Sir Archy M'Sarcasm*, and *King Richard III.* He might shew some excellencies "*ruriantes in gurgite vasto*," but they were never characteristic. In framing his mind, and moulding his bodily organs, Nature seems to have sworn, that whatever theatrical fame he might acquire, he should never be sufferable as *Hamlet*. He must submit to the decree. He will, in future, receive no molestation from the manager, as though the pit was well filled last night, the boxes were almost empty.

BOXING AND SPARRING.

ON Tuesday a pitched battle, for twenty guineas a-side, was fought between *O'Donnell*, an Irishman, and *Pardo Wilson*, brother-in-law to *Belcher*. The ground fixed upon for the combat was the Scrubbs, through which the Paddington canal runs, about four miles from Hyde-park corner. At an early part of the day crowds of people were flocking towards the field of battle, and the Amateurs never shewed greater anxiety to behold the battles between *Belcher* and *Burke*, as the heroes of the day, though not possessing their athletic powers, were known to be well skilled in the science of boxing; neither of them having ever lost a battle, although they had frequently been engaged in severe conflicts. The young Irishman did not appear to exceed eighteen years of age, and his opponent was not less than thirty. In height the Irishman had a little the advantage, and weighed about four pounds heavier than his adversary.

At one o'clock not less than 3000 people had assembled on the ground, when many attempts were made to form a ring, which could not be effected till nearly an hour; and

and that only in consequence of a number of the well-known pugilists using thick sticks, and forcing the people to fall back, such were the number present. The outside of the circle was formed by hackney coaches, carriages, carts, and vehicles of every description. A man upon a grey horse in the ring, while making the animal kick at the people to induce them to fall back, was thrown off, but had the good fortune to escape unhurt.

About two o'clock O'Donnel and Wilson entered the ring, attended each by their friends. Two Irishmen, whose names we could not learn, were second and bottle-holder to the former, and Belcher and Tom Jones to the latter. The two combatants began to strip together, and the odds seemed to be in favour of Wilson; they both appeared in good spirits, and eyed each other minutely. When they were ready, the seconds proposed that they should toss up for the choice of the side of the ring, as they were both desirous to avoid facing the sun; this advantage was gained by Belcher's friend. At five minutes past two they set to, and a general opinion was expressed by the Amateurs that their stile was equal to any thing they had ever seen. It was evident, that although Wilson had been tutored under Belcher, that O'Donnel most imitated his manner of fighting.

First Round.—Both kept a strong guard for a short time. The Irishman made the first blow, which Wilson stopped and returned; then both came to the ground together, O'Donnel having received a slight wound in his lip which bled a little.

Second Round.—Wilson made a feint at the Irishman, who struck at the same time; a sharp blow or two passed on both sides. The round concluded with the Irishman giving Wilson a cross-buttock.

Third Round.—The Irishman evinced much strength, Wilson fell back and chopped at O'Donnel as he came up to him, with great success. Hard fighting followed, but ended with Wilson receiving a knock-down blow. The odds now appeared in the Irishman's favour.

Fourth Round.—Straight forward fighting—The Irishman then made several blows at Wilson's body, which he parried and returned, but O'Donnel still followed him up, and did not quit him till he fell. There were very little odds, although it was evident that Wilson declined in strength, and had received a blow in the right eye; but no blood appeared.

Fifth Round.—Wilson seemed fearful to face the Irishman, and a good deal of manœuvring took place nearly all round the ring, but O'Donnel stuck close to his opponent, and struck the first blow; and Wilson, though seemingly not much hurt, fell. This round was more calculated to display the science than produce bloody noses.—It was now three to one in favour of O'Donnel.

Sixth Round.—On the onset Wilson made a successful blow at the Irishman's head, which did not bring him to the ground; but before the round finished, the Irishman put in a blow at his adversary's left side, which obliged him to fall. It then appeared a hollow thing; but those who supposed they knew Wilson best, persisted in the opinion, that he had not yet come to the best of his play.

Seventh Round.—Wilson endeavoured to alter his mode of fighting. He suffered the Irishman to strike first, then stopped the blow and returned it again with the same arm; but the blows given that way not being effectual, the Irishman followed him up, and again concluded the round in his favour.

Eighth

Eighth Round—They set to immediately, and this was the best round of all for hard straight forward fighting. It was now thought Wilson was bringing forward his reserved strength, but he did not keep it up long; and was obliged to fall from a blow.

Ninth Round—On meeting, the Irishman hit Wilson on the temple, and made him reel; and following him put in another blow, which brought him to the ground.

Tenth Round—This was the last round, which was very short. Wilson receiving a violent blow on his ribs, fell against the people, at the side of the ring, when Belcher whispered him that it was of no use to persevere, and advised him to give it in, which he consented to.

The triumph of a great concourse of Irish on the ground was now complete. They hoisted their hero on their shoulders, and carried him to a coach, swearing they would make all St. Giles's ring that night for joy.

Neither of the Combatants, seemed very much bruised about the head or face, but they had received many violent blows on the body.

BELCHER'S SPARRING:

ON the same evening at Sadler's Wells, the amateurs of pugilism were all on tiptoe for the grand display of pugilistic dexterity advertised by Belcher, for his benefit, at Sadler's Wells. This hero, who justly stiles himself in his advertisement, "Champion of England," was himself to exhibit all his science; which, together with the specimen to be afforded by his assistants, the most eminent men in the line next to him, would have made up the finest display of the art of bruising that had ever been witnessed. The

spectacle was to have been patronised by many persons of distinction; and numbers who, from motives of religion or humanity had an abhorrence of real boxing-matches, were delighted with the opportunity of beholding every entertainment that the skill and ability of the first performers could afford, without the horrid attendance of black eyes, bloody-noses, and the mass of disfigurements with which the human face divine is sometimes deformed in its exertions. There were even some ladies who were desirous to be present at this old day of fisticuffs, from the old esteem of the sex for bravery, let what will be the weapon. There were, in fact, few classes or descriptions, in which there were not a considerable number of persons who designed to be spectators at Mr. Belcher's benefit, and who did not look forward to the evening with some anxiety; but, oh! disappointment!—the Magistrates, fearful of the tumults that might ensue, and dreading that the gentlemen most ardent in pursuit of the sport, would seize the occasion of the assemblage of all the gentlemen of the fist, to form some matches, and to renew those scenes which frighten their workshops, sent orders in the morning to close the Theatre for the season. Their orders were of course obeyed, and a notice that there would be no performances, was fixed up at the entrance of the Theatre at an early hour: but the proprietors having no interest in the thing; and Belcher being probably too much disappointed himself to think of the disappointment of the public, no handbills were circulated, nor any other general notice given; so that the numbers who arrived successively at the doors of the Theatre of Sadler's Wells, between four and seven o'clock, had only to return the way they came.

MORE OF BELCHER.

On Friday the 8th of this present month, *James Belcher* was brought in custody before Nicholas Bond, Esq. and Sir William Parsons at the Public-Office, Bow-street, on a warrant of Lord ELLENBOROUGH's, dated the 22d of July, 1802, in order to give bail for his appearance next term, in the Court of King's Bench, to answer an indictment found against him for certain riots and misdemeanors, alluding to the pitched battle he fought with Berks, at Hurley Bottom, in Berkshire; and which had been removed, by consent, from the Quarter Sessions for that county, to the Court of King's Bench, where it would probably have rested, had he not since fought another battle with Berks. The recognizance taken, was himself in L.200, and two sureties in L.100 each.

Natural History of Wild Animals peculiar to Great Britain.

(Continued from Page 151. No. 117, for June, 1802. Vol. XX.)

THE SHARPER.

THIS animal, though very plentiful in England, is not confined to it; most parts of the world having something of the kind. But the fact is, and it would be unworthy of the veracity of a naturalist, were I to conceal it, that there is something peculiar to this country which more successfully and directly invites this animal.—Whether this be in the soil, climate, or diet, I shall not pretend to determine, but in whatever part of the world a *Sharper* has got scent of an Englishman, it is rarely he leaves him before he has devoured him; unless some persons acquainted with the nature of the animal, beats him

off at first, or confines him in a cage, so as to allow the *prey* time to escape.

This animal resembles the human shape in some respects; but its teeth are long and sharp, and its claws highly dangerous. There is a peculiarity too, about the legs, which are black, and hence some naturalists have denominated them *black-legs*; but I rather chose to adhere to the old name.

Like other animals of the ferocious kind, and which are at the same time of a cowardly disposition, their attack is slow, and apparently void of all art: they appear so gentle, that it seems harmless to be familiar with them, and they never pounce upon their prey until they have made quite sure of it, so that it cannot escape; when they devour it with the greatest cruelty, often pretending to let it go, and, when the poor thing thinks it has got off, seizing it again, and not parting with it until completely destroyed.

The *Sharper* is observed to possess that fascination which certain of the serpent tribe exert so successfully in drawing their prey to them; and in this respect, at least, no animal comes nearer the serpent, than that we are now describing.

The common prey of the *Sharper*, are, the *Dupe* and the *Nimby*, two harmless animals, which are so well known, that I need not interrupt my narration with an account of them. There are few families without one of them, though I never could conceive of what advantage or amusement they can be to a rational creature. Yet truth to say, there are some people, whose understandings are not otherwise to be impeached, who promote the breed of these animals with great care, and at an enormous expence. Without expence, indeed, they are reared with great difficulty; but those

those who know of no other way to employ their wealth, may be sure of success, if they bestow it upon the encouragement of this breed. It is, notwithstanding, very silly and very cruel—it is very silly to take great pains to rear a useless animal; and it is very cruel to rear any animal, which, you may be certain, the more pains you take with it, the more easily does it become a prey to another animal more strong and cunning. As soon as a *Sharper* has fixed its claws on a *Dupe* or a *Nimny*, it is impossible to remove the creature from it, without its suffering very much; but so cunning are the *Sharpers*, that they seldom attack their prey in public, but wait for an occasion when the *Dupe* is without his leader, and then they never fail to secure him. The *Dupes* are, it is almost needless to add, peculiar to large cities; the *Nimnies* to the country: but I am not quite convinced that this distinction is precise, and there is often so much resemblance between them, as to render it a difficult matter to say which is which.

The *Nimny* has generally a rougher skin, and a more shambling awkward gait. The *Dupe* is bred up more delicately, has a soft skin, scull very thin (which in the other is very thick) and has a mincing affected gait.

Although I have mentioned these two as the chief prey of the *Sharper*, they are not the only objects of his attack. He often invades the societies of men, and some persons who might have been thought wise enough to be upon their guard, have been wounded severely by the *Sharper*. But in order to explain this, it is necessary to say, that beside the advantages which the *Sharper* derives from the cunning, a more fruitful source of danger arises to the public, from there being a great variety of the species. There

are, at least, twenty different species, which may be observed in the metropolis; and Mr. Colquhoun, a very able naturalist, who some time since published a valuable treatise on *noxious animals*, reckons there are more than a hundred thousand individuals belonging to those species. Among these, there must, of course, be some against which it is extremely difficult to guard, even by the utmost vigilance. Happy would it have been, if when the country was rid of other wild beasts, some hundred years ago, suitable and similar rewards had been offered for the extinction of the whole breed of *Sharpers*. At this day it is thought very extraordinary, that our government is so remiss on this point; and the gentleman I have just mentioned, has enlarged on this subject with such convincing arguments, that while I take a pleasure in referring my readers to what he advances, I am hopeful it will not lose its effect in a certain quarter where it is intended chiefly to operate.

The *male* and *female Sharper*, differ in the order of nature, with respect to other animals, in outward appearance. It is well known to persons conversant with natural history, or who have occasional visits to his Majesty's menagerie in the tower, that the male of all animals is the handsomest, and the female the ugliest and least picturesque. The case is precisely the reverse with the animal we are speaking of. The male is always ugly, often to a degree of deformity, and there is something remarkably ferocious and forbidding in its looks, especially in those which have been bred on the *turf*, a very common diet with them: whereas the female is generally uncommonly beautiful and fascinating, and thereby more dangerous even to persons of wisdom and caution, who are not in the habits of distinguishing

animals from one another, unless by certain general and prominent features. Now these general features will not answer in the present case; as without a very nice inspection, the figure of the *female Sharper* will be found very much to resemble that of a woman; and particularly of those unhappy women, who infest the streets, and appear objects rather of pity than terror. It must be observed that all the *Sharpers* select young objects as their prey. The old, it is supposed, are not so easily caught, or are so tough, that it is impossible to make an impression on them. There may occasionally be exceptions, but upon the whole, this may be set down as a general rule.

Asto taming the *Sharper*, or making him domestic and harmless, it is so impossible, so beyond all means hitherto tried, that a man would risk the imputation of extreme folly who would attempt it. The breed must be wholly extirpated, or there can be no safety for the public; but as there seems a reluctance in government to issue general orders on this subject, it may not be amiss, in the mean time, to offer a little cautionary advice, by which the attack of the animal may be warded off.

Long experience and observation have convinced me, that this animal, however wild and ferocious, however greedy of prey, will seldom return to the attack, if the first has been repelled with firmness and spirit. In order to do this, the animal must be driven away, even with some cruelty if it is necessary; and so much depends on this, that the laws of self-preservation will amply justify the person attacked. This is not, however, to be expected from the *Dupes* and *Ninnies*, and therefore, persons who are fond of them, must watch them narrowly, and if they see them in danger of the *Sharper's* frangs, beat him off

and deliver him up to the *hunters*, if there be any at hand; or, what is perhaps a better way, draw its teeth, and cut off its claws, the only weapons of its mischief, and shew them to the *Dupe* or *Ninny*, which will so frighten them, that they will ever afterward be shy of exposing themselves to like danger. The same may be done to the *female Sharper*, but she is not so easily disarmed, nor is it so easy to keep the prey from her.

These cautions will be found of some use. Much we cannot expect from them; men cannot live in a perpetual watchfulness, moments of carelessness and inattention will happen to the wisest; and therefore, as these animals are the cause of so much mischief, it would be extremely desirable to have them entirely extirpated. In the mean time, it is very fortunate that they frequently fall into the hands of their pursuers, and this frightens the whole breed, so as to make them disappear for a considerable time. After their fears abate, they begin to creep out of their holes, chiefly in the night time; and, as we have it from very ancient and respectable authority, "*devour widow's houses.*" The *Sharper*, I ought to mention, is a gregarious animal, and this makes the danger the greater; a flock of them will often devour a whole village; and last summer there were herds of them who migrated from London toward the sea coast of Kent and Sussex, where they did great damage, particularly among the poor sick people who had gone for health to Margate, Brightelmstone, and other places. In the winter, they burrow chiefly in large cities, where their safety arises either from their having a number of holes and corners into which they creep unperceived, or from their associating together so as to be formidable. In all places, the night is peculiarly

peculiarly favourable to them, and hence they are frequently heard to articulate the words *glim* and *darkee*, which, in their language, are supposed to mean *night* and *darkness*; or as some think *light* and *darkness*. But their language is so strange a jargon, that very few but themselves understand it, although the very ingenious antiquary Captain Grose, now deceased, published a dictionary of it a few years ago. It resembles most the Yahoo language, so ably explained and illustrated by the Dean of St. Patrick.

Very few of the *Sharps* die a natural death, a circumstance which likewise serves to distinguish them from other animals. But this is perhaps to be accounted for upon common principles. It must be observed that the natural weapons of this animal, its fangs and talons, originally projecting from the body, at length turn inward, and devour the creature itself; which people often express in a metaphorical way, by saying that it is caught in its own net. To catch it in any other way is attended with some difficulty, and a considerable length of time. I have known an old *Sharper* run about town for several years, with a rope about its neck, without the persons who had hold of it being able to finish the business. And even then, not less than *twelve men* are necessary, and these must have the advice and counsel of some person who is a *judge* of the nature of the animal, and the manner of killing it.

THE DISAPPOINTED SPORTSMEN.

A Very small party, of five, set out from Worthing in Sussex, on the 2d of October, with dogs in proportion, on a shooting party, thirty miles, to request a day's sport

in the preserved pheasant woods of the Hon. J. T. Capel, at Holmbush, near Horsham. They were, however, much disappointed on being accosted by the owner and his keepers, and prevented taking this innocent amusement, by being noticed off. None of those gentry, except one, was ever heard of by Mr. C. and only one of the party had taken out a licence; every one of them is unqualified, even to carry a gun. Their names are, Mr. G. Dawson, Mr. Matthew Dawson, Mr. S. Hearsey, Mr. James Ether, Mr. Robert Bolton. At least this is the report of the Lewes Journal; which paper adds, that Mr. C. is now carrying on a prosecution in the Westminster Courts, against a Mr. Piper, a butcher's son, at Dorking, for shooting close to his house, not being qualified, on the 1st of October, and refusing his name to one of his keepers when asked for it. This is the third Dorking sportsman this Gentleman will have severely punished for similar offences, within less than six months.

GAME OF WHIST.

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

To the Editors of the *Sporting Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,

IN answer to the question of your Correspondent A. B. (see page 327 of your last) relative to the right a player at Whist may possess of calling his adversaries cards, if he only see them without their being separated—I would with deference submit the following observations:

The intention of that rule laid down by Hoyle, viz. "If cards be separated and seen, the opposite party has a right to call them," is unquestionably to prevent either of the

the four players from affording any unfair advantage to their partner, by disclosing a particular card.— Now the mere act of *separating* a card may, or may not, be productive of any consequence; as such card may fall with its face downwards, and of course cannot be seen, so as to incur the penalty of being called. On the other hand, a player may, by stratagem, contrive to exhibit many, or all of his cards to his partner, without separating them, and thereby violate the principle of fairness of playing. It appears to me, therefore, that if a player's cards be so held, as that either of the opposite parties see them, without making an improper attempt for that purpose, such party has a *right* to call them.

I am, Sir, Yours, Z.

ANOTHER ANSWER.

GENTLEMEN,

IN answer to A. B.'s case on Whist, I take the liberty to inform him, Mr. Hoyle has answered it, and he will find it also in my short rules for Whist, p. 23. The card cannot be called unless separated.

Your's, BOB SHORT.
Baker's Coffee-house, Sept. 11.

DANCING.

In a long Hand-bill of Mr. Christopher Towle's, Dancing Master of Oxford, dated 1783, that excentric though rather illiterate Artist, speaks thus in commendation of Dancing.

NO Man can be well prepared in any sort of genteel Trades, Professions, Sicances, Employments, Servitudes, Music, the Army, or Navy, unless they can Dance exceeding well; Dancing will make a Man Stand and Walk, and Look, and Speak well; to be Courteous, and Civil, Obliging, and Complai-

sant, and Genteel, and of a *fine* forgiving merciful disposition; which all will be soon attained with all Persons who learn to Dance very well, I have known and heard of Persons who as been good Dancers, to advance themselves from a Quirister to a Bishop, from a Private Man to a General, from a Cabin-boy to a Admiral, from a Lawyer-Clerk to a Counsellor, and from that to a Judge, from a Clerk to a Merchant, to be a Merchant himself; and ten Thousand Circumstances of the same kind might be Innumrated, &c. &c. Dancing gives a Person a easy Looking and Speaking, to his Superiors and Inferiors, it takes off those slow and Effeminately Proud deluding Look that some of the Sectary make Use of, to a most abominable and reached disgraceful degree, and quite despicable to every honest Man, whilst the good natured Dancer, &c. Behaves with the very strictest part of Modesty, and a easy Obliging Behaviour to all and all Sorts of People of all denominations; if I was to Enumerate the great use that Dancing is of to Women in all Sorts of Trades and Employments, and all sorts of Services, in all respects beginning with one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen, and go through all Sorts and degrees of Quality and Gentry, &c. &c. and Trades, &c. it would be a very great Task, &c. in short Dancing is the very greatest support to Trades and Manufactures of all Sorts, and Professions of every kind that can be mention'd, and all those Sort of Persons who has any thing to say against Dancing are Enemies to the whole Community, &c. all Free-Schools, Charity-Schools, and Persons who desire to promote Improvements for either Boys or Girls, should leave a very good SALARY for a Dancing-Master to Instruct Children for ever, &c. this I recommend.

mend to all the whole Community of all Nations, Kingdoms, and all the Inhabitants upon the Face of the whole Earth. Signed by me

CHRISTOPHER TOWLE.

ANOTHER

ELEPHANT HUNT.

A Gentleman at Lucknow gives the following account of the late Hunt of his Excellency the Nawab. The object of attack was a wild elephant. We espied him on a large plain, overgrown with grass. The Nawab, eager for such diversions, immediately formed a semi-circle with four hundred elephants, who were directed to advance on and encircle him. When the semi-circle of elephants got within three hundred yards of the wild one, he looked amazed, but not frightened; two large Must (high in the rut) elephants of the Nawab's, were ordered to advance against him; when they approached within twenty yards, he charged them; the shock was dreadful; however, the wild one conquered, and drove the Must elephants before him. As he passed, the Nawab ordered some of the strongest female elephants with thick ropes to go along side of him, and endeavour to entangle him with nooses and running knots: the attempt was vain, as he snapped every rope; and none of the tame elephants could stop his progress. The Nawab perceiving it impossible to catch him, ordered his death, and immediately a volley of above 100 shots were fired. Many of the balls hit him, but he seemed unconcerned, and moved on towards the mountains. An incessant fire was kept up for near an hour. Some of the Kandahar horse galloped up to him, and made cuts at him with their

sabres, but he charged them vigorously. Being now much exhausted with the loss of blood, having received above 300 shots, and many strokes of the sabre, he slackened his pace, quite calm and serene, as if determined to meet his approaching end with the undaunted firmness of a hero. The horsemen seeing him weak and slow, dismounted, and with their swords began a furious attack on the tendons of his hind legs. They were soon cut. Unable to proceed, this noble monarch of the woods staggered, looked with an eye of reproach, mixed with contempt, at his unfeeling foes, and then fell without a groan. The hatchetmen now advanced, and commenced an attack on his large ivory tusks. The sight was very affecting: he still breathed, and breathed without a groan: he rolled his eyes with anguish on the surrounding crowd, and making a last effort to rise, expired with a sigh! The Nawab then returned to his tents flushed with exultation.

AMERICAN TURF.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,
BY inserting the pedigrees and performances of Leviathan, Virago, and Calypso, you will give to the world three of the best racers that have appeared in America: from a perusal (which with great pleasure is frequently made) of your useful Magazine, 'tis presumable you wish to record the most favourite racers of any, and every country. By the appearance of these, 'twill be judged whether or not any of the same kind will be hereafter acceptable to you; from an admirer, and a constant American Reader.

Virginia, July 20, 1802.

LEVIATHAN.

LEVIATHAN.

THIS famous grey gelding, the property of John Tayloe, Esq. was got by the famous horse, Flag of Truce, his dam an imported mare.

In 1798 he won the second day's Jockey Club purse, at Hanover Court-House, for 45l.

In 1799, he won the Richmond purse, for 60l.

In May, 1799, he won the Petersburg Jockey Club second day's purse, for 45l.

In May 15, 1799, he won the Tappaharrock Jockey Club purse, for 45l.

In October 4, he won the Virginia Jockey Club purse, for 50gs.

In October 17, he won the Richmond Jockey Club purse, for 60l.

In October 30, he won the second day's Petersburg purse, for 50l.

In 1800, May 21, he won the first day's Jockey Club purse, at Richmond, beating Minerva and several others, for 120l.

In May 27, he won the first day's purse at Petersburg, for 100l.

In June 10, he won the first day's Jockey Club purse, at Tappaharrock, for 70l.

In October 15, he won the Fairfield Jockey Club purse, for 135l.

In November 4, he won the Alexandria Jockey Club purse, for 75l.

In May 12, 1801, he won the first day's Richmond Jockey Club purse, for 135l.

In October, he also won the Richmond Jockey Club purse, for 150l.

VIRAGO.

WAS a mare of shape and beauty; and, from her very superior speed, is believed to have been the fastest mare that ever was trained in America. She was got by Shark, her dam (old Virago) by Star, her grand-dam (Mr. Panton's Arabian) out of a

daughter of old Crab, and is the property of John Tayloe, Esq. of Mount-Airy.

In 1796, May 10, she won the Tappaharrock Jockey Club purse, for 75l. beating the famous Virginia-Nell.

October 18, she won the Fredericksburg Jockey Club purse, for 120l. and in Sept. she won a match, beating Virginia-Nell, for 140l.—At Port-Royal in November 8, she won the Annapolis purse, for 60l.

In May, 1797, she won the Tappaharrock Jockey Club purse, for 75l.

In May, 1798, she walked over for the Tappaharrock Jockey Club purse, for 75l.

In May, she won easy the Petersburg Jockey Club purse, for 100l.

In October 4, she walked over for the Hanover Court-House purse, 50gs.

In October 12, she won the Richmond second day's Jockey Club purse for 60l.

In October 23, she won the Petersburg Jockey Club purse, for 100l.

CALYPSO.

THE property of John Tayloe, Esq. of Mount-Airy, was a very capital mare, of shape and goodness; was got by Medley, out of young Selima, and foaled in 1792.

In October, 1795, she won a match at the Bowling-green against Mr. Alexander's colt, Shark, for 200l.

In May 1796, she won the second Jockey Club purse, at Tappaharrock, for 37l. 10s.

In October 6, she won the second day's race at Hanover Court-House, for 50 gs.

In October 19, she won the second day's Jockey Club purse, at Fredericksburg, for 90l.

In

In November 9, she won the second day's purse, at Annapolis, (colts' purse), for 30l.

In May 1797, she won the second day's Jockey Club purse, at Tappaharrock, for 45l.

In October 3, she won the Virginia Jockey Club purse, for 120l.

In November 14, she won the Fredericksburg Jockey Club purse, for 95l.

In Oct. 1798, she won the Virginia Jockey Club purse, for 120l.

In October 11, she won the Richmond Jockey Club purse, for 30l.

In October 31, she won the Fredericksburg Jockey Club purse, for 120l.

In May 8, 1799, she won the Petersburg first days purse, for 120l.

In May 14, she won the Tappaharrock Jockey Club purse, for 70l.

SHAW AGAINST DAWSON

For Penalties on the Game Laws; being the Particulars of a Cause tried at the York Assizes, August, 1802.

THIS was an action to recover certain penalties created by the Game Laws, on keeping a gun and dog, for the destruction of game, without being qualified, and without a certificate.

Mr. Park stated, that his client was a very respectable attorney, and however singular it might appear that a gentleman of his description should bring such an action as the present, yet, when he chose to bring it, it must be determined according to law, and to the evidence. His client was probably provoked to bring this action, from the circumstance of his son having been convicted of the same offence against the Game Laws, upon the evidence of this very defendant: he therefore had conceived it to be perfectly

fair and right to retaliate on the defendant. He understood that the defence which was to be set up was this, that the defendant was the regular game-keeper of a Mr. Lloyd, who was the Lord of the Manor; this defence would be completely disproved, and it would appear in evidence, that the defendant had actually kept a dog and gun, and had gone out for the destruction of game, without being qualified either by property, or as a game-keeper; and without having the certificates required by the statute.

Francis Bayly, and another witness, proved, that they saw the defendant in the parish of Mitton, on the 3d of September last; he was in company with Mr. John Lloyd, and another gentleman, who were taking the diversion of shooting; both of the gentlemen fired in the presence of the witnesses, and one of them killed a partridge; the defendant also carried a gun, but did not fire in their presence. They knew the defendant to be a servant of Mr. John Lloyd, and one of them heard the defendant acknowledge that he kept a gun.

Serjeant Cockel, on the part of the defendant said, that whatever might be the event of this action, it was one of the most ungracious actions ever brought forward in a court of justice. The plaintiff well knew that the defendant was a servant of Mr. John Lloyd, who resides in the manor-house belonging to his brother, Richard Hughes Lloyd, Esq. Lord of the Manor of Bashall, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The defendant, it is true, did not receive the certificate, which the act of parliament requires a game-keeper to take out, till about a fortnight after the day in which this offence was said to be committed; but then it must be recollected, that it had been proved that

that the defendant did not fire; and it appeared more probable that he was carrying a gun, as a servant, for his master, who was qualified, than that he had come out for the purpose of partaking in the amusements of those gentlemen. As to the charge of his keeping a gun, he knew no law which prevented any subject from keeping a gun, or from carrying a gun, unless it should be proved that it was so kept or carried for the express purpose of *destroying game*.

Richard Hugh Lloyd, Esq. proved that he was Lord of the Manor of Bashall, and that his brother, Mr. John Lloyd, had a qualification in landed property, to the amount of 200l. per annum.

The Deputy Clerk of the Peace proved, that Mr. John Lloyd was qualified, and had now the proper certificate: it appeared, however, from the cross examination of the defendant's witnesses, that on the 9d of September, Mr. John Lloyd had not himself taken out the certificate required by the Act of Parliament.

Lord Ellenborough said, that the qualification to kill game, does not now consist merely in having that property prescribed by the Game Laws, or in being a game-keeper; but that it is equally necessary to have taken out that certificate which the law requires. It appears in this case, that Mr. John Lloyd had not taken that certificate, and there was no sort of proof of the other gentleman being qualified; he must therefore consider the whole party as equally unqualified, which very materially altered the presumption he should otherwise have formed. Had the gentlemen been exact and regular in complying with the requisites of the law as to themselves, he should then have presumed them regular with respect to their servant; and if they allowed him to carry a

gun, he should suppose that it was not for the purpose of destroying game, which the law did not warrant him to do, but merely as a servant, for the use of his master, who was legally amusing himself with shooting: but in the present instance, he could see only that a party of persons, all unqualified, went out with dogs and guns for the destruction of game. He could not, therefore, separate one of the party from the rest, and he thought the plaintiff had a right to bring this action against which person of the party he thought proper.

Verdict for the plaintiff, damages TWENTY POUNDS.

ROOK SHOOTING

A Nuisance, and not a Nuisance; being the Substance of two Trials at the East Riding of York Sessions, 1802.

BEVERLEY.—On Tuesday, October 5, the Quarter Sessions came on before Major Osbaldeston, the Chairman; Colonel Creyke, Major Topham, Mr. Bethel, Mr. Grimston, Mr. Brown; the Rev. Mr. Lundy, Mr. Gilby, Mr. Elliott, Mr. Read, Mr. Simpson, Clerks; and others, their companions.

After various motley business of form had been dispatched, an indictment came on to be tried, preferred by the Rev. J. Minithorne of North Burton, against Mr. Thomas Milner and Robert Artley, farmers, for shooting at Rooks in the high-road. The Bill of Indictment had been found the last Sessions.

Mr. Sykes was counsel for the plaintiff; Mr. Nicholl for the defendant. In opening the case, as an indictment for a nuisance, Mr. Sykes made a very eloquent speech for his client; and Mr. Nicholl, in his

his reply to it, which was remarkably good, contended there was no public nuisance committed by the act of shooting; and that the plaintiff, having ordered his own servant to shoot some owls a few days afterwards, had decidedly proved, he did not think shooting so much a nuisance as he complained of.

A number of very respectable witnesses were examined as to the tree and the high-road on which they were shot; and a plan of the ground was produced in court, drawn by Mr. Dickenson the surveyor.

The indictments were tried before two separate Juries; and what is remarkable, one jury found Mr. Thomas Milner guilty, and the other jury acquitted Robert Artley, though the offence was precisely the same.

In the former trial, it is understood, eleven jurors were instantly ready to give a verdict of acquittal; but one, possessing different sentiments, declared to his brethren, that he would sit up all night rather than acquit the defendant. Hereon the jury withdrew, and some hours stay having made no impression on his patience, at length the rest felt obliged to yield to his opinion.

The evidence was summed up very accurately and impartially by Major Osbaldeston, the chairman; and the sentence passed on Mr. Thomas Milner was—a *Fine of One Shilling*.

A NEW

PATENT FOR SADDLES,

HAS been obtained by Mr. R. Dixon of Long Acre. The application of a lever to two springs, attached by screws and rivets, to a plate of metal fixed to the upper or under side of the bar of the saddle-tree, causes the utility of this saddle-strap to exceed all others. To

the opposite bar of the saddle-tree, straps are attached to fasten the ends of the girths, and obstacles opposed, to prevent the lever from being overdrawn. The advantages of this patent are, that by drawing the buckles of the girth with more or less force, the action of the springs upon the levers and the straps, causes the girth to be applied with any degree of firmness or tension, which may be convenient, while the elasticity of the springs affords the horse every necessary degree of ease and liberty to breathe; and thus to perform his various movements, with much more comfort than can be had when the girth is fixed and applied in the old way.

THE VAGRANT'S GUIDE;

Or, Beggur's Directory through the Interior of Wiltshire.

THE public has frequently been presented with *Guides through France; Guides to the Lakes; Guides through Wales*; and a variety of books of such descriptive communication: but we believe that the following paper will be deemed an *original Guide*, of it's kind. It was found near Hindon, Wilts; and will tend to shew what a complete system is established by the tribe of common Beggars; and how cautious Overseers, Constables, &c. ought to be in affording relief, and thereby encouraging such a vagrant mode of support. We have omitted some names that were introduced in this curious MS, though we doubt not that the persons alluded to would have deemed themselves proud of having merited the abuse of such itinerant travellers. A glossary appears to be wanting, to explain some of the terms; but, as it is out of our power to supply one, we must leave our readers to make use of their inventive faculties, and

D 2 doubt

doubt not, by the context, they will be able to give themselves a satisfactory translation.

Copy of a Paper lately found near Hindon, in Wilts :

"Go first in the morning down the water-side by the Duke Queensborough's; keep the river on the right hand; the first parish you come into, the Wardyear lives in a great house just going into the parish; then go to the next pad, the Ward of that pad lives in a genteel house, between the two pads; there is a pond just before the door; then go to Netherhaven, the Duke of Beaufort's steward is churchwarden there; follow him; then go to the next pad, the Justice's Clerk is Wardyear there, he is a school-master; then go to Longshreet; then to Uphaven; then to Russell; then go down all the Bourn to Market Lavington; the Wardyear of every parish is allowed to come in all the way between Amesbury and Lavington; then go to West Lavington, but dont follow the Wardyear of that place, for he is a good for nothing fellow a lawyer, but go from thence to Little Chiverell; the Wardyear lives in the field, I think his name is Ridman; the next parish a little on your right is called Great Chiverell, dont go near that place for there is a Queer Duke his name is ———, he will surk you, so keep from him, and go from Little Chiverell to a parish called Stoke; in that pad comes in a shopkeeper; go to the great house in that pad; the Squire's Steward lives there, and will give you sixpence; then go to Edington. to my Lord Harry Pawlets's pad; in that Edington comes in a shopkeeper and maltster—a good man for one or two shillings; then go away for Warminster; you need not go into Westbury under the Plain, for there are two queer Dukes just by, their names are——

——; then go from Warminster to Longbridge Deverel; the first comes in for one shilling; one of the Church Wardens lives in your road between Warminster and the parish, a little way from Warminster, I think he is a shopkeeper, you may bite them both, the other is the Parson's son, you are sure of him for a shilling or two. Then go to Sutton—you may get four or five shillings there; tell the Wardyear of Sutton that you came from the last pad; dont tell him you came from Deverel or Warminster, for that is out of your *Slee*; then you must inquire the way over the Downs to Hindon; there is a lone farm on the Down about two miles before you come to Hindon, that farm is a pad of itself, and is a sure house for a sixpence or a shilling; lay at Sarah Shillingham's at Hindon; go to the school master at Hindon for he is Overseer of a pad called Scop; he will give you a shilling. You may go from Hindon first to Tisbury; dont touch one house there for there are two or three curs'd rogues in it; so let it alone; go through it and inquire the way to a little parish called Swakely, in that pad comes in the Wardyear; he is a farmer there; then go to Sapely unto my Lord Arundal's, so over the Hill to Broad Chalk, and so *Home*."

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE;
OR, THE FAIR DREAMER.
AN ANECDOTE.

MR. Juvenile, a gentleman of some eminence in the law, at his decease left a widow, a son, and a daughter. In the catalogue of his personal effects, which were considerable, was a curious and valuable gold watch, which master Bobby thought he had a right to, and to take immediate possession of

of

of; but the extreme regard which Mrs. Juvernile demonstrated for her husband's pocket companion, blasted his hopes and expectation.

Whether Mrs. Juvernile was then young or gay, the writer has never heard; but as master Bobby, her son, had at that period finished his education, it is probable that she was not very young. She had however, it seems, a very great regard for trinkets and curious works of mechanism: she set her affections so strongly on the gold watch and its appendages, and expressed such a peculiar veneration for it, that master Bobby despaired, and concluded, that it was his mamma's intention to retain it in her own custody during her life. This action was looked upon by master Bobby as arbitrary and unjust; he was displeased, and much mortified at it; but what could he do?—Mrs. Juvernile was his mother, how then could he wish or attempt to rob her of the pleasing satisfaction, of beholding her late husband's watch hanging at her side, lying before her on the table, or amusing her weighty hours with its constant and innocent, tick, tick, tick—affection and duty were probably some restraint upon his passions, but prudential motives probably greater; he was therefore silent, never once hinting the wishes of his heart; yet he was unhappy and dissatisfied about the matter.

In the number of Mrs. Juvernile's domestics, was a clever handy female, sprightly, ingenious, and adroit; adapted, by a happy temper and abilities, for all things.—In the chamber, parlour, or kitchen, Dolly was sure to shine, and obtain repetitions of the praises and commendations of her employers: she would roast and boil, pickle and pot, or decorate a table with equal dexterity; but was famous for making a bed, which, for smoothness and evenness, she would make to vie with a

tennis table. Dolly, about the time when Mrs. Juvernile cast off her sable weeds for dappled grey, lost all her accustomed sprightliness and adroitness; seemed scarcely to know where she was or what about; was thoughtful, confused, and agitated, making mistakes in all her words and actions. Mrs. Juvernile saw with concern poor Dolly's strange and agitated condition; and said, what is the matter with you Dolly? you are not well this morning; what is the matter?—I don't know, replied Dolly, I feel sadly, yet I am pretty well, I thank you madam; and shall get the better of it presently I hope. Get the better of what, asked Mrs. Juvernile? has any body frightened you? No, madam, said Dolly, but I was so dreadfully and terribly frightened by a fearful dream last night. Frighted by a dream, said Mrs. Juvernile smiling; why, Dolly, I thought you to have had too much spirit to be frightened by a dream. I have thought so myself, answered Dolly, and have many times laughed and jeered at those who have talked about being scared by dreams; but I will never do so again, nor ever boast of my courage more; for I'm almost scared out of my wits. Well, Dolly, said Mrs. Juvernile, try to compose yourself, and tell me your dream, and the effects of it will perhaps wear off the sooner; you know it was nothing more than a dream, and therefore you should endeavour to get the better of it. I know it, madam, and will, if it be possible, conquer it; but I'm almost afraid to tell it, for fear you should be alarmed yourself, for my dream was about you and my poor dear good master.

Mrs. Juvernile repeated her request, and Dolly related her dream as well as her perturbed state of mind would allow. "Madam, I dreamt as how I was setting this
very

very room a little to rights, and you were sitting at the table, working a ruffle for master Bobby, when, all on a sudden, bang flew the door open, and in dashed my poor master, and he was in a most grievous passion, such a rage as I never saw him in all my life; and he had got the old rusty sword in his hand, and he flew up to you, and oh, how he did brandish the sword over your head; and then he pointed it to your breast, and said, 'I tell you Mrs. Juvernile, Bobby shall have the watch: I say, madam, Bobby shall have the watch.' I thought as how you trembled every joint, and was going to faint—I looked for nothing but ruination, murder, and destruction, and was going to shriek out for help, and that waked me. But, oh, what a fearful trembulation was I in, and had not Betty waked and spoke to me, I should certainly have gone into fits. I would not have another such a dream for all the whole vershall world."

Mrs. Juvernile became very thoughtful and serious; she endeavoured to reconcile and compose the mind of her favourite, but said no more about her dream—After having dined, she took the watch from her side, held it in her right hand; in her left a cambrick handkerchief to catch the falling tear.—"My dear Bobby," said she, "I am now going to put your dear father's favourite watch into your hands; take care of it; and never, oh never forget the good advice and salutary admonitions which you have at various times received from him."—Master Bobby received the shining, pleasing object, with a suitable reply, and a countenance that told the wishes of his heart gratified; Mrs. Juvernile was easy and contented in her mind; Dolly recovered her composed and vivacious state, and soon after sported an elegant new gown. That all alarming dreams

may end as auspiciously as the above, is the hearty and sincere wish of the writer. A. B.

A ROAD RACE,

Between Mrs. Potter, and the Turnpike Gate Man.

THE Bucks of Brighton have not been a little amused by the adventures of the celebrated *Cyprian*, Mrs. Potter, in returning to her house near Fitzroy-square, London. After opening the Ball at a hop in Bartholomew Fair, she went to Brighton for a few weeks in *fine feather and golden plumage*. There she dashed about in her light blue chariot, or on horseback, keeping two saddle horses and a footman, besides her carriage; now she was seen in simple muslins, her hair lank like a water nymph; next in a riding habit, mounted; then in silks of yellow, blue, and scarlet; afterwards in crape, silver, feathers, and diamonds; "Laced shoes, pink hose, garter'd above the knee." She would appear on the Steyne in half a dozen dresses per day, all made of the best materials, though sometimes of an eccentric fashion, and most gaudy colours. She lived in all respects in a most dashing stile; but there was no appearance of the source from whence she drew her wealth: she seemed to have no particular friend or protector. At last, however, the *golden dream was out*, and the Protean nymph began to hum the chorus in *Macbeth*, "*We fly by night*." Accordingly, about midnight, on Wednesday the 6th inst. in *high spirits* and jovial, she mounted the coach-box with *coachy*, put the child she keeps into the chariot, and set off for town full gallop, the footman following with the saddle horses. Arriving at the turnpike on this side Cuckfield, the carriage passed through

through, and the footman, with the horses, was left to pay turnpike. The footman said he had no money; and, rather insolently, that he could not pay. The turnpike man, who is a most resolute dog, made up to the carriage, and insisted on payment. But Mrs. Potter seemed inclined to give him "more kicks than halfpence;" she poured on him a torrent of abuse, decorated by those flowers of oratory which are used at Bartholomew Fair, swearing if she had a pistol she would blow his brains out. The turnpike-man, though stout-hearted, was not a little astonished to see so fair a lady in so fine an equipage, so well up to his own *slung*; and fearing the odds were too much against him to enter into a contest with the *baggage* and *escort*, he retreated home: but immediately saddled a fleet courser, and pursued, that he might stop the party at Crawley-gate. The race between the parties on the road was most desperate, *Hambletonian* and *Diamond* all the way; but the turnpike-man beat the chariot, and procured the Crawley gate to be shut against its further progress.—The turnpike-man, in conformity to an Act of Parliament, which imposes a penalty of five pounds on any one refusing to pay turnpike, seized one of the chariot horses, and, with assistance, obtained possession. To ride into town with one chariot horse, this Mrs. Potter could not do. The noise awakened the people of the inn at Crawley, and the whole village turned out. Mrs. Potter being asked who she was, said she was the wife of a Merchant, a Lord, a General, a Baronet, &c. She seemed to have seven husbands; and the landlord thought she was a Turk; as he had heard of a plurality of wives, he thought there might be a plurality of husbands. At last, the landlord of the Inn at Crawley, advised her to pay the five pounds,—

This she agreed to do, but had no money, and was obliged to leave her saddle horses in pawn for the sum. Since her arrival in London, she has consulted her attorney, who has advised an action against the turnpike-man.

The foregoing we have copied from one of the daily papers, and if overcharged in the description, the following will *lower it*, as distillers do their *spirits*, by adding water to them:

A Gentleman, who happened to be on the road in his way to town, from Brighton, on Thursday last, in passing through Crawley, saw a piece of improper conduct practised on a Mrs. Potter, by a turnpike-man, who farms the gates on that road. Mrs. Potter's carriage, through a neglect in the servants, passed through the gate without paying the toll. The man followed her carriage, and took off one of the horses, and insisted on five pounds, as a compensation, which Mrs. Potter paid him; he afterwards insisted on another five pounds, which she refused to comply with, and he has still detained her horses. The writer of this paragraph is induced to insert this, from seeing a false and scandalous account given of this transaction in the *Morning Post* of this day.—Oct. 14.

DEATH OF

JOHN HEATHCOTE, ESQ.

AS this gentleman was returning from Margate on Monday morning, the 4th of October, on entering the George yard, at Dartford, one of the wheels went against the gate-post, at the entrance, and the shock threw Mr. H. out, over the back part of the vehicle; he fell upon his head on the gravel. The concussion was so violent, as to fracture his skull in a dreadful manner.

ner. The servant, with the assistance of the hostler, lifted up his unfortunate master. When he recovered the shock, which was not till some time had elapsed, mental derangement followed, and in that state, what with the excruciating pain he suffered, and the disorganized state of his faculties, he endeavoured to destroy every thing about him. With difficulty he was secured, but his strength was so great, that it required six men to hold him. He was put to bed, and expresses were immediately forwarded to Sir Walter Farquhar and Lady Heathcote. Her Ladyship received the melancholy news preparing to dress for the ball at Margate. Sir Walter Farquhar attended; and, from the report of a Gentleman who accompanied him, the situation of the unfortunate sufferer, was almost too dreadful to describe. The gravel on which he fell, was so completely buried in the skull, that although a great quantity had been extracted, it was found impossible to remove the whole. In this shocking situation he remained till the Thursday night at nine o'clock, when he expired. He was brother to Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. a Gentleman of the Turf, and the same whose horse fell, and rolled over him at Newmarket last summer.

Mr. Heathcote having died without a will, his estates in Lincolnshire, which amount to 9000*l.* per annum, will devolve to his eldest brother, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, member for the county: so will his seat in the country, and his house in town.

DEATH OF

LIEUT. WILLIAM FRASER.

ON Tuesday, the 19th instant, were interred, with military honours, at St. James's Chapel,

Tottenham-court Road, the remains of Lieutenant Fraser, late of the 1st Regiment of Life Guards. The spectacle was unusually grand, solemn, and impressive.

As many erroneous and contradictory accounts have been given in the public papers, of the melancholy accident which occasioned his death, we think it may not be improper to state the following particulars, upon authority:—On the Tuesday preceding, the 12th, he was on his way to Ramsgate, in a tandem, accompanied by his groom. About three miles beyond Canterbury, he overtook a waggon, on an uneven part of the road. He was at all times, a steady and cautious driver; and, in truth, his extreme caution on this occasion, proved fatal to him. That he might be at as great a distance as possible from the waggon, he unhappily drove too near the hedge, in which a post concealed in the quickset, coming in contact with the wheel of the tandem, overset it. The servant being on the near side, fell short of the waggon; but Mr. Fraser was thrown from a greater height, to a greater distance, and unfortunately fell between the fore and hind wheels of the waggon, which passed over the lower part of his breast. When he was raised from the ground, he said to his servant, "John, don't leave me—I am a dead man." His servant having supported him against the hedge, and committed him to the humanity of some persons who were looking on, disengaged the leader from the traces, and rode full speed to Canterbury for professional assistance. In the mean time, Mr. Fraser was conveyed, on a hurdle, covered with straw, to the Swan Inn, at the little village of Sturry, about a quarter of a mile from the spot where the fatal accident happened. He complained of being cold; and called

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Disaster at Broadstairs.

called for some brandy and water. When the Surgeon arrived, Mr. Fraser begged that he might be bled; but the Surgeon, on examining his pulse, and finding it low and languid, and his body extremely cold, declared he could not venture to do so; but requested that he would suffer himself to be conveyed to Canterbury, where all proper attention might be paid him. He acquiesced; for he was by this time incapable of opposition. He was put into a post chaise, in which, supported by the Surgeon, and his faithful attendant, he was conveyed to Canterbury with as much expedition as the nature of his situation would admit. When he reached the King's Head Inn at Canterbury, the Surgeon ventured to bleed him, and administered some other remedies, but in vain, for in about a quarter of an hour he expired, after a slight convulsion. Thus perished, in the bloom of youth, a Gentleman, of whom his friends had justly entertained the most sanguine expectations. He was in person, remarkably handsome; frank and easy in his manners; of a manly deportment, and sound and firm principles. His untimely fate has excited a very great degree of sympathy, and has been to his friends and connections a cause of the deepest affliction.

A HORSE PRECIPITATED INTO THE SEA,

An Engraving, to face this Page.

THE accident which gave rise to this design and engraving, is detailed in an article from *Broadstairs*, dated September 1, which says, the following most extraordinary circumstance, and instance of wonderful preservation from destruction, occurred at this place on

Vol. XXI. No. 121.

Saturday last.—As Captain Laing, a Gentleman in the army, who, with his mother, has lodgings here, was on that day driving his gig down the road from St. Peter's, into this village, by some accident the animal took fright in coming down the hill, ran with great violence past the corner in the open street, and took for the Parade on the beach, which is directly opposite. In the small distance between the high road and the Parade is an iron bar placed across the railing, to prevent carriages passing. The Captain, aware of this railing, crouched in the chaise, which passed within an inch of the top, and of his head. Within four yards was the cliff, on the edge of which was a strong railing: upon reaching which the horse made a bold leap over it, but the strong post of the railing caught one of the wheels of the chaise, by which means the shafts were broken off short, the horse and harness precipitated into the sea, and the chaise and driver left behind. It is most happy for Mr. Laing that the horse attempted to leap the railing when he came to it; for had he, on the contrary, forced himself against it, it would easily have given way, and inevitable destruction to him would have been the consequence; as it was, Mr. Laing escaped without the least injury. The chaise was broken, and the poor animal was dashed to pieces at the bottom of the cliff.

The above subject, being of a horse falling into the sea, the great difficulty was in representing the animal in that dreadful situation. An artist of ordinary talents would not have attempted it. The youngest Sartorius has, however, evinced what he is capable of; and, from the late specimens of his rising abilities, bids fair to rank amongst the first of that class of painters to which he belongs.

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A HORSE

A HORSE IMPOUNDED.

An Action tried at York Assizes, August, 1802.

GIBSON, A PAUPER, v. WEBSTER.

THIS was an action to recover eight guineas, as the value of a horse belonging to the plaintiff, which the defendant (an opulent farmer, owner of the lands adjoining the spot of ground rented by the plaintiff for the pasture of this animal) had distrained and impounded for such a length of time without food, that it died.

The plaintiff, in his declaration averred, that his horse had strayed out of his close into the defendant's fields, by reason of the negligence of the defendant in not keeping his fences in proper repair: the defendant denied this; insisted that his fences were in good repair, and that it was not through any gap in the fence that the horse had strayed, but that it had been purposely turned into his field in the night; the truth of this plea was the issue to be tried in the present action.

Mr. Park, on the part of the plaintiff stated, that this cause was of the utmost importance to his client; like the poor man's *only lamb*, this animal was to the plaintiff the only property he had possessed on the face of the earth, and he had lost it through the act of the defendant; it only remained to be seen, whether the defendant could maintain the plea he had set up, or whether the poor man's story was not the truth.

A farmer, of the name of Webster, cousin to the defendant, and landlord to the plaintiff, proved, that the defendant's fences were not in good repair, and that there were many gaps through which this animal might have strayed into the defendant's fields, without any intention on the part of the plaintiff.

Other witnesses proved the feeble

and emaciated state of the horse, when it returned from the place in which the plaintiff had impounded it, and that it died a few days afterwards.

Serjeant Cockel, made a very humorous speech on the part of the defendant; he said, he pitied, as every man must, the misfortunes of the plaintiff, who, he understood, was afflicted not only with poverty, but blindness; but he was instructed to state, that although the plaintiff might be blind, yet that he had a daughter who was not blind, but had a pair of as *sparkling roguish* eyes as any in the parish; this girl, he was instructed to say, used, *out of compassion*, every night to open the gate of this little barren spot rented by the plaintiff, and upon which the animal could hardly pick a blade of grass all the day time: *this hint* was never misunderstood by the animal, although it was a horse not very famous for either beauty or action; and its merits had never been recorded in the chronicles of *Racing Intelligence*; yet it was an animal of great sagacity, and knew, as well as any horse in the neighbourhood, how to find out the best and sweetest grass in the parish, when the field gates were thrown open, by the compassionate kindness of that fair damsel, the plaintiff's daughter. He was instructed that he should be able to prove, that this horse had been seen late in the evening before it was impounded, straying in the lane to which the defendant's fields communicated by gates; and that the morning on which the horse had been found in the defendant's field and impounded, the defendant's gate was found open, and the mark of this horse's foot, which was remarkably small and ill formed, was distinctly to be seen at the entrance into the field by the gate.

Several witnesses on the part of the defendant swore, that the fences were

were in good repair, and that this horse's foot was so remarkable, that the marks of it might well be sworn to.

The defendant's son, in giving an account of the destringing and impounding this animal, said, that on going into the field in the morning, he saw the gate open, and the footsteps of this horse about it; he then seeing the horse in the field, brought it, by his father's directions, to one of his out-houses, and gave it hay; that they afterwards returned to the field, and looked all round at the hedges to see whether there was any gap by which the horse might have got in; but they found the hedges in perfect order.

Lord Ellenborough observed to the Jury, that whenever he saw an unusual solicitude to prove minute circumstances in a cause, he examined that cause with a greater suspicion. Some of this cunning was displayed in the conduct of the defendant's cause, but more in the witnesses who supported the plaintiff.

The defendant's son, for example, had told a story, which appeared to him utterly void of probability; he had completely overshot the mark; that witness said, that the first thing they did with this horse (that had been stuffing itself all night in a good pasture) was to *give it hay*. Secondly, he said that his father and he went round the field to examine whether there was any gap in the fence through which the horse could have got in; but for what purpose did they look? The witness said, that on his first coming into the field he found the gate open, and saw plainly the remarkable footsteps of this animal; well-knowing, then, that the horse came in at the gate, what was the use of examining the gaps? Those circumstances utterly destroyed the credit of the story in his mind; it was the province of the Jury to pronounce

which story was the most probable.

Verdict for the plaintiff—EIGHT GUINEAS.

GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL

ON CAPTAIN HENRY LEE.

A General Court Martial was assembled at the Royal Marine Barracks, Chatham, on the 10th of September, and continued, by adjournments, to the 18th of October, 1802, to try Captain Henry Lee, of that corps, on the undermentioned Charges, exhibited against him by First Lieutenant John Hand:

1st, For ungentleman-like conduct to Lieutenant Hand.

2d, For being drunk on the dock-guard, on the night of the 17th of August last.

SENTENCE.

The Court having maturely and deliberately considered the evidence for and against the prisoner, as well as what he had to offer in his defence, is of opinion, he is not guilty of the first charge, viz. Ungentleman-like conduct towards Mr. Hand; and do therefore most honourably acquit him. And having also maturely and deliberately considered the evidence for and against the prisoner, as well as what he had to offer in his defence, is of opinion he is not guilty on the second charge, viz. of being drunk on the dock guard, on the night of the 17th of August last, and do therefore most honourably acquit him. And the Court is further of opinion, that both charges are groundless and vexatious, and originating in malice; and that the conduct of Lieutenant Hand, in running his rounds, with a view to entrap his commanding officer; in hesitating to obey his orders, there-

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by

by endeavouring to irritate him; in sending Lieutenant Drummond into the guard-room, as a spy on his conduct; in asking the opinion of some of the non-commissioned officers of the Guard, whether their Captain was drunk; in holding a conversation with Captain Lee's servant, respecting his master's situation; convening the subalterns in the detached dock guard room, before he was relieved, without the consent of his commanding officer; and the expressions he made use of to Mr. Scott, all tending to the subversion of military discipline, and the good of his Majesty's service; is disgraceful to himself, as an officer and a gentleman. This Court feel themselves called upon to point out, in a particular manner, the very extraordinary proposal made by Lieutenant Noble, to raise a subscription among the subalterns, for the purpose of prosecuting Capt. Lee;—a proposal subversive of all good order and military discipline. And the Court is also of opinion, that the conduct of Lieutenants Crockett and Hill, in giving their testimony before the Court of Inquiry, and this Court, is highly honourable, and much to their credit, as officers and gentlemen.

The sentence was read in open Court; after which the President delivered Captain Lee his sword, with an appropriate speech on the occasion.

DOUBTS ON THE IMMERSION OF SWALLOWS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

VERY different are the sentiments of a certain class of philosophers respecting the winter retreats of the swallows; some of these profound thinkers, expressing a belief that they lie dormant in

caves and coal pits; while others, of more capacious credulity, endeavour to persuade us that these birds are subject to annual resurrections from the bottoms of lakes and ponds. It would certainly afford great satisfaction to many of your readers to hear these ingenious men account for the continuance of the circulation of the blood through the lungs of the feathered race, during their winter immersion; as the art of keeping alive an animal under water, who owes its usual continuance in life to a free use of atmospheric air, will be a greater discovery, and more flattering to science, than all the wonders of modern philosophy.

It may be agreeable to the naturalist to learn; that, in the months of November, December, January, and February, in each year, the inhabitants of Jamaica have a regular visit of millions of the swallow family; not one of whom is to be seen there at any other season of the year. Your's, &c.

A NATURALIST.

NEW

THEATRICAL PERFORMERS,

SEVERAL new performers, besides Mr. Stephen Kemble, mentioned in the early part of this Magazine, have made their appearance since opening the theatres this season, viz. Mr. Dwyer, and Mr. Cherry, in the comic line, at Drury-lane. Miss Marriott, who has played Clarinda, Mrs. Sullen, and Jane Shore, at Covent Garden. And Mr. Collins, from the Southampton Theatre, at Drury-lane: his first essay was Jabel, in the Jew; and Robin Roughhead, in Fortune's Frolic:—They all possess, the Lady in particular, a very considerable portion of merit; and on which we may be induced to descant in our next Magazine.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

OR

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

SAM SMATTER, at the Apollo in Pantaloons, the corner of Parnassus-Alley, acquaints Publishers and Editors of every denomination, that he has laid in a large assortment of *Good Things, Jest, Witticisms, and Bon Mots*, of every kind, well worth their attention.—Also a quantity of *Literary Seedlings*, such as *Epigrams*, wanting nothing but *point*—*Conundrums*, complete in all but *explanation*—*R. busses* and *Acrostics*, excellent, except in *rational solution*—*Impromptus*, prepared at a week's notice—*Puns*, at per dozen, in alphabetical order—*Jokes*, upon all subjects, ready cut and dried—*Attic Salt*, in small quantities—*Marvellous Paragraphs by weight*—*Stock-Fallers and Risers*, with directions how to use them—*Gala-Descriptions* and *Association Speeches*, made to any measure, at the shortest notice.—N. B. *Jokes and Puns*, for circuit use, will be sold with large allowance—*Obituary Characters* of the true *panegyric-flavour* are kept ready made for every age, sex, and profession—*University Wit* is necessarily raised in price, from the late scarcity and bad harvests—A fresh assortment of *Flag furling Orations*, expected by the *Pacific* packet—*Parliamentary Debates*, planned for the next Ses-

sions, with *Speeches and Replies to fit*, of every kind of Rhetoric.

WANTED—an expert *Nabob Hunter*, for a great assembly.—N. B. He need not have been in *India*. A *Political-abuse-Smith* may also hear of constant employment.

A *Seedsman*, in the neighbourhood of Thames-street, having been chosen Churchwarden of an adjoining parish, was called upon by the Organist, who had the misfortune to be blind, for the payment of 5*l.* being the amount of a quarter's salary; and addressing himself to the Shopman, "I come," says he, "for a quarter's salary." "You cannot have a *quart of Celery*," replied the Shopman; "it is not our custom to serve it by the *quart*, Sir."—"I am sorry for it, indeed," rejoins the Organist; "I have always been accustomed to receive it in that way; and it will put me to much inconvenience to alter the plan: and it surely cannot be a great object to your Master."—"The Shopman, not knowing how to proceed, informed his Master, who accused him of having made some blunder, and came himself to right the business. "Friend," says the new made Churchwarden, "what amount of *Celery* did you say you wanted?"—"Five Pounds, Sir,"—"There, John," says the Seedsman,

man, "I told you it would turn out one of your blunders—nothing can be more clear; put up the Gentleman 5lbs. of Celery."—The Shopman having finished the job, was very politely proceeding to place the parcel under the blind man's arm, who, wondering at the circumstance, could not help crying, "What are you at now, Friend?" "Why only giving you the 5lbs. of Celery," says the Shopman. "What the Devil," replies the impatient Organist, "is it all halfpence?"

IN the Dublin Theatre it is the custom of the *Irish* Gods to express their dislike or approbation of any person or performance by calling for a *groan* or a *clap*. Whilst the Union was in agitation, and the Ex-Minister very unpopular, *Blue Beard* happened to be represented, when, after the celebrated Duetto of "Pit-a-Pat, Pit-a-Pat," &c. a fellow in the gallery roared out—"Come now, my honeys! a *groan* for PITT, and a *clap* for PAT."

THE late Rev. Mr. Cambridge, in his thirst of knowledge, was sometimes apt to be a little too credulous. Being informed that *Camels* had been found in some parts of America, he asked a Scots gentleman, who had just returned from that country, whether he had really seen any *Camels* while he was there, "Oh! yes," said the Caledonian, in pure simplicity, "plenty of *Campbells*!"

THE same gentleman, as it is well known, was one of the chief literary props of the periodical paper, entitled *The World*. Mr. Moore, the conductor of that Paper, in any extremity, constantly applied to his friend Cambridge, upon whose fertile genius and friendly promptitude he could always rely. It happen-

ed that an application of this kind was made to Mr. Cambridge on a Sunday; afterwards, during the service at Church, he appeared so much wrapped in thought, that, when it was over, he was gently rebuked by a lady for suffering his mind to wander from the solemn purpose of the place. "I assure you, madam," said he "you are mistaken, for my thoughts were really employed upon the *next World*."

ONE of the Dover innkeepers, lately complaining to a French gentleman, that his house was greatly infested with rats, and that he would willingly give a considerable sum to get rid of them, was, on the following morning, and after the Frenchman had received his bill, accosted by him, "Sure, I shall tell you vich way you shall get rid of de rat."—"I will be obliged very much to you, if you can," replied the landlord. "Vell den, only charge de rat as you charge me, and I vill be d—d if de rat ever come to *your* house again."

As Suett and Bannister were walking a few days since in Piccadilly, a fellow on the roof of one of the Bath coaches, roared out, "How are you *Dicky Gossip*?"—"Why," exclaimed Suett, "how should that man know me?"—"Easily enough," replied Bannister, "don't you see he is on the *Stage*."

A YOUNG fellow was arraigned at the Assizes of Maryborough, in Ireland, on a charge of having married three wives, in the short space of ten months. The prisoner, on hearing the Judge express his surprise at the enormity of the offence, exclaimed—"My Lord, I am now sorry for what I have done, but I was then on the recruiting service."

FROM

FROM THE EPITOME OF WIT;

OR

Good Things lately published. Many of them never before in print.

A PLAYER'S BIBLE.

A CLERGYMAN having written some observations on Shakespeare's plays, carried a specimen of his performance to Mr. Sheridan, and desired his opinion; "Sir," said Mr. Sheridan, "I wonder people wont mind their own affairs: you may spoil your own *Bible*, if you please, but pray let our's alone."

AN alehouse girl took it into her head to be catechised at Church; and the Parson asking her name, Lord Sir, said she, sure you know my name, when you come to our hourse so often, and cry out ten times in an evening, "Nan, you w—e, Bring's another full pot."

A HORSE AND A GALLOWAY.

THE famous Dr. Galloway, so remarkable for his surprising cures in the Veterinary line, passing along the street, a young man called after him, Dr. Horse! Dr. Horse! at which the Doctor turned round and said, "Is it me you want? My name is *Galloway*, and not *Horse*."—"Why," replied the wag, "What difference is there between a *Horse* and a *Galloway*?"

NEW PARLIAMENT.

The following whimsical Epitome of the New House of Commons may not be unacceptable:—

A *Gardner*, with a *Garland*, and two *Roses* without a *Thorn*.—Twelve *Smiths*, with many *Stewards*, *Butlers*, and *Cooks*.—An *Orchard*, with *Lemons*.—A *Cartwright*, with a *Pole*.—A *Martin*, and two *Rooks*.

—A *Park*, with a *Hunting-field*, a *Warren*, a *For*, and a *Harc*.—Two *Bastards*, with two *Wards*.—A *Hull*, with two *Towns-ends*.—Two *Brooks*, and a *Trench*.—A *Taylor*, with a *Spencer*.—A *Wood*, with a *Forrester*.—Three *Camels*, a *Bullock*, and two *Lambs*.—A *Moor*, with *Birch Broom*, *Hawthorn*, and *Beech*.—A *Bishop*, with *Parsons*, a *Chaplain*, and an *Abbot*.—A *Temple*, and five *Faws*.—Two *Pits*, with *Coals*.—A *Baker*, with *White-bread*.—And a *Man* and a *Hussey* with only one *Putten*.

THE Death of a Miser was lately announced in an American Paper thus:—"On Friday last died Josiah Bramtree, of Bennington, at the age of ninety-eight. He retained his *money* to the last!"

AN Irish soldier pretending dumbness, and the surgeon of the regiment, after several attempts to restore him, declaring him incurable, was discharged. He, a short time afterwards enlisted in another corps, and being recognised by an old comrade, and questioned how he learnt to speak, "By St. Patrick," replied Terence, "*ten guineas would make any man speak!*"

As a thief was going to the gallows out of town near Norwich, many Boys run to see the Execution, when he called to them saying, "Boys, you need not make so much haste, for there will be no sport till I come."

A KENTISH newspaper advertises a General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for this day, when it says—"those who are on recognisance for *bastardy* and *other parish business*, must give their attendance."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MATCHES AGAINST TIME.

ABOUT the middle of this month, a bet of a hundred and twenty guineas, between R. Jones, Esq. of Fonmon-Castle, Glamorganshire, and Captain Haskew, of the 15th light dragoons, was determined in favour of the latter gentleman. The match was, that Mr. Jones's chariot, drawn by four horses, should run from the Bell Inn, in Gloucester, to the turnpike leading into Cheltenham, a distance of about ten miles, in forty minutes; but it having been deemed necessary to change horses on the road, the time was exceeded by six minutes and a half.

ANOTHER match has since been determined between the same parties, in which Mr. Jones betted six hundred and fifty guineas that he would travel post from Gloucester to London, in his chariot and four, in ten hours and a half. The distance is about one hundred and four miles. He accordingly started at four o'clock in the morning, and, after changing horses eight times, reached Tyburn turnpike at one o'clock—an hour and a half within the time stipulated, being at the rate of eleven miles and a half per hour, exclusive of unavoidable stoppages at the different stages.

IN the beginning of this month, Mr. Banks, a farmer at Sevington, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to carry a sack of wheat,

weighing two hundred and forty pounds, a mile without resting; which he performed with apparent ease in twenty-one minutes.

THIS month, was held at Aberdeen, the October Meeting of the *Northern Shooting Club*. Among the company present were, the Marquis of Huntly, Lord and Lady Erroll, Lord Aboyne, Lord Ruthven, Lady Harriot Hay, the Lady Keith, Sir William Forbes, and Sir William Johnston. Several good matches were run upon the race-ground, between the Marquis of Huntly, Lord Ruthven, Mr. Alexander Gordon, and other gentlemen, and some hack races afforded good sport,

A PRODIGIOUS flight of woodcocks during the present month have been seen at sea, and numbers have pitched on the southern coast of Ireland, and in the fields near Margate. They are so weakened by fatigue, owing to the contrary winds, that the peasants knock them down with their sticks; and they are so poor that they are scarcely worth killing. These, we shall be told, are a certain prognostic of an hard winter; but that opinion has often proved fallacious.

THIS season three gentlemen shot a hundred and fifty-four brace of birds in the Island of Mull, in seven day's sport. It rained the greatest part of the time; and they never shot at a hen that had her young brood about her.

A GENTLEMAN

A GENTLEMAN in Kent, where more exertion is used to preserve game, from *poachers*, than in this county, on the first day of September, shot thirty brace of partridges, fifteen brace of which he unmercifully slaughtered before breakfast!

A BOXING Match for five guineas a side, took place on Tuesday evening, the 19th, at Mile-End, Old Town, between one Williams a ship-carpenter; and Jonas, a Jew; when, after a contest of thirty-six minutes, victory was declared in favour of Williams, who broke the Jew's jaw-bone, and materially injured his eyes.

On Thursday afternoon, October the 14th, some of the amateurs of boxing, near Whitechapel, effected a match between two well-known females of Ratcliff Highway; from the contrast of their bulk, distinguished by the names of the *Farthing Rush-light*, and the *Walking Tun*. After a very few rounds, victory declared in favour of the *Rush-light*; not because the *Tun* was devoid of *bottom*, but deficient in *breath*.

ABOUT the beginning of the present month, a pitched battle was fought in the Cottager's Piece, near Nuneaton, between T. Cart and James Sidwell. The combatants set too about twelve o'clock. In the first four rounds, there was hard fighting, and many severe blows struck, but Cart had the advantage, which caused the beats to run greatly in his favour; the odds being a hundred guineas to ten: though for several weeks prior to the battle taking place, they were greatly in Sidwell's favour. The contest lasted an hour and ten minutes, during which time they had nearly sixty rounds, when Sidwell, finding the battle was greatly against him, gave in. Considerable sums were lost on the occasion, and the knowing ones were completely taken in.

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A GRINNING match lately took place at Fowey. The prize a roll of tobacco. A *Cobler* and a *Taylor*, entered the lists; *snob* was three grins a head, when a fellow, who had betted deeply on *snip*, contrived to tread on one of his *corns*, which had such an effect upon his countenance, that he instantly gained the prize.

ON Saturday, the 16th, as Mr. Welsh, horse-dealer, in Oxford-street, was attending the operation of nicking a horse, the animal not being properly secured, kicked Mr. W. in the stomach, by which accident he was thrown to a considerable distance, and died instantly. As the death was sudden, the Coroner's inquest is to sit upon his body.

THREE men were some time ago playing at *Ombre* in Mecklenburg, when one of them, upon looking at his cards, said, he would play a *Sans Prendre*—but, at that moment, was seized with an apoplectic fit, and dropped dead from his chair. One of his companions ran out the moment he dropped, to fetch medical assistance—the other took up the cards, which had fallen from the dead man's hands, and having examined them, said, very coolly—"If he had played upon that hand, he would certainly have lost."

ON Sunday night, the 10th inst. as the Moon rose, a large black body was seen, on the Godwin Sands; it was supposed to be a ship with her masts cut away, and several boats launched from Deal to her assistance, but on a near approach, it was discovered to be a very large whale which measured eighty feet long, and twenty in diameter. The animal was alive a considerable time after it was got on shore, and died through its violent exertions to get into the sea. The return of the tide washed it into deep water, and it has not been seen since.

F

AT

At the end of last month, was caught alive, in the nursery garden of Mess. Brown, at Slough, a bird of the blackbird species, with its plumage nearly all of a clear and beautiful white, excepting a black feather in each wing, and some on the head; it is a very fine young bird, but had the misfortune to lose its tail at the time it was caught, in which was only one black feather, the others were entirely white.

BATTLE OF THE PIKES.

As a gentleman of Lewes, was lately walking by the side of a ditch near Old Malling, he discovered, in shallow water, and in sharp conflict, two hungry pikes, whose object was to devour each other, but which he prevented by commencing hostilities against both, and bringing them captives to the shore. The one, being wounded in the piscatory engagement, he quickly conquered, but the other was not so soon subdued, though he at length effected it, by the sturdy application of his cane. They were nearly equal in size, and rendered the more voracious, from their boundaries being limited by the lowness of the water.

A BEAUTIFUL Antelope, which was lately brought from the Mediterranean, by Captain Paget, in the *Hydra* frigate, and landed at Portsmouth, has since been brought to London.

On the evening of Friday the 15th, as Mrs. Woolven, of Moakbridge, near Henfield, in Sussex, was retiring to rest, about ten o'clock in the evening, she heard a noise amongst her fowls in a poultry yard adjoining the house, and on going down to discover the cause, found ten chickens lying dead by the side of the hen under which they had been brooding. Alarmed at the loss of so many of her little poultry, she called up her husband, who supposing it must have been

occasioned by a stoat or a rat, concealed himself within sight of the spot, in order to discover, and if possible to destroy the murderer, where he had not stood long, before he beheld a hedge-hog, devouring, with great voracity, one of the fallen chickens; and, from his manner, was thoroughly convinced he was the felon who had killed them all!—The gentleman who favoured us with the above account, asks, whether this animal, (which by writers of natural history, is deemed quite innoxious) may not destroy vast numbers of young pheasants, partridges, and other game?

ANECDOTES OF THE SCOTCH GREY'S, &c.

THE Scotch Greys, reviewed last month by his Majesty, on Ashford Common, were the favourite regiment of George II. who often took great pleasure in demonstrating his partiality to the corps. When once reviewing them in Hyde-Park, before a French Field-marshal, and a Prince of the House of Bourbon, his Majesty asked the stranger—"Did your Royal Highness ever see a finer corps?"—"They are a very fine corps, indeed: but I think inferior to the *Gens d'Armes*—Did your Majesty ever see them?"—"The King, somewhat nettled at the abrupt and unexpected question, replied, in allusion to an achievement of the Scotch Greys, who had once defeated and driven the *Gens d'Armes* into the Danube—"No, but my Scotch Grey's have seen them!"

WHEN the regiment was quartered at Worcester, preparing for the review, and commanded by the late Lieutenant-General John Douglas, then Lieutenant-Colonel, and all the officers had joined; among these were two young gentlemen, who after a long leave of absence, were just returned from France.—"These lads," as Colonel Douglas called

called them, were very talkative at the mess, extolling the appearance of the French troops at a review near Versailles, particularly the *Black Mousquetaires* and the *Gens d'Armes*. The Colonel, some strangers of consequence being present, disliked the conversation so much, that though not addicted to swearing, he broke out, "Well, Sirs, have you done? G—d d—n your *Black Mousquetaires*, and your *Gens d'Armes* too—you may praise them as much as you please; but by G—d the Inniskillens and we, have counted the buttons on their backs a dozen times."

At a review of the Grey's on Black Heath, then commanded by Sir James Campbell, the late King asked the French Ambassador, if he had ever seen a finer corps. The Ambassador replied he had, "much finer troops," and quoted a particular regiment. His Majesty turned to Sir James, and told him what the Ambassador said. Sir James smartly answered, may it please your Majesty, I have *beaten* that very regiment, at the head of the Greys, and will do so *again*, whenever your Majesty pleases to command me."

THE above anecdotes reminds us of another respecting the famous regiment of tall men belonging to Frederic the Great of Prussia, of which he was very proud, and which he was continually reviewing. It consisted of a thousand men. Whilst one day at Potsdam, these men were reviewed by his Majesty, the British Ambassador being present, the King said to him—"Did you ever see a thousand finer men than these? Do you think," continued the Monarch, "a *thousand Englishmen* could beat them?" "I really don't know," replied the Ambassador, "but *five hundred* would try!"

THE following singular occurrence at Harrowgate has been

communicated to us by a gentleman recently returned from that place:—A servant had been riding a small stallion poney, the property of a physician at Manchester; and, on his alighting, slackly retained the rein, whilst he stood with his back towards him; the poney directly seized the man, threw him on the ground, knelt on him, and, in the most vengeful manner, worried him to death. The mangled corpse was rescued with difficulty from the devouring beast.

A DESCENDANT of Mother Cole, who has been the greatest bettor at Cricket-matches for some years past, has closed this season by winning, although losing: it is paradoxical, and requires explanation, to those unacquainted with gaming. He made what is called cross or hedging bets; so that he received in cash what he won; and gave his drafts on his banker for what he lost. General L—x, Lord F. B—h, and others, can testify the assertion.

DEATH EXTRAORDINARY.

A few days since died, in Half Moon-street, Piccadilly, the celebrated Miss Poll, of musical memory. This singular and celebrated parrot was one of the three bequests made by his uncle to Colonel O'Kelly; the other two were the estate of Cannons, and the famous horse Eclipse. This uncommonly gifted creature, sung a number of songs in perfect time and tune; and, if she ever made a lapse, she would stop, and go over the passage until her ear was perfectly satisfied. She could express her wants articulately, and give her orders in a manner approaching nearly to rationality. Her age is not known; but it is upwards of thirty years since the late Mr. O'Kelly bought her at Bristol, at the price of one hundred guineas. The Colonel was repeatedly offered five hundred

guineas per annum, by persons who wished to make a public exhibition of the bird; but this, out of tenderness to his favourite, he constantly refused. The body was dissected by Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Brooke; when the muscles of the larynx, which form the voice, were found, from the effect of practice, to be uncommonly strong; but there was no apparent cause for its sudden death.

Poor Poll's levees had been for years attended every morning by people of the first rank and fashion, which, from the Colonel's known urbanity of manners, found an easy access to his house. The ear of this extraordinary bird was more correct than many of our vocal performers, and she was so impatient of insult, that she would stop in the middle of a song, if the company did not preserve the utmost silence.

GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

A curious examination took place on Tuesday, the 19th inst. respecting a parrot, which was brought to this office in a cage. When the woman who carried it, was called to bring it in, Poll cried out, "No, no!" which caused a great deal of laughter. However, on being brought before the magistrate, notwithstanding her being very talkative, she behaved with great decorum, not uttering a single syllable during the time she remained there. From the statements that were made, it appeared, that on the 11th of August last, a parrot was stolen, with its cage, from the front area of Lady Harriet Gill's house, in Wigmore-street. The following day it was advertised, and posting bills were issued, offering a reward for it. No tidings of Poll were obtained, till about a fortnight ago, when one of the Earl of Wigton's servants, passing through Henrietta-street, observed a parrot in a cage, hanging in an area, which he knew

to be Lady Harriet Gill's, and which had been presented to her Ladyship by Lord Wigton. The bird was now in the possession of the Countess of Granard, whose cook brought it to this office. All the servants of the Earl of Wigton were ready to swear both to the bird and the cage. His Lordship himself attended. He asked the magistrate whether he might be permitted to put his hand in the cage, and tickle the bird's side; because, his Lordship observed, if it were that which had been his, it would bite at him, and make a croaking noise. His Lordship did so, and the effect was produced. But the Countess of Granard's cook said, "Excuse me, my Lord, any parrot will do that, when you hurt it so."

Many of the Countess's servants also attended, who were ready to swear that it was her Ladyship's parrot, and had been presented to her by Lord Berkeley ten years ago. On her Ladyship's going to France, four months ago, she left the bird in the care of the cook. Such, and so positive, were the statements on each side. The Earl of Wigton requested he might have poll till the matter was cleared up: but to this Lady Granard's cook objected, as she said the Countess would not take 50l. for poll; and, on the other side, it was declared, that Lady Harriet Gill would not part with her for double that sum, though it was stated that poll, notwithstanding her present taciturnity, was remarkably talkative, and frequently bestowed on her Ladyship a great deal of abuse, and many vulgar appellations. There were so many witnesses on each side, and all so extremely certain of the fact they respectively advanced, that the matter was not decided; and it was settled that the Earl of Wigton should call on the Earl of Granard in order to investigate, and, if possible, to clear up the business.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PUSS IN A PARACHUTE.

*Written by G. Colman, Esq. and Sung by
Mr. Fawcett, at the Theatre-Royal, Hay-
market.*

I LONCE next floor to the skies,
And I have a wife of my own;
I told her, says I, bless your eyes,
Come along, or else let it alone:
A Balloon and a voyage are the rigs,
To night, at Vauxhall, vat a din;
And Molly, says I, please the pigs,
We'll see. Mounseer and Ma'am Gar-
nerin.

She demanded me vats a Balloon;
You fool, says I, every one knows;
'Tis a thing in the air, vere they'll soon
Find that Frenchmen build half their
chateaus:
And for that that they calls Parachute,
This here is the meaning of that,
Ven a Christian's vone life does n't suit,
Vy, they risks the nine lives of a cat.

To Vauxhall then ve scroudg'd to be
sure,
Lord 'twas charming to breathe the fresh
air,

And for certain 'twas thought very pure;
For at least seven thousand vas there:
My wife got a curs'd broken shin,
So she vept; but says I, don't you chat-
ter;

See, he's putting in Ma'am Garnerin,
And there's his inflammable matter.

In the air they begin for to dance,
Four on em vent up, and all fit ones;
Mounseer and his lady from France,
And the Cat, and the Gemman, two
Britons;

Then the fiders began for to play,
And the girls fell a hollabalooing;
The men they all fell to buzza,
And the Cat fell a squeeling and mew-
ing.

Poor Puss in a grand Parachute,
Who was sent to sail down thro' the
air,
Plump'd into a garden of fruit,
And play'd up old gooseberry there.
The Gard'ner, transpiring for fear,
Stared just like a hundred stuck hogs,
And swore, tho' the sky was quite clear,
'Twas beginning to rain Cats and
Dogs.

Mounseer, who do'nt value his life,
In the Thames vou'd have just dip'd
his vings,
If it vas'nt for vetting his wife,
For women are timbersome thiaga.
So at Hamstead he landed her dry,
And after this dangerous sarvice,
He took a French leave of the sky,
And rode back to Vauxhall in a jar-
vis.

IRISH NARRATIVE OF STREET
ROBBERY.

FROM NATURE.

HONEY, lend us your ears, and a
tale I'll recite,
About comical matters that happen'd last
night.
Just at two in the morn, a friend had
well met me,
So keeping my legs, faith, as well as
they'd let me,

Safe and sound to Saint *Giles's* my car-
case I brought,
And was trav'ling to bed, as a sober
man ought;
When all of a sudden, faith, just like a
stitch,
From a garret, or cellar, I can't well say
which,
A grim-looking Thief, about six feet, or
more,
Grip'd my throat in his fist, 'till the *joke*
made me roar.
"Ah! then, gay, tender lad (says I)
what do you mean,
If you cheek me, who knows but I'll
die of the pain?"
Oh! honey, says he, let us do the thing
quiet,
It's your money I want, and so do'n't
breed a riot.
But keep the *King's Peace*, and surren-
der your cash,
Or each inch of your hide I'll contrive
well to thrash.
So seeing how things stood in this evil
hour,
And fearing hard blows would come
down in a *show'r*,
So says I to myself, I don't like to be
bang'd,
So I'll presently threaten this thief with
being hang'd;
For may be he's simple and don't know
the law,
And, by way of reward, I'll escape from
his claw.
So says I, "Honest man, you'r a rob-
ber, I guess,
"And your neck will be stretch'd,
faith, you can't expect less,
"For the Watch and the Justice, the
Jury and Judge,
"Sheriff, Hangman, and Surgeon, all
bear you a grudge;
"And, so my *heart's darling*, don't ha-
zard their scoff,
"But if you *must* steal, Honey, *steal*
yourself off."
Now who would suppose that for coun-
sel so neat,
That this thief whack'd my body, my
sides, and my pate?
By my soul but he did, 'till bee'n
grievously hurt,
I begg'd leave to tumble quite *clean* in
the *dirt*,
Wheretaking advantage of this my hard
case,
My throttle he squeezed, until pale in
the face,
I found my breath wasted, my strength
quite decay'd,
And no man or mortal to come to my aid:

I resolv'd then to yield—so I loosen'd
his fist,
And for mercy I roar'd, 'till I made him
desist.
"Oh! says I, you curst thief, since the
truth I must own,
Here, *take all I have*—for by *J—s* I've
none."
High-street, St. Giles's, Sept. 28.

THE SPORTSMAN.

THE Spaniels, uncoupl'd, dash over
the mead,
And in transport high frolicsome
bound,
'Till check'd in their speed by the well-
known "take heed,"
Obedient, they *quarter the ground*.

O'er the trees, yellow Autumn her man-
tle now flings,
And they eagerly enter the cover;
Up a Cock Pheasant springs, and th' echo-
ing wood rings,
With "dead! dead, my boys! Come
in here, Rover!"

The Sportsman pursues, over hill, over
heath,
Each dingle, each thicket, keen tries;
'Till quite out of breath, and sated with
death,
He's, *in turn*, *kill'd*, by *CHLOE'S*
bright eyes. T.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

Spoken Extempore to a Little Child.

DO you ask what the birds say? The
sparrow, the dove,
The blackbird, and thrush, say—"I love,
and I love."
In the winter they're silent, the wind is
so strong—
What it says, I don't know; but it sings
a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sun-
ny warm weather,
And singing, and loving, all come back
together.
"I love, and I love," almost all the
birds say,
From sun-rise, to star-rise, so glad some
are they!
But the lark is so brimful, of gladness
and love,
The green fields below him, the blue
sky above,

That

That he sings, and he sings, and for ever
sings he—

"I love my love, and my love loves me!"

'Tis no wonder that he's full of joy to
the brim,

When *He* loves his *Love*, and his *Love*
loves *Him*!

ESTHÆ.

THE INDIAN GIRL,

As she shot an Arrow.

The sense of the following Lines is literally the same as was expressed by a young Indian Woman; from a memorandum in her own words.

A H! now my Chief to battle go,
Dis token me will send;
Me wish it drive away de foe,
And be poor Rengo's friend!

My arrow fly thro' fields of light,
And cut de milk-white air;
Me wish it go where Rengo fight,
And tell him Zela's care!

She well remember when he find
Poor Zela's sister dear*;
He see her face! it please my mind,
And make me drop de tear!

Me tank HIM†, 'bove blue mountain
top,
Dat send de bark and corn;
And bid de fire and great gun stop‡,
And make de hut so warm.

But since dat day me weep my fill,
For all him love me dearly!
Ah! much me fear de foe him kill,
And dat kill Zela nearly!

My arrow fly, and take him part,
Me fight too, if I dare:
But if it strike poor Rengo's heart,
Me tink it find me there.

Richmond, Sept. 16, 1802.

****.

A FAREWEL TO AN OLD HORSE,

Sold to an Itinerant Preacher.

POOR Jack; from thy old home, in
this sad hour,
Howe'er reluctant, thou art doom'd to go;
Alas! poor boy, thou'rt in a stranger's
pow'r,
And thy old stall thou never more must
know.

Who now shall lead thee to the parling
rill,
Who now the oats within thy manger
spread,
Who now thy rack with sweetest hay
shall fill,
And who for thee prepare the strawy
bed.

Who now shall pick thy feet, and comb
thy mane,
While shelter'd from the cold, in stable
snug;
Or who thy empty'd rack shall fill again;
And who o'er thee shall fling the friend-
ly rug.

Perhaps 'twill be thy lot (yet Heav'n
forbid)
To stand neglected in some wretched
shed;
With walls of plaster'd mud, or thorny
kid,
And o'er the empty manger droop thy
head.

Perhaps compell'd, thro' dirty lane
thou'lt go,
A methodist thy master, call'd to preach;
No respite from thy daily toil thou'lt
know,
But faint, each night, thy journey's end
shalt reach.

Then stand, perhaps, half famish'd in a
stall
Where winter's savage winds blow keen
and chill;
While he to gaping auditors shall bawl,
Or by a chearful fire shall cat his fill.

* Rengo was of an opposite party; he gained admittance to Zela by bringing intelligence of her sister, who had been taken from her, and found by Rengo.

† Their Deity.

‡ Lightning and thunder.

But,

But, thou, perhaps, thy daily labour done,
Each night, some hospitable friend shall
meet,
Whose smiling family shall round thee
run,
And both thy master and thyself shall
greet.

Some to the stable thee shall gently lead,
And some thy master to the parlour fire,
Where he of fasts may talk, on dainties
feed,
And thou shalt have whate'er thou can'st
desire.

Some with officious haste thy food shall
fetch,
And some the litter shake up to thy
knees;
Where unmolested thou thy limbs may'st
stretch,
And, while thy master's preaching, lie
at ease.

But all uncertain this; yet hark my boy,
Whate'er in life thy future lot may be,
Thou'lt never sink beneath the weight
of joy,
Or rise beyond the grasp of misery.

Farewel, poor Jack! yet once again
farewel;
Till, at one gasp, thy life and labours
o'er,
Thy master's faithful drudge, thou'lt
ne'er rebel,
But do thy duty—he can do no more.

TO THE MEMORY OF A GAME COCK,

*Driven overboard at Sea by a Fox-Dog,
and drowned.*

NOW sable night, with solemn step
hath pass'd,
The rising sun now gilds the spacious
main,
And thro' the purple portals of the east
Smiles jocund on the cabin's shining
pane.
The tar-smear'd pigs discordant squeak-
ings raise,
The ducks loquacious quack for daily
corp;

The meek-ey'd sheep begin their bleat-
ing lays,
And, gabbling geese, and turkies, hail
the morn.

No more with voice superior to this
noise,
Melodious Chanticleer is heard to
crow!
No more, alas! his matin notes shall rise,
To wake the sleeping passengers below.

When boist'rous gales warr'd with the
swelling deep,
And the vex'd canvas flapp'd the yards
along,
Wak'd from the downy arms of tran-
quil sleep,
I often listen'd to his morning song.

Oft with delighted look, I mark'd by
day,
His coral-crested neck, and mien so
proud,
Near the barr'd coops beheld his wanton
play,
And heard him call his *prison'd* wives
aloud.

No faithless cords his trusty feet be-
guil'd,
No billow swept him from his roost-
ing tree;
A furious yelping cur, with frenzy wild,
Drove him impetuous in the foaming
sea.

Ah! Fox of yore, so placid and so brave,
What dæmon urg'd thee to the bar-
b'rous deed?
Can high-born dogs like mongrel curs
behave?
And reigns such fury in thy gen'rous
breed?

Now active fancy brings him to my eyes,
Gaily he flutters on his liquid grave;
There floats elate, and as the vessel flies,
I see his head o'er top the furrow'd
wave.

But if our sails had swell'd with zephyrs
bland,
And the wide ocean with less anger
wav'd,
The ready boats had cheerfully been
mann'd,
And willing sailors my sweet bird had
sav'd.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1802,

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[Embellished, 1st, with a highly-finished ENGRAVING by SCOTT, from a Picture painted by MARSHALL, of the Celebrated ROAN HACK, the Property of his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.—And, 2d, UNKENNELLING THE HOUNDS, from a PAINTING of SARTORIOUS the YOUNGER, by PYE.]

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick-Square, near St. Paul's;
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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

THE particulars of Mr. Knight's Life is not yet come to hand, they of course must stand over for another month; the Publisher has received the praise and commendation of several correspondents, for what they term the well-turned compliment to Earl Spencer, Lord Nelson, &c. &c. in the last month's Magazine, and which has since been copied into several of the London and Country papers.

The Ballad to the tune of Chevy Chace, from Liverpool, is received, and is, as it ought to be, under consideration.

The last paper on the History of Wild Animals peculiar to Great Britain, is not deemed at this time of day a natural description of the Buck; folly should be taken "as it flies." A Buck is out of fashion now, and his place supplied by a BOND-STREET, or BOX-LOBBY LOUNGER.

WE have received the request of a Constant Reader, to be favoured with a correct Pedigree of "Spear" sire of the stallion "His Lordship," which shall be attended to in a future Number.

To our Cricketing Correspondents in general, and to our Essex Friends in particular, we have again to apologise, especially as the Thaxted and Sampford Matches intended for insertion in this Number, are, by an unforeseen accident, unavoidably postponed till next month.

Flixton and Kinross Coursing Meetings, under the same predicament, in our next.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR NOVEMBER, 1802.

HUNTING.

THE KING'S STAG HOUNDS.

SATURDAY the 23d ult. his Majesty took the diversion of Stag-hunting, for the first time this season. The hounds were laid on at Ascot Heath; the stag taking his course over the heath, to Wingfield Plain, round by Cranbourn to St. Leonard's Hill, Bullock's Hatch, Surly Hall, Clever, to Spittle, crossed Mr. Streeting's Nursery, in Shutstreet, into the Great Park, up the long walk, and into Windsor, through Park-street to Watmore's, the New Inn, into one of the parlours, the hall, through the bar where Mrs. W. was sitting, and into the tap-room, where he was taken, and conveyed to his Majesty's stables, but not till after he was offered and had received some refreshment from the farmers, in the tap-room, it being market-day. His Majesty was attended by Lord Hinchinbrooke, Master of the Buck-hounds, and many Noblemen and Gentlemen, who returned much pleased with the day's sport.

FOX-HOUNDS.

In a daily paper of this month we find the following article; and

afterwards, in another paper, the letter which succeeds it. To the article was tacked some other Fox-hunting intelligence, by which it appears, that the author, wishing to say something of *what he did know*, thought it might not be amiss, in order to make the greater flourish, to begin with *something that he did not know*.

THE Fox-hounds, *ci-devant* Meynell's in Leicestershire, now Lord Sefton's, have this season experienced little more than a repetition of *blank* days; it seems that they have but few foxes left in their county. Some attribute this to the loss of many of the furze covers, through the severity of the last winter: but others suppose it to be principally owing to the unfortunate misunderstanding that subsists between the Hunt, and the Leicestershire Farmers. Arise, however, from which cause it may, the sport of this crack county is at present in *abeyance*!

MR. EDITOR,

SIR, being a sportsman, and a constant reader of the Morning Herald, I must take the liberty to set you right with respect to Lord Sefton's hunt. So far from having blank days in Leicestershire;

G 2

they

they do not throw off in that county ~~at~~ the 29th of this month. Never were the gentlemen and the farmers upon more amicable terms, and never had the hunt, collectively, a more exhilarating prospect of success, for the remainder of the season. Yours, TALLYHO.

THAT of which the writer of the article *may have some real knowledge of*, is as under:

To the eastward, Mr Newman's Essex hounds are much improved, and have already pulled down fifteen brace of gallant stub-bred foxes.—Mr. Wilson's pack, near Newmarket, have been singularly unsuccessful; they find foxes in plenty, but hitherto, it is said, they have not "*touched one jot of BLOOD!*"—His Grace of Grafton's hounds, in Suffolk, go on, as usual, steadily, and well hunted: they have had many good runs, and, generally, killed in a high style!

A correspondent from Essex says, that it is Mr. Newman, abovementioned, that is at such variance with the farmers; that gentleman, adds our correspondent, having laid informations against some of the Essex farmers for shooting.—The writer signs his name to verify that which he asserts.

A FOX CHASE.

ON Monday the first of November, Mr Russell's fox hounds threw off at Sir Harry Wildmay's, at Dogmersfield, Hants; soon found a fox, and, after a sharp burst, making a circle by Winchfield, re-crossed the canal and Dogmersfield Park, through Cocksmoor, away over Hosdon Common, Slade Heath, down to Locksgrove, crossing the road to Winchester, and afterwards the river at Willey, into Holt Forest—Abbot's Wood, over the brook at Huntingford Bridge, to Wishhang-

er Common and Heath, and almost to Bramshot, then turning away, and in view, killed him in Gentle's coppice, near Liphook.—Four gentlemen, besides the huntsman and whipper-in, were the only persons that lasted through the whole of this excellent run, and in at the death.

ABOUT the beginning of this month, the beagles of Mr. Elphick, of Willingdon, Sussex, unkenelled a fox at Folkington, and after a most capital chase of between two and three hours, killed him, at Wannoek, where, by manœuvring in a barn, he might possibly have escaped from a pack less staunch than that which is the boast of Willingdon. This once wily victim was a dog fox, and so remarkable for size and strength, that the oldest sportsman in the field, who had been in at the death of scores, declared he had never seen his equal.

COURSING MEETINGS, 1802.

MALTON,

Tuesday, November 2.

The first day had, as usual, the PRIZE CUP of the Meeting was run for the first thing.—Five dogs were entered for it, which, after three races, came in as under:

Major Topham's black dog, Su-	
warrow, got by Snowball,	1
Mr. Slingsby's black bitch, Har-	
py	2
Sir Rowland Winn's black dog,	
Driver,	3
Sir Rowland Winn's brown and	
white,	4
Mr. Lee's white bitch,	5

The first course was so short it was undecided. The second course

no

no dog but Suwarrow got a sight of the hare, and therefore undecided.—In the last course the hare won her match; in running, a farmer run over Suwarrow, who won afterwards.

Four matches against Mr. Plumer—got by Snowball, or out of a bitch got by Snowball, against Mr. Plumer's breed.

Two won by Major Topham—1 by Mr. Plumer, and 1 undecided.

Two against Sir Rowland Winn—whelps out of Toy, sister to Dent.

One won by Sir Rowland Winn—1 undecided

Mr. Broadley beat Sir Rowland Winn.

Major Topham agst Mr. Richmond—forfeited by Mr. Richmond.

Mr. Broadley agst Sir Rowland Winn—undecided.

MATCH OF THREE PUPPIES.

Mr. Slingsby forfeited to Mr. Plumer.

SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Broadley, Mr. Maister, and Mr. S Croft—undecided.

The number of horsemen on the ground amounted to about 300, and so many hares were put up in consequence, that there was a want of hares for running.

Wednesday.—A Bye-Day.

Mr. Duncombe's fox hounds threw off at Housham woods.—A fox was found, but, from the badness of the day, there was no run.

Thursday,

SECOND PUBLIC COURSING DAY.

A cup was run for, and won by Colonel Bowes's black dog, Young Snowball, got by Old Snowball,

Mr. Slingsby's black bitch, Harpy, Mr. Swinzen's breed,

Mr. Darley's black and white bitch, Patch,

Young Snowball having beat all England last year at Flinton, even betting on him, at starting, against the field.—He won in a very superior style.

Mr. S. Croft's black dog, Farmer, 1
Major Topham's black dog, Suwarrow, 2

POST-MATCH.

Major Topham. 1
Mr Lee, 2

Major Topham agst Mr. Lee—undecided.

The hare was killed immediately.—A bad course.

Major Topham's black puppy, Toy, 1

Sir Rowland Winn's black and white puppy, Fencer, 2

Mr Broadley beat Mr. Grimstone.

Major Topham agst Sir Rowland Winn—undecided.

The first day's running was over the Duggleby ground, and the second day's over the Wharram. A number of hares were killed, which in general ran very badly.

SWAFFHAM.

The Swaffham Coursing Meeting being perfectly re-established, was well attended, and some sporting matches were run. Several capital greyhounds were sold at high prices.

Tuesday, Nov. 9.—Westacre-Field.

Sir J. Sebright's Prude, beat Mr. Dudley's Angelica, 1 g.

Sir J. Sebright's Puss, beat Mr. Denton's Nettle, 1 g.

Sir J. Sebright's Polly against Mr. Denton's Neil, undecided, 1 guinea.

Sir J. Sebright's Ponebscot-Nettle, beat Mr. Denton's Needle, 1 guinea, and 4 guineas bye.

Mr. Breton's Snake beat Mr. Tysen's

sen's Trimmer, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye.

Mr. Ottley's Whiteboy beat Mr. Tyssen's Triumph, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye.

Mr. Moseley's Smutt beat Mr. Ottley's Whisper, 1 g.

Mr. Dudley's Asp against Mr. Tyssen's Tasty, undecided, 1 guinea.

Mr. Dudley's Asp beat Mr. Tyssen's Tasty, 1 g.

After these, several matches were run by gentlemen not subscribers.

Wednesday.—Cley-Field.

Mr. Moseley's Buzzard beat Mr. Tyssen's Triumph, 1 g.

Mr. Tyssen's Trimmer against Mr. Ottley's Wowski, undecided, 1 guinea.

Mr. Tyssen's Trip and Mr. Breton's Julia, undecided.—Off by consent.

Mr. Breton's Lilly beat Mr. Tyssen's Trull, 1 guinea.

Mr. Tharp's Garland against Mr. Ottley's Weasel, undecided, 1 guinea.

Thursday.—Smee.

Mr. Tharp's Go-by and Mr. Dashwood's Davy.—Off by consent. 1 guinea.

Mr. Ottley's Weasel beat Mr. Caldwell's Kick-up, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye.

Mr. Breton's Snatch beat Mr. Tyssen's Trull, 1 guinea.

Several excellent races were run by Non-Subscribers, and the field afforded extraordinary sport.

Friday.—Westacre Field.

Sir J. Sebright's Prude rec. ft. of Mr. Galwey's Hebe, 1 guinea, and 4 guineas bye.

Mr. Moseley's Buzzard beat Sir J. Sebright's Prude, 1 guinea, and 4 guineas bye.

Mr. Jesse's Satin beat Sir J. Sebright's Pickle, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye.

Mr. Caldwell's Kitt-cat beat Mr. Ottley's Whiteboy, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye.

Sir J. Sebright's Patch, rec. ft. of Mr. Caldwell's Kitty, 1 guinea, and 9 guineas bye.

Mr. Breton's Snake beat Mr. Dashwood's Deuce, 1 guinea.

Sir J. Sebright's Ponobsco-Nettle against Mr. Caldwell's Killboy, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye undecided.

Mr. Ottley's Whisper against Mr. Moseley's Briar, 1 guinea, undecided.

Mr. Ottley's Whisper against Mr. Moseley's Briar, 1 guinea ditto.

Sir J. Sebright's Plunder against Mr. Tyssen's Trimmer, 1 guinea.

Mr. Breton's Smut against Mr. Tyssen's Trull, 1 guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quirk against Mr. Breton's Sting, 1 guinea.

There was not time to run the three last matches.

Saturday.—Igborough Field.

Mr. Breton's Strettle beat Mr. Moseley's Blue Devil, 1 guinea.

Mr. Moseley's Briar against Mr. Davenport's Whisper, 1 guinea, undecided.

Mr. Moseley's Briar against Mr. Davenport's Whisper, 1 guinea, ditto.

Mr. Jesse's Jet beat Mr. Breton's Swift, 1 guinea.

Mr. Moseley's Briar, beat Mr. Davenport's Whisper, 1 guinea.

Mr. Jesse's Jet beat Sir J. Sebright's Patch, 1 guinea.

HYDE PARK.

THE sporting season commenced on Sunday the 14th, in Hyde Park, when there was a tolerable field, considering Parliament had not assembled. The METROPOLIS SUBSCRIPTION PACK throw off at two o'clock near *Rotten Row*, but it being the first day of the season,

son,

son, and a great number of *puppies* newly entered, they became so *riotous*, and occasioned so much *skirting*, that it was impossible for the oldest sportsmen, or the best horsemen, to keep them at all together. *BABBLERS* were breaking away in every direction, and fears were entertained that the *lydrophobia* was making its appearance, although the majority of the young hounds had been dipt in the *salt water* during the late sultry season. The confusion arising from both *skirters* and *babblers*, was productive of much disappointment, for the unavoidable clamour in endeavouring to bring the *newly entered hounds* to obedience, and the incessant vociferations of "ware horse," and "ware hound," in addition to the horsemen riding different ways, induced various distant beliefs, that the pack had *unkennelled*, and were going off *in view*; this led to many mistakes; "hold hard," and "hark back," being re-echoed from every quarter, to the great danger of many excellent horsemen, who narrowly escaped being turned *topsy turvy*, by the ungovernable *steeds* of the juvenile sportsmen. Some few characters of celebrity sported their singularities, and displayed their qualifications. A well known *PEER* rode at *three quarters speed* from the gate at Hyde Park corner to the end of Rotten Row, in a jockey-like style, without *fee* or *reward*, and did not seem greatly *fatigued* when he pulled up. Mr. VAN BUTCHEL was in good health and high spirits, sporting his *long beard* and his *long tailed* poney for the amusement of the *ladies*. A member of the late parliament was observed to *keep his seat*, though confoundedly jostled, *between friends*, both on one side and the other. An EGYPTIAN GENERAL, upon a NATURAL BARB, well caparisoned, attracted much attention, and *politically* proved he was no *small* or

insignificant member of society; and a *qui tam* attorney, provided with *new boots* at the commencement of term, for his *journies* to Westminster Hall, continued to ride his *rat*, alias *sprig-tail poney*, for two hours at the top of his speed, in different directions, as an indisputable *public proof* of his *humanity*.

MORE OF HYDE PARK.

A Dreadful Accident.

ON Sunday the 29th instant, about two o'clock, just as the fashionable world were beginning to collect in Hyde Park, another *awful lesson* presented itself to those *PHÆTONIC METEORS*, who are so eternally anxious to obtain a superiority over each other, by the *blaze* of their individual brilliancy. A gentleman of the name of D. entering the Park from the turnpike, in his curricule, with a pair of blood bay horses, had not got more than six times the length of his carriage within the gate, when the horses, either from instinctive spirit, not accustomed to the restraint of harness, or alarmed with the rattling of the carriages, began to be a little rampant. Here unfortunately the driver, either by design or accident, happening to strike one of the horses with the whip, he instantly made an effort at speed, which his companion, being rather more obedient to the bit, seemed for a *moment* reluctantly to comply with; but the force of emulative inspiration was too great to suppress, and they *jointly* overcame the power opposed to their exertions. As the speed of the horses increased, the dread and anxiety of the numerous spectators became on every side perceptible, and infinite personal but ineffectual efforts were made to render assistance. They took the left hand road toward the canal and magazine, over the gravel recently laid down; at the first gate

gate on the right, the groom, by a sudden jerk upon the large stones, was either thrown or jumped out; and, sustaining no injury, instantly followed, in a hope of assisting his master, who firmly kept his seat, the horses going at the extent of their speed, threatening inevitable destruction. Reaching the side of the canal, and no prospect presenting itself, but being dashed to atoms, by a continuance of their career becoming, if possible, more and more impetuous, he, at this moment, used all his force to guide them to the water; they obeyed the reins, took the canal, and, although in the greatest danger of being lost, they regained the land, and were got again into the road, when every heart was elate, upon a presumption the worst was past; and a person had with great personal fortitude seized the off-horse by the bridle, and continued to persevere till compelled to let go his hold, for the preservation of his own life.

Here the loud supplications of Mr. D. for assistance, were most distressing to every human mind, unable to afford the least relief; in which dilemma of mental despondency and desperation, he perhaps most fortunately, once more guided them towards that deep they had before escaped, where the great body of water, by the time they were chest deep, had retarded their speed, and they seemed to be brought up; but in the very act of turning, when their heads were pointing for the land, the off horse being upon the edge of the great depth, lost foot-hold, when a scene shocking to behold instantly ensued; the weight of the sinking horse, gradually subdued every effort of the other, till only their heads were seen above the surface; during which the Curricie continued sinking, the body of Mr. D. doing so likewise, till only his head was perceptible, at which moment the

groans of the Horses, and lamentations of the Driver, exceed the power of the pen to describe, and never can be obliterated from the mind of the writer, who was a near and miserable spectator of the whole. At the critical instant when it was supposed no effort could save his life, two persons who had from the first made a determined point at relief, plunged into the stream up to their breasts, and most happily preserved his life at the hazard of their own. The horses, after long struggling, were both drowned, and left in the Canal, the Curricie was brought to shore by the boat.

CELEBRATED ROAN HACK.

*The Property of His Royal Highness
THE PRINCE OF WALES.*

An Engraving, to front this Page.

THIS celebrated hack, of which a portrait is here given, was, as we have been informed, once the property of Lord Egmont, afterwards of Mr. Tattersall, and now of the Prince of Wales; of his excellence as a hack, we shall not make any long enumeration. The Prince, who constantly rides him, once trotted him 6 miles in 21 minutes and a half. He is so valuable a horse for his use as a hack, that when Mr. Tattersall sold him to the Prince, it was on the special condition, that if his Royal Highness was at any future period inclined to part with him, Mr. Tattersall was to have him again.

With respect to the original painting, and the engraving, we shall say little, Mr. Marshall's talents are so well known; and his fame so fairly established, that he needs no encomiums from us; and, in regard to Mr. Scott, his late engravings for Mr. Daniels's *Rural Sports*, has so completely stamped him an artist of the first order, that our praise would be nothing worth to him.

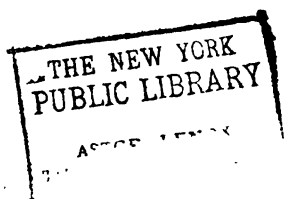
ANIMAL



J. Marshall sculp.

Boon Hall.

J. Ball sculp.



ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY;

Or, Anecdotes of the Lives, Manners, and Economy, of the Animal Creation, arranged according to the System of Linnæus. By the Rev. W. Bingley, A. B. Fellow of the Linnean Society, and late of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. In three Volumes, 8vo. London, printed for R. Philips.

THIS is a work, which, to the public in general, and to our readers in particular, will afford considerable amusement and information. It is also the first of its kind, and may be justly esteemed as a Compendium of the Philosophy of the History of Animals, Insects, Birds, &c. The author, in his preface, asserts that the principal intention of his work, is to induce a taste for the study of natural history; and that, if it shall appear that he has brought forward anecdotes and observations conducive to that end, he shall consider the labour of two years, almost entirely employed in it, as not improperly bestowed. For this purpose, besides his own immediate observations, it appears that he has ranged through a most expensive collection of books, amounting in number to near a *thousand volumes*; in which he has taken in the accounts of nearly all the authentic travellers and historians, from the earliest to the present times. To render the work unobjectionable even to female delicacy, such particulars as are enlarged upon by Buffon, and a few others, are carefully avoided. Every thing not contributing to illustrate the character of animals, is omitted; the author, properly observing, that, with respect to their figure, colour, shape, &c. enough is to be found in almost every authentic book of natural history extant; particularly in Dr. Shaw's elegant and valuable

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work on General Zoology:—And, though the reader may recognize many of the anecdotes he has recorded, to avoid a repetition, as much as possible, he has omitted nearly all those which are most trite and well known. The system which he has adhered to in his arrangement, is that of Linnæus, as corrected by Gmelin, Shaw, and some other later writers.—To save the trouble of a particular, and a repeated citation of his numerous authorities, he has prefixed a list of the principal works that form the foundation of his three volumes.

A Dissertation on the study of nature intervenes between the preface and Mr Bingley's Animal Biography, which the contemplative and inquiring mind will peruse with considerable interest and effect. As a specimen of the author's manner, we have this month commenced our selection with his account of the Fox, from page 238 of Vol. I.

THE FOX.

THE Fox is a native of almost every quarter of the globe, and is of such a wild and savage nature that it is impossible fully to tame him. He is esteemed the most sagacious and most crafty of all beasts of prey. The former quality he shews in his mode of providing himself an asylum, where he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young: and his craftiness is discovered by his schemes to catch Lambs, Geese, Hens, and all kinds of small birds. The Fox, if possible, fixes his abode on the border of a wood, in the neighbourhood of some farm or village: he listens to the crowing of the Cocks and the cries of the poultry: he scents them at a distance; he chuses his time

H with

with judgment; he conceals his road as well as his design; he slips forward with caution, sometimes even trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition. If he can leap the wall, or get in underneath, he ravages the court-yard, puts all to death, and retires softly with his prey, which he either hides under the herbage, or carries off to his kennel. He returns in a few minutes for another, which he carries off or conceals in the same manner, but in a different place. In this way he proceeds till the progress of the sun, or some movements perceived in the house, advertize him that it is time to suspend his operations, and to retire to his den. He plays the same game with the catchers of Thrushes, Woodcocks, &c. He visits the nets and bird-lime very early in the morning, carries off successively the birds which are entangled, and lays them in different places, especially by the sides of high ways, in the furrows, under the herbage or brush wood, where they sometimes lie two or three days; but he knows perfectly where to find them when he is in need. He hunts the young Hares in the plains, siezes old ones in their seats, digs out the Rabbits in the warrens, discovers the nests of Partridges and Quails, seizes the mothers on the eggs, and destroys a vast quantity of game. He is exceedingly voracious, and when other food fails him, makes war against Rats, Field Mice, Serpents, Lizards, and Toads. Of these he destroys vast numbers, and this is the only service that he appears to do to mankind. When urged by hunger he will also eat roots or insects; and the Foxes near the coasts will devour Crabs, Shrimps, or Shell-fish. In France and Italy they do incredible mischief by feeding on grapes, of which they are excessively fond.

We are told by Buffon that he sometimes attacks Bee-hives, and the nests of Wasps, for the sake of what he can find to eat: and that he frequently meets with so rough a reception as to force him to retire, that he may roll on the ground and crush those that are stinging him; but having thus rid himself of his troublesome companions, he instantly returns to the charge, and obliges them at length to forsake their combs, and leave them to him as the reward of his victory. When pressed by necessity he will devour carrion. "I once, (says M. Buffon), suspended on a tree, at the height of nine feet, some meat, bread, and bones. The Foxes had been at severe exercise during the night; for next morning the earth all round was beaten, by their jumping, as smooth as a barn floor."

The Fox exhibits a great degree of cunning in digging young Rabbits out of their burrows. He does not enter the hole, for in this case he would have to dig several feet along the ground, under the surface of the earth; but he follows their scent above, till he comes to the end, where they lay, and then scratching up the earth, descends immediately upon, and devours them.

Pontoppidan informs us, that when the Fox observes an Otter go into the water to fish, he will frequently hide himself behind a stone, and when the Otter comes to shore with his prey, he will make such a spring upon him that the affrighted animal runs off and leaves his booty behind. "A certain person, (continues this writer), was surprised on seeing a Fox near a fisherman's house, laying a parcel of Torsk's heads in a row: He waited the event; the Fox hid himself behind them, and made a booty

of

of the first Crow that came for a bit of them.*"

The Fox prepares for himself a convenient den, in which he lies concealed during the greater part of the day. This is so contrived as to afford the best possible security to the inhabitant, being situated under hard ground, the roots of trees, &c. and is, besides, furnished with proper outlets, through which he may escape in case of necessity. This care and dexterity in constructing for himself a habitation, is by M. Buffon considered as alone sufficient to rank the Fox among the higher order of quadrupeds, since it implies no small degree of intelligence.

"The Fox, (says he), knows how to ensure his safety, by providing himself with an asylum to which he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young. He is not a vagabond, but lives settled in a domestic state. This difference, though it appears even among men, has greater effects, and supposes more powerful causes among the inferior animals. The single idea of a habitation or settled place of abode, the art of making it commodious, and concealing the avenues to it, imply a superior degree of sentiment."

He is one of those animals, that in this country are made objects of diversion in the chase. When he finds himself pursued, he generally makes towards his hole, and penetrating to the bottom, lies till a Terrier is sent in to him. If his den is under a rock or the roots of trees, which is often the case, he is safe, for the Terrier is no match for him there, and he cannot be dug out by his enemies. When the retreat to his kennel is cut off, his stratagems and shifts to escape are

as surprising as they are various. He always takes to the most woody parts of the country, and prefers the paths that are most embarrassed with thorns and briars. He runs in a direct line before the hounds, and at no great distance from them; and if hard pushed, seeks the low, wet grounds, as if conscious that the scent did not lie so well there. When overtaken, he becomes obstinately desperate, and bravely defends himself against the teeth of his adversaries even to the last gasp.

Dr. Goldsmith relates a remarkable instance of the parental affection of this animal, which he says occurred near Chelmsford. "A she Fox that had, as it should seem, but one cub, was unkenelled by a gentleman's Hounds, and hotly pursued. The poor animal, braving every danger, rather than leave her cub behind to be worried by the dogs, took it up in her mouth, and ran with it in this manner for some miles. At last, taking her way through a farmer's yard, she was assaulted by a Mastiff, and at length obliged to drop her cub; this was taken up by the farmer." And we are happy to add that the affectionate creature escaped the pursuit, and got off in safety.

Of all animals the Fox has the most significant eye, by which is expressed every passion of love, fear, hatred, &c. He is remarkably playful; but, like all savage creatures half reclaimed, will, on the least offence, bite even those with whom he is most familiar. He is never to be fully tamed: he languishes when deprived of liberty; and if kept too long in a domestic state, he dies of chagrin. When abroad, he is often seen to amuse himself with his fine bushy tail, running sometimes for a considerable

* These seem such extraordinary instances of sagacity and intelligence, that we scarcely know how to credit them.

while in circles to catch it. In cold weather he wraps it about his nose."

The Fox is very common in Japan. The natives believe him to be animated by the devil, and their historical and sacred writings are all full of strange accounts respecting him.

He possesses astonishing acuteness of smell. During winter he makes an almost continual yelping, but in summer, when he sheds his hair, he is for the most part silent.

In the Northern countries there is a *Black Fox*, a variety of the Common Fox. The Kamtschadales informed Dr. Grieve that these were once so numerous with them, that whenever they fed their Dogs, it was a difficult piece of labour to prevent them from partaking. The Doctor says that when he was in Kamtschatka, they were in such plenty near the forts, that in the night they entered them without any apparent apprehension of danger from the Dogs of the country. One of the inhabitants, he informs us, caught several of them in the pit where he kept his fish.

The mode usually adopted by the inhabitants for taking them, is by traps baited with live animals: and, for the greater security, two or three of these traps are placed upon one hillock, that, whatever way the Foxes approach, they may fall into one of them. This is found necessary, since those which have been once in danger, ever afterwards go so cautiously to work, as frequently to eat the bait without being seized. But, with all their cunning, when several traps are employed, it is difficult for them to escape. Their skins are very valuable.

We have only omitted Mr. Bingley's account of the Artic Fox, in page 244, of Vol. I. because the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*, may find it, *verbatim*, in our fourteenth volume, page 249.

THE HAMSTER.

THE Hamster is about the size of the Brown or Norway Rat, but much thicker, and its tail only about three inches long. Its colour is reddish brown above, and black beneath; but, on each side of the body, are three large oval white spots. The ears are rather large. On each side of the mouth are two receptacles for food, which, when empty, are so far contracted, as not to appear externally; but when filled, they resemble a pair of tumid bladders, with a smooth veiny surface, which is concealed by the fur of the cheeks.

These, the only species of the pouched Rats found in Europe, are inhabitants of Austria, Silesia, and many parts of Germany. They live underground, burrowing down obliquely. At the end of their passage, the male sinks one perpendicular hole, and the female several, sometimes seven or eight. At the end of these are formed various vaults, either as lodges for themselves and young, or as store-houses for their food. Each young has its different apartment; and each sort of grain its different vault: the former they line with straw or grass. The vaults are of different depths, according to the age of the animals: a young Hamster makes them scarcely a foot deep; an old one sinks them to the depth of four or five. The whole diameter of the habitation, with all its communications, is sometimes eight or ten feet.

The male and female have always separate burrows; for, except in their short season of courtship, they have no intercourse. The whole race is so malevolent, as constantly to reject all society with one another. They will fight, kill, and devour each other. The female shews little affection even for her young; for if any person digs into the hole, she attempts to save herself

herself by burrowing deeper into the earth, leaving them a prey to the intruder. They would willingly follow her, but she is deaf to their cries, and even shuts up against them the hole which she has made.

The Hamsters feed on grain, herbs, and roots, and, at times, even eat flesh. Their pace is extremely slow; but, in burrowing in the ground, they exhibit great agility. Not being formed for long journies, their magazines are first stocked with such provisions as are nearest to their abode, which accounts for some of their chambers being filled with only one species of grain. After the harvest is reaped, they, from compulsion, go to greater distances, in search of provisions, and carry to their storehouse whatever eatables they can lay hold of.

To facilitate the transportation of food to their hoards, nature has furnished them with the pouches in their cheeks.—These, in the inside, are furnished with many glands, which secrete a certain fluid, that preserves the flexibility of the parts. They are each capable of containing about two ounces of grain, which the animal empties into its granary, by pressing its two fore-feet against its cheeks.—When their cheeks are full, they may easily be caught with the hand, without the risk of being bitten, as they have not, in this condition, the free motion of their jaws. If, however, a little time is allowed, they soon empty their pouches, and stand on their defence.

On dissecting one of these animals, Dr. Russel found the pouch, on each side of its mouth, stuffed with young French beans, arranged lengthways, so exactly and close to each other, that it appeared strange by what mechanism it had been effected; for the membrane, which forms the pouch, though muscular,

is extremely thin, and the most expert fingers could not have packed the beans in more regular order. When they were laid loosely on the table, they formed a heap three times the bulk of the animal's body.

What these creatures lay up, is not for their winter's support, as, during that season, they always sleep, but for their nourishment, previous to the commencement, and after the conclusion of their state of torpidity. The quantity in the burrows depends upon the size and sex of the inhabitants, the old ones frequently amassing upwards of a hundred weight of grain, but the young and the females providing a quantity much smaller.

At the commencement of the cold season, the Hamsters retire into their hiding places, the entrances to which they close up. Here they repose for some months, and, in this state, they are often dug up by the peasantry, who, at this season of the year, employ much of their time in hunting for these retreats. They are easily known by the small mounds of earth, raised at the end of the galleries. In these places the men dig till the hoard is discovered, which often consists of a bushel, or a bushel and a half of corn; and they are farther rewarded by the skins of the animals, which are esteemed valuable furs.

In some seasons, the Hamsters are so numerous, that they occasion a dearth of corn. In one year, about 11,000 skins; in a second 54,000; and in a third year 80,000, were brought to the Town-house of Gotha, to receive a reward for their destruction.

The Hamster sleeps during the winter; and, though neither respiration nor any kind of feeling can be perceived, yet the heart has been discovered (by opening the chest) to beat fifteen times in a minute.

The

The blood continues fluid, but the intestines are not irritable; and, in the open air, he does not become torpid. When found in a state of torpidity, his head is bent under his belly, between the two fore legs, and the hind-legs rest upon his muzzle. The eyes are closed, and when the eye-lids are forced open, they instantly shut again. The members are all stiff, and the body feels as cold as ice: and if he is even dissected in this state, his lethargy is too strong to admit of his waking entirely.

The lethargy of the Hamster has been ascribed solely to a certain degree of cold; but experience has proved, that, to render the Hamster torpid, he must also be excluded from all communication with the external air: for when one of them is shut up in a cage, filled with earth and straw, and exposed in winter to a degree of cold, even sufficient to freeze water, he never becomes torpid. But, when the cage is sunk four or five feet underground and well secured against the access of air, at the end of eight or ten days, he is as torpid as if he had been in his own burrow. If the cage is brought up to the surface, the Hamster will awake in a few hours, and he resumes his torpid state when put below the earth again.

When the animal is passing from a state of torpidity, his actions are very singular: he first loses the rigidity of his members, and then makes profound respirations, but at long intervals. His legs begin to move, he opens his mouth, and utters disagreeable and rattling sounds. After continuing these operations for some time, he opens his eyes, and endeavours to raise himself on his legs. But all these movements are still reeling and unsteady, like those of a man intoxicated with liquor; he, however, reiterates his

efforts, till he is at length enabled to stand on his legs. In this attitude, he remains fixed, as if he meant to reconnoitre, and repose himself after his fatigue. But he gradually begins to walk, to eat, and to act in his usual manner. This passage, from a torpid to an active state, requires more or less time, according to the temperature of the air. When exposed to a cold air, he sometimes requires more than two hours to awake; and, in a more temperate air, he accomplishes his purpose in less than one.

The life of a Hamster is divided between eating and fighting. He seems to have no other passion than that of rage, which induces him to attack every animal that comes in his way, without in the least attending to the superior strength of the enemy. Ignorant of the art of saving himself by flight, rather than yield, he will allow himself to be beaten to pieces with a stick. If he seizes a man's hand, he must be killed before he quits his hold. The magnitude of the Horse terrifies him as little as the address of the Dog, which last is fond of hunting him. When the Hamster perceives a Dog at a distance, he begins by emptying his cheekpouches, if they happen to be filled with grain: he then blows them up so prodigiously; that the size of the head and neck greatly exceeds that of the rest of the body: he raises himself on his hind legs, and thus darts upon the enemy. If he catches hold, he never quits it, but with the loss of his life. But the Dog generally seizes him behind, and strangles him. This ferocious disposition prevents the Hamster from being at peace with any animal whatever. He even makes war against his own species, not excepting the females. When two Hamsters meet, they never fail to attack

attack each other, and the stronger always devours the weaker. A combat between a male and a female commonly lasts longer than that between two males. They begin by pursuing and biting each other; then each of them retires to a side, as if to take breath: a little after they renew the combat, and continue to fly and to fight, till one of them falls. The vanquished uniformly serves for a repast to the conqueror.

The females bring forth twice or thrice a year; each litter consisting of six or eight young; and their increase in some years is so rapid, as almost to be sufficient to occasion a dearth. In about three weeks after their birth, the young are so strong as to be able to seek their own provisions, which the dam obliges them to do; and, in fifteen or sixteen days, they begin to dig the earth.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN DIVERTISSEMENTS.

From Storch's Picture of Petersburg.

WE now come to speak of the pleasant and delightful gardens which, with exemplary liberality, are usually open to the recreation of the public.—The grand-ducal island, Kammenoi-Ostrof, has not only a great many fine private gardens, but all people are allowed the liberty of amusing themselves here in a becoming manner. The romantic wildness of this island, its situation between other rural places of amusement, the fishery, and a well-furnished house of entertainment, draw a great number of people hither on fine summer days.—Another island, Krestofsky-Ostrof, belonging to Count Razumofsky, is one continued forest, cut through in various places into large and

noble vistas. Here likewise every one is permitted to enjoy the beauties of nature. On Sundays and holidays, are seen a great confluence of citizens of the lower classes, taking their pleasure unmolested. Likewise Yelaghin's Island, the most charming of them all, is free to the use of the public, as also are the gardens of Counts Stroganof and Besborodko, in the Vyborgskoï quarter. The two former have for many years kept open a Vauxhall, much resorted to by the public, of all classes. The company amuse themselves in walking and dancing, for which purpose the proprietors keep a well-conducted Turkish band of music; in fishing, swinging, and playing at bowls; and, in the evening, a firework is generally exhibited. M. Yelaghin himself usually takes part in the amusements he so liberally dispenses to others, and his daughters at times open the ball with some gentleman present. That the enjoyment of all these amusements is free of expence to the visitants, scarcely needs to be mentioned.

Among the pleasantest walks without the town, the Peterhof-Road would indisputably deserve the foremost place, were its advantages not so diminished by the suffocating clouds of dust raised by the carriages incessantly passing along. This inconvenience, however, great as it is, by no means prevents the principal and most fashionable part of the inhabitants from making this district the chief place of their resort for pleasure. From the description of this excellent highway, the reader already knows, that it is bordered on both sides with elegant and splendid villas. Most of them belong to private persons, and are used to the entertainment of themselves and their friends in a very hospitable manner. But, with still greater liberality, several persons

sons of rank convert their gardens into places of public entertainment, to which all people of decent appearance are at liberty to come. The country-seats of the two brothers Narishkin, deserve here particular notice, as being frequented on Sundays by great numbers of the higher classes. A friendly invitation, in four different languages, inscribed over the entrance to the grounds, authorises every one of decent appearance and behaviour, to amuse himself there in whatever way he pleases, without fear of molestation. In several pavilions are musicians for the benefit of those who chuse to dance; in others are chairs and sophas, ready for the reception of any party who wish to recreate themselves by sedate conversation, after roaming about with the great throng; some parties take to the swings, the bowling-green, and other diversions; on the canals and lakes are gondolas; some constructed for rowing, others for sailing: and, if all this be not enough, refreshments are spread on tables in particular alcoves, or are handed about by servants in livery. This noble hospitality is by no means unenjoyed; the concourse of persons of all descriptions, from the star and ribband, to the plain well-dressed burgher, forms such a party-coloured collection, and sometimes groupes are so humorously contrasted, that, for this reason alone, it is well worth the pains of partaking once in the amusement.

The number of these sauntering places, in and about the residence, is so great, that we are not yet come near the end of our list. Therefore, to spare myself and the reader the trouble of repetitions, we will take our leave of this branch of public pastime; in order to entertain ourselves with another class very nearly allied to it.

Walking has some admirers at

St. Petersburg, but driving incomparably more. A convenience, which in this extensive, dirty town, is so much a necessary, will naturally soon degenerate into a luxury. The necessity of keeping horses for use, is pushed to the utmost extravagance; no where is driving so much a diversion as here.

It has long been the custom to keep a general Promenade on certain holidays. On the first of May all the people of fashion assemble in the most splendid equipages in the woods of Katharinenhof, as it should seem, to hail the arrival of spring. All that the taste and expense of the wealthy part of the public has to exhibit in these particulars, is here to be seen, as numbers of new carriages have been kept shut up in the coach-houses till this day; and this train actually determines the fashion in the shape and colour of carriages till the next grand parade. Magnificent as the procession is, of several thousand equipages, mostly in the highest style of richness and elegance, not less, and perhaps still more curious, is the end and aim of this choice diversion.

The carriages proceed in three or four rows, close beside and behind each other; the pleasure consists in seeing and being seen; and, after some hours spent in this manner, every one hastens home satisfied and delighted. The populace who, on this occasion, assemble in great multitudes, have here, as usual, drawn the better lot: jovial and gay, they take their glass of brandy, looking from under their tents at the gaudy hosts of vanity; and to them it is a real comedy. The philosopher entertains himself in contemplating the singular contrasts of this prodigious mass of mortals compounded of such heterogeneous parts; and every one thinks himself well repaid for coming.—

Similar

Similar Carriage-promenades are held at Easter round the swings.

More appropriate, and more general than these amusements, is the Driving in Sledges; a diversion, of which, even in Germany, nothing more than a very faint idea can be formed. Indeed it is not here the custom, as there, to have solemn processions in sledges; but the nature of our winter, and the fleetness of our horses, confer peculiar charms on this amusement in Russia. The sledges here in use are extremely simple, as the shapes of shells, gondolas, swans, eagles, &c. are thought absurd and tasteless ornaments. Those for two persons are drawn by a pair of horses, one being harnessed in the shafts, and the other by his side, without them, to a suspended cross-bar*. The rule is to keep the former in a trot, and the other in a gallop. The great interest in this winter-sport consists in the extraordinary speed of driving: to what lengths our *Isvoschtschiki* and horses have attained in this matter, I shall forbear to mention, for fear of losing all my credit with the reader.—The sledges for a single person, made use of by our beaux for their morning recreation, are generally very elegant, and their horses excellent runners: the gentleman guides himself, and beside the horse rides a hussar, finely dressed, to hold the reins.—On pleasant winter-days, public Sledge-Races are held on the Neva. The course is about three hundred fathoms long, and enclosed with railing. The lovers of the sport, and the *Isvoschtschiki*, lay bets on the fleetness of their horses, or use the course merely for their own diversion. The great concourse of people assembled as spectators, for whose ac-

commodation, likewise, several scaffolds are erected, is a considerable addition to the liveliness of the show.—Driving for pleasure is not merely confined to one sex; the ladies are warranted by custom to enjoy this amusement, consistently with the rules of propriety. The principal rendezvous for it is the Peterhof Road.

The Neva, and the canals by which St. Petersburg is intersected, afford the inhabitants the convenience of going, for business or pleasure, on the water, in such perfection as can only be enjoyed in very few towns in Europe. We may not only go on pleasant excursions to a distance from the city, and to the islands, but even take short passages to most of the streets. On the shores of the Neva, plenty of boats are ever in readiness to take a fare, some of them belonging to the public offices, others kept by private persons. They are of various sizes, of two, four, six, eight, and twelve oars; but their construction is in general the same. The after-part, just before the steersman, is usually covered with an awning provided with curtains, as a protection from rain. Their appearance is always elegant, but those belonging to the gentry magnificent. The rowers are all sailors, and dressed in uniform, having caps with high plumes of feathers. Their dexterity in rowing is such, that even the English sailors acknowledge their superiority. All the motions are directed with the strictest punctilio by the steersman's orders. At his first word of command all the oars are raised in the air, at the second they fall at once into the water, and at the third the rowing begins; so exactly in time,

* The Russian harness has several peculiarities extremely difficult to be described; it is said, however, to be excellently calculated for the benefit of the horse. Perhaps it may not be improper to remark, that the Russians are universally well-skilled in the treatment of horses.

and with such equal exertions, as if the motion was effected by the spring of a machine. When going with the current, and the passengers require it, the sailors strike up a song, which the steersman, with a pipe made of birch bark [rojoke] directs and accompanies. — All things considered, these water-parties are to be reckoned among the most engaging amusements of the place.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING, in your last Magazine, given an article of the designs of a *Dreaming Fille de Chamber*, I send you the following account of a similar stratagem carried into effect by a pretended GHOST, I am, &c.

W. G.

A SUPERSTITIOUS old Lady, in the gay circle of high life, whose name, from particular motives, we cannot communicate, has lately been made the complete dupe of her own credulity. An Officer in the navy had long paid his addresses to the Lady's niece, whose fortune being greatly superior to his, the aunt treated the connection with contempt, and forbid him the house. Miss, having a tender regard for her lover, would not join in so secret a command, but actually held a private conference upon the subject; the event of which was, that they would act in concert, and endeavour to attack the Lady's blind side: as the party they had to deal with most firmly believed, and constantly supported the terrific idea of spectres, apparitions, and the marvellous, our lovers chose that principle for the point of action; consequently Miss

caused the doors to be opened, and made various alarming noises, the whole of which she made her aunt conceive to be ominous of some dreadful event. Things being thus prepared, the Lieutenant, a few nights since, furnished with phosphorus, a sheet, and other concomitants, assumed the appearance of the shade of the old lady's departed husband; on tapping gently at her chamber door he was admitted by the attendant, who, agreeable to her instructions, instantly fainted, and fell with terror; our ghost then drew towards the foot of the Lady's bed, and in a tone of solemn dignity, informed her that he came from unknown regions to warn her of approaching death, which would take place in fourteen days; at the same time, if she valued the repose of her soul hereafter, she would not fail to unite her niece to the man she loved, to detest gold as the root of all evil, and to prepare for the fate that awaited her; having done the business, he vanished, and left the victim of imposition in a situation of terror and dismay beyond expression. Immediately on her recovery, Miss was sent for, to whom she related, in the most pathetic manner, the dismal scene, pronouncing it a warning from Heaven which she could not fail to take notice of; accordingly a Solicitor was sent for, and her worldly affairs were settled much to the satisfaction of her niece, who, by the farther request of her aunt, was to lose no time in proceeding to the Altar with the man of her affection, that the old Lady might see the consummation before she departed this transitory life.—The couple consequently were married, and have set out for Bath, leaving the old Lady, a lasting monument of folly, with the Bible constantly on her knee, waiting patiently for the hour of her dissolution.

ANCIENT

ANCIENT PASTIMES OF THE LONDONERS.

In June, July, and August.—From Strutt's Ancient Sports.

IN the months of June and July, on the vigils or festival days, and on the same festival days in the evenings, after the sun setting, there were usually made bonfires in the streets, every man bestowing wood or labour towards them; the wealthier sort also, before their doors, and near to the said bonfires, would set out tables on the vigils furnished with sweet bread and good drink, and on the festival days with meats and drink plentifully, whereunto they would invite their neighbours and passengers also to sit, and be merry with them in great familiarity, praising God for his benefits bestowed on them. These were called bonfires, as well of good amity amongst neighbours, that, being before at controversy, were there, by the labour of others, reconciled; and made, of bitter enemies, loving friends: as also for the virtue that a great fire hath to purge the infection of the air. On the vigils of St. John the Baptist, and of St. Peter, and St. Paul, the Apostles, besides the standing watches all in bright harness, in every ward and street of this city, there was also a marching watch, that passed through the principal streets thereof; the whole way ordered for this marching watch, extended to 3200 Taylors yards of assize, for the furniture whereof, with lights, there were appointed 700 Cressets, 500 of them being found by the companies, the other 200 by the chamber of London; besides the which lights, every constable in London, in number more than 240, had his Cresset: the charge of every Cresset was, in light, two shillings and fourpence; and every Cresset had two men, one to bear or hold it, another to

bear a bag with a light, and to serve it; so that the poor men pertaining to the Cressetes, taking wages, besides that every one had a straw hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast, amounted in number about 2000. The marching watch consisted of 2000 men, part of them being old soldiers, of skill to be captains, lieutenants, serjeants, corporals, wiflers, drummers, and fifers, standard and ensign bearers, sword players, trumpeters on horseback, demilances on great horses, gunners with hand guns, or half rakes, archers in coats of white fustian signed on the breast and back with the arms of the city, their bows bent in their hands, with sheaves of arrows by their sides, pikemen in bright corsets, Burganets, &c. Holbarders, like the Bilmen, with aprons and coats of mail, in great number, there were also dinners, pageantes, morris dancers, constables, the one half (which was 120 on St. John's eve, the other half on St. Peter's eve) in bright harness, some gilded, and every one a piece of scarlet thereupon, and his benchman following him, his minstrels before him, and his Cresset light passing by him, the wayts of the city, the mayor's officers, for his guard before him, all in a livery of worsted, or say, jackquetes party coloured, the mayor himself well mounted on horseback, the sword bearer before him in armour, well mounted also, the mayor's footmen and the like torch bearers about him, benchmen upon great stirring horses following him. The sheriffs' watches came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number, as the mayor's; for, where the mayor had besides his giants, three pageantes, each of the sheriffs had besides their giants, but two pageantes, each their morris-dance, and one benchman; their officers in jackets of worsted, or say, party coloured,

differing from the mayor's, and from each other, but having harnessed men a great many, &c.

This midsummer watch was thus accustomed, yearly, time out of mind, until the year 1539, the 31st of Henry the Eighth, in which year on the 8th of May, a great muster was made by the citizens, at the mile's end, all in bright harness, with coats of white silk or cloth, and chains of gold, in three great battles. to the number of 1500, which passed through London to Westminster, and so through the Sanctuary, and round about the park of St. James, and returned home through Oldbourne. King Henry then considering the great charges of the citizens for the furniture of this unusual muster, forbid the marching watch provided for, at Midsummer, for that year, which being once laid down, was not raised again till the year 1548, the second of Edward the First, Sir John Gresham, then being mayor, who caused the marching watch, both on the eve of St. John the Baptist, and of St. Peter the Apostle, to be revived and set forth, in as comely order as it had been accustomed, which watch was also beautified by the number of more than 300 demilances, and light horsemen, prepared by the citizens to be sent into Scotland for the rescue of the town of Hadington, and others kept by the Englishmen. Since this mayor's time, the like marching watch in this city hath not been used, though some attempts have been made thereunto, as in the year 1585, a book was drawn by a grave citizen, and by him dedicated to Sir Thomas Pullison, then lord mayor, and his brethren the aldermen, containing the manner and order of a marching watch in the city upon the evens accustomed, in commendation whereof (namely in time of peace to be used) he hath words to this

effect. The artificers of sundry sorts were thereby well set at work, none but rich men charged: poor men helped: old soldiers, trumpeters, drummers, fifers, and ensign bearers, with such like men, meet for princes service kept in use, wherein the safety and defence of every common weal consisteth. Armour and weapon being yearly occupied in this wise, the citizens had of their own readily prepared for any need, whereas by intermission hereof armourers are out of work, soldiers out of use, weapons overgrown with foulness, few or none good being provided.

In the month of August, about the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, before the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of London, placed in a large tent near unto Clerkenwell, of old time were divers days spent in the pastime of wrestling, where the officers of the city, namely the sheriffs, serjeants, and yeomen, the porters of the king's beam or weigh-house, and others of the city were challengers of all men, in the suburbs to wrestle for games appointed, and on other days, before the said mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, in Finsbury field, to shoot the standard, broad arrow, and flight, for games; but now of late years the wrestling is only practised on Bartholomew day in the afternoon, and the shooting some three or four days after, in one afternoon, and no more. What should I speak of the ancient daily exercises in the long bow by citizens of this city, now almost clean left of and forsaken. I over pass it: for, by the means of closing in the common grounds, our archers, for want of room to shoot abroad, creep into bowling allies, and ordinary dicing houses, nearer home, where they have room enough to hazard their money at unlawful games; where I leave them to take their pleasures.

THE

THE NEW COMEDY OF DELAYS AND BLUNDERS.

BY MR REYNOLDS.

*Brought forward at Covent Garden, on
Saturday, Oct. 30.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Henry Sapling	Mr. Lewis.
Sapling	Mr. Munden.
Paul Postpone	Mr. Fawcett.
Lieutenant St. Orme.	Mr. Siddons.
Sir Edward Delauny.	Mr. Murray.
Privilege	Mr. Simmons.
Robert Grange	Mr. Emery.
Honoria	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Mrs. St. Orme	Mrs. Litchfield.
Lauretta St. Orme	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Mrs. Sapling	Mrs. Mattocks.

THE scene of action lies in Herefordshire, Lieutenant St. Orme was married, many years before the opening of the Play, to the daughter of the late Sir Frederick Delauny, contrary to the wish of her father. Discarded by him, the Lady goes with her husband to America, where they live some time in comfort, but, owing to St. Orme's ill-state of health, fall into embarrassment and distress. Their daughter, Lauretta, in order to support her parents, goes upon the stage, and Mrs. St. Orme, with a hope of softening her father, returns to England, but finds him inflexible. He, however, keeps her in his house, deceives her into a belief that her husband has taken a mistress, and induces St. Orme to believe that his wife is insane, to account for her not returning to America, and to prevent him from following her. One of the letters which St. Orme sent to Sir Frederick, written upon a presumption that his wife was deranged in mind, earnestly entreats him to confine her. This passage, which is the effect of connubial solicitude, is cruelly misconstrued by Sir Freder-

rick, who induces Mrs. St. Orme to consider it as the result of treacherous and barbarous infidelity on the part of her husband. At length St. Orme, anxious to behold his wife, returns to England, and demands a sight of her from her father, who refuses to let her husband see her, or know where she is confined. St. Orme in agony presents a pistol, and demands satisfaction. In the struggle that ensued, the pistol went off, and lodged its contents in Sir Frederick, who dies soon after. The only person present, on this melancholy occasion, is Lauretta. St. Orme is taken up and imprisoned, and, at the opening of the play, he is about to be tried for the murder of his father-in-law. Lauretta retires to a place of obscurity, in order to avoid the horrid necessity of giving evidence against her father. The prosecution is carried on by Sir Edward Delauny, the nephew of Sir Frederick, who has left him all his fortune on the death of Mrs. St. Orme. Sir Edward has placed Mrs. St. Orme under the care of Farmer Nightshade, a despicable minion of his purposes, and she is closely confined in his house. Henry Sapling, a spirited and amiable officer in the British Navy, is the particular friend of St. Orme, and, as the haunt of Lauretta had been discovered by the perseverance and vigilance of Sir Edward's agents, Henry procures her a male disguise, and recommends her as a servant to Nightshade. At the command of Nightshade, Lauretta sings a melancholy air, expressive of the unhappy state of her fortune. The sound reaches the ear of Mrs. St. Orme, whose exclamations in consequence engage the attention of her daughter, and the latter suddenly takes off the chain from the door and releases her. A tender interview ensues, but the farmer opposes their

their departure from his house. Henry Sapling again fortunately appears, and takes them away under his protection — St. Orme is brought to trial, but, for want of a witness against him, is acquitted. He instantly hastens to Sir Edward's to demand his wife. The latter rejects his entreaties. Mrs. St. Orme, is, indeed, averse to see her husband, being prepossessed against him by the false charges of her late father. Lauretta, in order to raise compunction in the mind of Sir Edward, has a painting of a vestal Virgin buried alive, illuminated, as it bears some resemblance to the state to which he had doomed her mother. Sir Edward, with much agitation, but at length with hardened impenitence, resists the appeal of the picture, and at last Mrs. St. Orme rushes into the room, and Sir Edward then gives way to feelings of contrition, resolves to surrender all the hereditary property to her, and relieves the feelings of St. Orme, by assuring him, that Sir Frederick died a natural death.

Such is the melancholy part of this play. There is another plot relative to Mr. and Mrs. Sapling. The former had been a simple Country Squire, but is *finished*, as he terms it, into a fashionable Gentleman, by his wife, who encourages the visits of Mr. Privilege, a man who lives by what wits he possesses, and by the aid of a few trifling but *fashionable* talents, is able to procure a *fashionable* subsistence. The wife intends to let Privilege marry her husband's ward, Honoria, and Sapling assents to this disposal of her hand. Honoria, however, is attached to the generous Henry Sapling, the Nephew of her Guardian. Henry is also much attached to her, but is connected with a pretended woman of quality, Lady Sensitive, who is in fact a rapacious woman of

the town. The audience only hear of Lady Sensitive, as they only hear of Mrs. Grundy, in *Speed the Plough*. But the great Agent of the Piece, by whose *Delays and Blunders* most of the events are promoted and retarded, is Postpone, an attorney, a man who is supposed to be divided between business and pleasure, and who, by the slightest call of the latter, is induced to neglect the most important concerns. After a multiplicity of ludicrous incidents, which we will not venture to describe, Privilege is defeated in his attempts to obtain Honoria by artifice: Henry's Mistress, Lady Sensitive, who, he thought, was dying with grief on account of his absence, goes off with an Irish Officer; and Henry and Honoria, with the consent of her Guardian, are to have all their virtues rewarded in marriage.

The Comedy is a medley of the mournful and the ludicrous. It is, in fact, a *melancholy Novel*, blended with a *whimsical Farce*; and if we can admit that such an odd-compound is fit for the Stage, it must be acknowledged that he has mingled them together with no small effect. But if his melancholy scenes do not much interest the affections, those of the sportive kind exercise the risible muscles.

The Piece was very well received on the whole, and very few marks of disapprobation occurred.

Very little can be said in favour of the Prologue or Epilogue.

Mr Lewis was received with bursts of applause, being his first appearance since his illness.

This piece, on the second representation, underwent several judicious alterations; several low phrases and broad attempts at *double entendre* were struck out, together with the whole character of Lord Orlando De Courcy. He was represented

sented as a foppish mannikin, who, having neither merit nor connection with the plot, was found, upon trial, to be a mere excrescence. A considerable alteration also took place in the dresses, particularly those of Mrs. Litchfield, and Mr. Munden, in Mrs. St. Orme, and Old Saplin. The latter laid aside his nankeen pantaloons, and, in the room of a Brutus wig, sported a powdered crop. The good humour of the audience made it visible they felt these improvements. And whatever rigid critics may say of the general defect of interest in the piece, its bustle, its variety, its lively transitions, and the ludicrous contrast of several of its situations, may for a long time give it a considerable degree of credit with the public in general. Still it must be understood, that the features we have just alluded to, derive no small share of their merit from the truly comic powers of Munden, Simmons, and Emery. Besides, the morality it contains is doubly pertinent, because the design of each portion as a precept, is happily expressed with a degree of pleasantry.

As for the Epilogue, which was curtailed on the second night, and entirely omitted on the third, its insipidity was astonishing; and, towards the close of it, the last time it was recited, a wag in the gallery gave such a natural imitation of the braying of an ass, that Mrs. Matlocks was literally driven from the stage, and the whole house convulsed with peals of laughter. This circumstance also gave rise to the following Epigram:

The Critic Asses now forsake the Pit,
And, high above, among the gods they
sit;

No longer they their first applauses
smother,

But, braying, greet the writings of a
brother.

MR. FOOT.

THE NEW HAMLET.

MR. FOOT, son of Jesse Foot, Esq. an eminent surgeon, made his first appearance in the character of Hamlet, on Friday evening, November 12, at Drury-lane Theatre.—That his merits may in some measure be judged of, we give two accounts of his first *essay*; and from which may be formed a tolerable opinion of the young man, and his *pretensions* to public favour.

FIRST ACCOUNT.

Written immediately after the Performance.

DRURY-LANE.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Foot made his first appearance here last night, in the character of *Hamlet*. It is impossible not to feel a considerable interest for a person undertaking so hard a task under so many disadvantages. He is to encounter not only the embarrassments of a first essay, but he has also to meet an audience familiar to all the beauties with which the character abounds; a character too, requiring as great an assemblage of powers, as perhaps any other known to the stage. In such an arduous undertaking, it would be unreasonable to expect complete success. Though it may not be a faultless *Hamlet*, if the beauties outweigh the defects, and the actor displays such a portion of talent as the superior walk of tragedy demands, he does as much as can be fairly expected, and fully justifies himself against any charge of vanity or presumption. Measuring Mr. Foot by this standard, we may congratulate him upon his success. His voice is pleasing, and well modulated. Its lowest tones were distinctly audible

dible in the remotest parts of the house: as such, it was well adapted to the pensive and melancholy sentiments which prevail so much in the character.—He possesses also a good manly person, about the middle size; and, though his action was in the early scenes too quick and varied for the solemn dignity of *Hamlet*, and frequently ill-suited to the word, this fault wore gradually away as he became more composed, more master of his powers, and more conversant with his situation. His enunciation is not merely correct, and free from any provincial taint, but may lay claim to polished elegance, and he does not appear to have contracted any bad habits. There are very few marked passages in which he did not command applause from every part of the house, but he was most successful in the scene with his mother, and in the dying scene. It must be also admitted in his favour, that not only his action, but his declamation, improved with the progress of the piece. The only serious defect he seems to be liable to, is want of strength in his voice, or rather want of skill in managing it. In the great bursts of passion, he had not adequate force of nature; and, as he strained every nerve to supply the deficiency, he was more noisy and ranting than energetic and impressive.—His transitions, from the melancholy to the violent, were also occasionally ill-timed; but this is a fault, which maturer judgment, and a more intimate knowledge of his author will remove. Considering then Mr. Foot as a good subject for the stage, and it is scarcely fair to carry criticism farther in a first essay, we may pronounce him a valuable acquisition. This praise, however, must appear cold, when compared with his reception; than which, we never witnessed one more flattering. Three distinct rounds

of applause followed his dying scene. Mr. Foot is apparently about thirty years of age; and, in his cast of features, and many tones of his voice, he very much resembles Henry Johnston. C. Kemble acquitted himself with spirit in *Luertes*; and the interesting simplicity of Mrs Jordan, accompanied with her wild melodious tones in *Ophelia*, enraptured the audience. The piece, aided by the novelty of Mr. Foot, was uncommonly attractive. The House overflowed long before half price.

SECOND ACCOUNT.

MR. KEMBLE may now be compared to ULYSSES wandering far from Ithaca. The *public favour*, to which he has been long wedded, there are many that wish to seize upon; and that suitor would certainly succeed who could bend his bow, or equal him in the character of *Hamlet*. In all likelihood, he will be received when he returns, as the unrivalled King of the Stage. The pretender of last night was not sufficient for the trial imposed upon him, and unless he has some strength which he has not yet brought into action, he must resign the rich prize to which he had aspired. Mr. Foot has very great merit, but to succeed in such an attempt falls to the lot of only one man in an age. The most extraordinary natural qualifications are necessary—quick feelings, deep penetration, delicacy of sentiment, exquisite sensibility, a mind tending to melancholy, yet warm, generous, and open, capable of being roused with indignation, and of planning revenge. To these must be joined an elegant and interesting figure; a countenance on which every emotion that arises in the breast, whether of tenderness or of horror, may be instantly

instantly discovered; a manner at once unaffected and careless, polished and dignified; and a powerful voice, capable of the most plaintive, the most contemptuous, and the most resentful tones. Mr. Foot's stature is not low, but he has about him nothing of the Prince; he should have taken a few lessons from some dancing master, who teaches grown up gentleman, as his gait is hobbling, his bow is clownish, and his attitudes grotesque; he has a pleasant enough voice, but for a house of such extent it is much too feeble. When he made any extraordinary pulmonic exertions, he screamed like a lady in hysterics. Without descending to farther particulars, it will be evident that Mr. Foot's *Hamlet*, must have been a very imperfect performance; its chief fault was want of energy. *Hamlet*, although parading the stage, sometimes almost entirely escaped from our notice, and we conceived the hero to be *Rosencrantz* or *Guildenstern*. Mr. Foot, however, gave proof of abilities, that, with cultivation, will render him fit for inferior parts of the drama. He shewed a thorough knowledge of his author. He was not only complete master of the text, but he had evidently studied the part with great diligence and success. He knew the meaning of every particular sentence, and entered with great truth into the feelings of the hero, in all the various situations in which he is placed. An air of melancholy overspread his face, and his gaiety was still the gaiety of a man weighed down by incurable grief. This last is a matter of extreme difficulty. There is no doubt that when anguish is preying upon the vitals, an appearance may be assumed of unconcern, or of levity: but the joke that is uttered will appear to be forced, and the smile that accompanies it, though seemingly playful, will have

a mixture of bitterness. For an evident reason, we shall not enumerate the scenes where Mr. F. was particularly feeble, tame, and insignificant. For the same reason, we shall say nothing of his soliloquies. His address to the *Ghost* would have been in a good stile if he had turned out his toes a little more, and had not distorted his body quite so much. We believe that it would be much better to display the natural symptoms of horror here, instead of *falling into an attitude*. *KEMBLE* is against us; but we have with us the authority of *VIRGIL*. When *ÆNEAS* saw his wife's ghost, and afterwards his father's, we do not hear that he extended his arms, placed his legs at a great distance from each other, and leaned forward his head. He says both times—

*Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox
faucibus hæsit.*

It has happened to most people probably in their younger days to have thought that they saw something supernatural; and they will probably recollect that, instead of trying to shew off their persons to advantage, that they shrunk with terror, and that the blood, all running to the heart, the limbs would scarcely perform their ordinary offices. Mr. F.'s exultation upon the success of his plan for detecting the King's guilt, by means of the play, deserves high commendation, and his acting in the closet scene would have disgraced very few men now upon the stage. Here he had reached his meridian, for he sensibly declined all the way to the end of the Piece. We have seldom seen the audience so factiously inclined as last night. Many were extolling the *debutant* as a prodigy of theatrical genius, while others treated him as an impudent adventurer. We are happy to say, that the hisses were in general

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drowned

drowned amidst peals of applause; and that, on the dropping of the curtain, Mr. F.'s friends gained a complete victory. At the same time, if his theatrical motto is *aut Cæsar aut nihil*, we cannot advise him to follow the stage as a profession. It must prove to him a constant source of chagrin, mortification, and disgust; though, should he be contented with secondary rank, and secondary reputation, he may safely go on. Upon the whole, if it be true, as we have heard, that he is an adept in medicine, we think he might employ his time more profitably, than in committing murder upon the stage.

The fair *Ophelia* was represented by Mrs. JORDAN, and was of course rendered inconceivably interesting. This astonishing woman has as complete a command over our sympathetic feelings as over our propensities to mirth. To have looked upon her, when she entered in the fourth act, was enough to make any one cry; and when she sang, her plaintive tones were irresistibly moving.

The other parts were adequately sustained by their established representatives.

The house was crowded to the ceiling.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

Covent-Garden, Saturday Nov. 13.

THIS new afterpiece, in two acts, is said to be a translation by Mr. Holcroft, from the French, of which, in its manner and construction, it bears evident marks. The scene is laid in Savoy, and opens with a view of *Malvoglio*, a nobleman, giving orders for *Francisco*, his inmate, to leave the palace, in order to make room for the re-

turn of *Count Romaldi*, who comes to demand his niece, *Selina*, in marriage for his son. *Francisco* is a poor dumb stranger, who had been found in the neighbourhood of the castle, weltering in his blood, and speechless, his tongue having been cut out by assassins.—The house-keeper of *Malvoglio*, and his niece *Selina*, feel a lively concern for *Francisco*, and intercede for his stay at the Castle. This induces *Malvoglio* to inquire more minutely into the stranger's story; but the latter refuses, in writing, to make known his name or that of his enemies, for the sake of saving his family from disgrace. This is the source of the mystery which gives name to the piece, and of the interest of the plot. *Romaldi* now arrives to claim *Selina* for his son, and appears confounded at sight of *Francisco*, who, on his part, betrays the greatest emotion. *Romaldi* uses his influence to have *Francisco* turned away, but failing in this attempt, he conspires with his servant to murder him in his sleep. *Selina* overhears their plan, and having put *Francisco* on his guard, she alarms the family, who surprize the two assassins in the act of overcoming, and proceeding to murder *Francisco* in his chamber.—*Malvoglio*, confounded by such atrocious guilt, desires *Romaldi* to quit his house, and determines to bestow the hand of *Selina* upon his own son, with whom she is in love. This constitutes the business of the first act. The second opens with a *fête champêtre*, in honour of the nuptials of *Selina*, in which Master Byrne dances a *pas seul*, and there is some good figure-dancing, by Mrs. Wybrow, Mr. Byrne, and Mr. Bologna. By this time it is discovered that *Romaldi* is the brother, and enemy of *Francisco*, whom he sought to murder, in order to obtain possession of his estate, and wife, the mother of *Selina*.

Selma. He flies from the officers of justice, and being overtaken, a combat ensues, in which he falls, and at this moment, *Francisco* arrives, too late to save his wicked brother, but just in time to forgive and embrace him before he dies. This plot, and the sentiment with which it is clothed, are, with very little exception, of the gloomiest hue; and, if interwoven with a sprightly story, would have made an excellent serio comic play, in the style and fashion of our modern Comedies. The author, or more properly the adapter, not aspiring so high, has restrained it to an after-piece, accompanied with some extraneous embellishments. These consist of an overture by Dr. Busby, a chaste and elegant combination of sweet sounds, unviolated by the too prevalent introduction of drums, trumpets, and cymbals; and of some sweet and pensive melodies in aid of the pantomimical part of the dumb *Francisco*, and well suited to the melancholy of his mind, with the addition of the dance in the second act, and some pretty simple rural scenery. Upon the strength of these additions, the piece has been announced under the title of a *Melo Drame*, or medley of acting, dancing, music, and pantomime; but if we consider how much the *spectacle* prevails in all modern productions, there are few of them, whether tragedy or comedy, that have not as fair a claim to the title. There is, in fact, no embellishment or variety in it, which, at the present day, might not have been expected in a piece of more simple name and promise. In this view then, the description so studiously given of the piece, though it may be critically correct, is not judicious; as, by pointing the mind to what the thing is not, we become dissatisfied with what it is. With the exception of one scene, the piece is uniformly of the most serious cast, and

there is no single circumstance that does not warrant the idea held out in the definition. This, however, is not meant as any objection to the merit of the piece. That which must be considered the best test of merit, the performance evinced in a considerable degree; we mean interest. That *Francisco* should patiently endure such cruel wrongs, rather than expose his brother, may be a possible stretch of family pride and fraternal affection; but that he should not be known by his daughter, or his brother-in-law, is not a probable case. To this, and some similar objections, the piece is fairly liable, but still it fixes the attention; it interests, it entertains, and it is ungrateful to find fault with the means of pleasing when we must admit that we are pleased. Mrs. Gibbs gave much interest to *Selma*. Mr. H. Johnston looked and frowned the assassin *Romaldi* with full effect, and Mr. Farley's manner and action were natural and expressive in the part of *Francisco*. Mr. Murray played with spirit and feeling in *Matcoglio*, and the officious house-keeper, presuming upon her past services, was rendered very diverting by the comic address of Mrs. Mattocks. The language is good, and the sentiment pure; in addition to which, with good acting, the piece has to boast, as has been already stated, pleasing scenery, handsome decorations, good dancing, and some sweet music. It may therefore be easily conceived, that it went off with *ecclat*, and is likely to prove a favourite. As such variety cannot be brought out complete on the first night, we may expect to see it improved, by reducing one or two scenes a little, and also by avoiding the absurdity of presenting *Romaldi* in full view of the officers of justice, without their taking any notice of him. Every part of the house was filled; and the

attraction has been seldom greater, if we may judge by the anxiety expressed by those who were disappointed in places.

Of the overture in particular, and the music in general, the amateurs of music speak in terms which would justify the ideas of uncommon taste, skill, and exertion.

The procession of the Archers coming upon the stage to take *Count Romaldi* into custody, had a very grand effect.

Some few incidents complained of in the first representation, being judiciously omitted in the second, scarcely any doubt can remain that this interesting Tale of Mystery will have its full share of favour till the curiosity of the public shall be completely gratified.

THE THEATRICAL AUTUMN MEETING

TOOK place the latter end of September, with a promised profusion of sport to the two celebrated Clubs who divide the district. Four horses of no small *notoriety* were entered for the APPROBATION CUP; upon each of which the public entertain so equal an opinion, that it is difficult, even with the best judges, to form any accurate idea which will be deemed the winner at the conclusion of the season.

MR. DWYER'S *Belcour*, although the pedigree is not authentically ascertained, shews much *blood*, and promises to make a good runner, if his *bottom* can hereafter be depended upon. He has long been in *regular training*, and has every appearance of being in *good condition*; it is, however, observed in *his exercise*, he breaks away with too much impetuosity, by which vo-

latility of temper, he is sometimes *out of wind*, and becomes a little *heavy in hand*; when divested of which, and placed by practice more upon *his haunches*, there is little doubt but he will prove a CAPITAL RUNNER for large stakes, having already been known as a good plate-horse in the country.

MR. CHERRY'S *Sir Benjamin* is a horse, or rather a galloway, of a *quick stroke*, and commanding powers; what he is in want of in *height*, is amply compensated for by a *neatness in action*. He is a horse of such admirable temper, that he can be instantly influenced to *dwell upon hand* and *slacken his stroke*, or go off suddenly *at score*, dependent entirely upon the will of his RIDER. He has given such proofs of *speed, blood, and bottom*, that no fears are entertained of his not running in a very handsome form.

MR. COLLINS'S *Robin Roughhead*, is a horse of great strength, brought within a small compass; with no striking external appearance of *blood*. His pedigree is well authenticated, having been got by COUNTRYMAN, out of *Creeping Molly*. He was bred in the environs of the New Forest, and carries with him a distinguishing and local trait of his birth, being rather *short* in his *fore-hand*, but well made in his shoulders; he goes up *his gallops* with great ease, and in high form, the turf connoisseurs venturing to affirm he will prove an excellent runner.

MR. KEMBLE'S *Falstaff*, is a horse like the late famous HIGHFLYER, of great size, strength, and near seventeen hands high; he was got by *Collossus* out of *Giantess*, and is calculated more for KINGS PLATES and WELTER STAKES, than for *light* or *catch* weights. He is a horse of great size, but easy in action, and goes lightly over the ground; although, with the training grooms, his commanding powers gain

gain him admirers, yet it is admitted, that, being only calculated for heavy weights, he is better adapted to a deep country, where he stands engaged in different stakes, and where he is also a confirmed favourite.

The FILLY STAKES carrying weight for age, threaten to be strongly contested, three having entered with very promising pretensions.

MISS MARRIOT'S *Clarinda*, is a beautiful well formed filly, with a commanding forehead and well made chest; she is deep in the girth, close in the quarters, clean upon her legs, and takes her sweats with the greatest ease. She is evidently possessed of much speed, and should she at any time unfortunately break down in training, is admirably calculated to breed from.

MISS REEVE and MISS WADDY, have likewise each a filly, equally promising in regular exercise, who go up their gallops with an easy and firm stroke; but having been a very short time upon the TURF, and had only a few sweats, it is impossible to say how they may stand their training.

MR. HARDINGE, from Philadelphia, has challenged MR. JOHNSTON'S *Major O'Flaherty* for the WHIP; and MR. FOOT'S *Hamlet* is in training, and has gone up his first public trial as a candidate for the ANNUAL CUP.

ANOTHER IMPROVEMENT IN DRIVING CARRIAGES.

VERY lately a Mr. Leith projected an appendage to a chaise which was to disengage the horses and harness from it in case of their taking fright, almost with a touch, and for which he obtained a patent. At present a Mr. Roberts of Portsmouth comes for-

ward with a contrivance to disengage the horses from the carriage almost instantaneously, *without their harness*; either entirely, or so as to be retained only by the head; and at the same time, enabling either the driver, or a person in the inside or behind, to block the hinder wheels, or to direct the course of the carriage.

AN ACTION ON THE GAME LAWS

MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL.

Court of King's Bench, November 10.

STEVENS V. WHISTER.

THIS was an action for the defendant's keeping a gun for the destruction of game, and for having killed game, viz. two partridges, he not being qualified by law to kill game.

It appeared at the trial, that one John Hicks saw the defendant out in the fields, one day in January last, with a gun, under a hedge, in which fields there was no footpath. On the 16th of January, the witness saw the defendant shoot something on the ground. At another time, he saw two partridges sit, and the defendant shot through a hedge at them, and when the defendant saw the witness, he ran away, on which the witness said to him, it was of no use for him, as he had killed them. The witness then went to the spot where the partridges were lying, and picked them up. He had known the defendant for ten years. He saw the defendant out for three days following.

Another witness, of the name of T. Hughes, swore, that on the 17th of January last, he served the defendant with notice in this action; and he asked the cause of the action.

tion. The witness said he did not know; on which the defendant said, "I will tell you, this is all for shooting two birds." The plaintiff had intended to bring this case forward at the Quarter Sessions, but observed, that a gentleman was to sit there, who was the friend of the defendant, and therefore he would not bring it forward there: upon which the defendant said, "he thought he had as good a right to shoot birds as any man in the parish, as he had done it often before."

An *alibi* was attempted to be proved on the part of the defendant; but the jury believed the evidence given on the part of the plaintiff, by Hicks, the first witness, and Hughes, the sheriff's officer, who served the defendant with notice; and therefore a verdict was found for the plaintiff, for the penalty specified by the statute.

A motion was now made, on behalf of the defendant, for a rule to shew cause why there should not be a new trial, on the ground that the case, on the part of the plaintiff, was supported by perjury; in support of which motion, there was an affidavit, made by a person who had been servant of the defendant, and who had left him soon after the time of killing these birds, and was not heard of in that neighbourhood until the August following. He swore, most positively, that he was the person who shot the very partridges in question, and he came forward to say so the moment he heard that his old master had a trial for doing it.

Another witness swore that he was present when Hughes, the sheriff's officer, served the defendant with notice in the action, and that he did not hear any such conversation as Hughes stated to have past between him and the defendant on the subject of shooting the partridges; upon which it was contended, that there ought to be a

new trial, for, that the testimony of the sheriff's officer was a surprise upon the defendant; and, if he had been aware the sheriff's officer would have given such evidence, they would have brought forward for the defendant this witness to contradict him. It was urged, that if the court should not grant a new trial in this case, the defendant would be driven to prosecute the plaintiff's witnesses for perjury, a course he did not wish to pursue.

Lord Ellenborough said, the witness could not be under any mistake as to the person of the defendant in this case, having seen him three successive days. In this case there must be perjury on one side or the other; but it would be infinitely dangerous in its probable consequences, if a convicted man was to be indulged with a new trial, merely because he had found a servant to take upon him the delinquency; especially when he knew the time was elapsed within which any penal consequences could legally attach; for then it was only assuming guilt when there was no risque in it, which was the case here. For which reason Mr. Milles, who moved for the new trial, took nothing for his motion.

Curious Observations on the Dipping of the Martins.

MR. EDITOR,

I KNOW not whether the following observations concerning the martins, *hirundo rustica*, will be of service in proving any facts relative to their migration; but not being an adept in the subject, and not being inclined to any particular system, I beg leave to offer them to the naturalist. On the 25th of October, I observed the *hirundo rustica* to leave the town of N——, and
at

at one o'clock of the same day there were but a few stragglers left. But happening to take a walk in the afternoon to the south of the town, I observed thousands collected on the trees in Mr. M——'s park, bordering on a fish-pond. There were a great many flying about, and especially over the water; and at every instant numbers would dip under, and would even go some way before they came up. So various were their evolutions, and so rapid their motions, that it was very difficult to follow one that went in and out again. As soon as they had dipped, they retired to the neighbouring trees to dry themselves; and a tree which was decayed, and had no leaves, was wholly covered. I am convinced, that one who pleaded for their retiring under water during the winter season, might have been easily deceived; but it appeared to me that they were cleansing themselves from the filth they had contracted, in order to lighten themselves for their long and dangerous journey. On the 26th they all went away, and the water, which the evening before was a scene of confusion, was now silent.

J. E. B.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS, &c.

From the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for producing useful knowledge.

FROM the last volume of the Transactions of this Society, which ought to have been noticed at a much earlier period, we can now only select a few articles to lay before the reader.

NATURAL HISTORY.

In Dr. BARTON'S memoir concerning the fascinating faculty

which has hitherto been ascribed to the rattle-snake, and other American serpents, it is proved by a variety of facts, that the motions of birds, which have been attributed to a fascinating power in the eyes of serpents, are, in reality, calculated to drive away the reptiles from the birds' young, or to divert their attention from the nest.

The author tells us that the rattle-snake is not a hardy animal; that a very slight stroke on any part of its body disables it from running at all; and the slightest blow on the top of the head is followed by instant death. The skull-bone is remarkably thin and brittle; so much so indeed, that it is thought a stroke from the wing of a thrush, or even of a robin, would be sufficient to break it. The substance of this memoir is confirmed in another paper by M. DE BEAUVORS, who asserts also, from his own observation, that the young rattle-snakes conceal themselves in the belly of the female at the approach of danger, into which they enter by the mouth.

We have a very curious account of the remarkable instinct of a bird called the *nine-killer*, by Mr. HECKWALDER. It appears that this bird-hawk, as it is called by some persons, catches grasshoppers, and sticks them on the sharp thorny bushes or trees, as baits for other smaller birds, on which the *nine-eater* lives. It is asserted by the common people, that the *nine-eater* practises the catching and sticking up nine grasshoppers a-day; and, as they know it does not live on insects, they believe it must employ itself in this manner for its amusement. Some naturalists, among whom is Mr. Heckwalder, have taken pains to watch the progress of the business; and there seems little reason to doubt, that the grasshoppers, which are always placed

in

in their natural position, are stuck as baits for the animals which serve for the nine-eater's food.

In a very interesting paper, by THOMAS JEFFERSON, Esq. we have strong, if not satisfactory, evidence of the existence of an animal similar to the lion, only more than three times as large, in North America.

BOXING MATCH.

MONDAY, November 15, afforded a high treat to the lovers of the pugilistic art: a match having been made a few days before between Patrick O'Donnell, an Irishman, who beat Pardoe Wilson in September last, [See our last Magazine, page 15,] and one Smith, a boot-closer: The parties proceeded, about noon, to Wormwood Scrubs, the same spot where O'Donnel won the last battle, situated on the Paddington canal, about a mile on the other side Shepherd's Bush; where, being attended by their seconds and bottle-holders, the combatants took their ground. Difficulties in the way of forming a ring, in consequence of the great pressure of the crowd, a great part of whom, from not being men of science, were ignorant of the rules observed on such occasions, rendered it necessary to call in the aid of Caleb, the lad who won the second battle at Hurley-bottom last year. From his resolute conduct, and the frequent exercise of his whip, a large ring was formed. The hackney coaches, gigs, and carts, formed the outer barrier; the inner circle was composed, as usual, of pedestrians. They were kept back by a circle of those who sat on the grass. A few minutes after two the battle commenced:—

First Round—Much sparring.

O'Donnel struck Smith with his right hand a severe blow under the left eye. It was thrown in straight forward Smith aimed a blow at O'Donnell's head, which the latter caught with his hand, and again struck Smith on the side of the head: they closed and fell, Smith under.

Second Round—Much sparring. Two blows struck by Smith, but neither of consequence: closed and fell, Smith under.

Third Round—O'Donnell received a severe blow from Smith. O'Donnell fell.

Fourth Round—Much shifting, but little sparring. O'Donnell, in retreating, being fiercely pursued by Smith, evinced much science in this round; he struck Smith several severe blows on the head and ribs. Smith, before he fell, threw a hard blow in the face of O'Donnel.

Fifth Round—Smith struck O'Donnell on the left jaw. Several hard blows were struck on both sides. A fierce round: O'Donnell fell. No odds at present.

Sixth Round—O'Donnell struck Smith a right-handed severe blow on the head, when the latter was off his guard; he quickly recovered. This was a very severe round. They closed and fell, Smith under. —O'Donnell appeared weak, and nearly exhausted. Bets were now five to four in favour of Smith.

Seventh Round—A hard round; three very clean blows were thrown in by Smith; O'Donnell closed on Smith; they fell, Smith under.

Eighth Round—Hard fighting, but much shifting by O'Donnell; closed and fell, O'Donnell under. Bets continued the same, five to four on Smith.

Ninth Round—Some hard hitting in favour of O'Donnell; Smith, in attempting a blow, slipped and fell.

Tenth Round—O'Donnell's courage began to revive; he smiled, pointed

pointed his finger at his antagonist in ridicule; Smith threw in some hard blows; they closed, and O'Donnell fell under. Bets were now two to one on Smith.

Eleventh Round—Much sparring and shifting, before any blows were struck. They closed, and O'Donnell gave Smith a cross-buttock; or, more properly speaking, one of the falls Belcher usually gave Bourke.

Twelfth Round—O'Donnell recovers; hard hitting on both sides. They closed. Smith fell under; but still the bets were in favour of the latter, six to four.

Thirteenth Round—Smith struck O'Donnell two hard blows, one in the face, the other in the pit of the stomach; the latter staggered, and fell. In this fall, Smith attempted to give O'Donnell a cross-buttock, but did not succeed.

Fourteenth Round—Hard blows on both sides. Smith fell. This round was in favour of O'Donnell.

Sixteenth Round—Much sparring, and shifting. Smith fell; but he had the best of this round.

Seventeenth Round—Smith retreated, and his foot slipping, he fell; no blows struck.

Eighteenth Round—Short round in favour of O'Donnell. Smith fell.

Nineteenth Round—Hard blows; a little in favour of Smith; he threw in a severe blow with his right hand, which struck O'Donnell on the left side of the head. They closed, and Smith fell under.

Twentieth Round—Smith had the worst of this round; a dreadful fall. O'Donnell fell upon him.

Twenty-first Round—Hard hitting on both sides. Smith fell. Even betting.

Twenty-second Round—O'Donnell struck Smith a violent blow on the side of the head. Smith slipped, and fell. Neither of the combatants appeared outwardly hurt, ex-

cept Smith, who had a black eye, which he received the first round.

Twenty-third Round—Much sparring, and shifting. Smith down again. The bettings were now in favour of O'Donnell.

Twenty-fourth Round—Hard blows on both sides. This round was in favour of Smith. O'Donnell missing a blow, fell forward, and pitched on his head.

Twenty-fifth Round—O'Donnell knocked Smith down, after much shifting, on both sides. O'Donnell was very active in this round.

Twenty-sixth Round—A few hard blows about the ribs were thrown in by Smith. O'Donnell fell.

Twenty-seventh Round—This was by far the best round. Much science was displayed on both sides. The blows were in favour of Smith, but he fell under.

Twenty-eighth Round—This round was equal to the last. O'Donnell's blows were all directed to the ribs of his opponent; those of Smith to the head. They closed, Smith again fell under, but he had evidently the advantage.

Twenty-ninth Round—This round O'Donnell was the best off. Smith fell. Bets five to four on O'Donnell.

Thirty-third Round—O'Donnell had more decidedly the advantage in this round than any other; he threw in several blows into Smith's ribs on the left side. The latter in retreating received a blow in the face, which knocked him down.

Thirty-fourth Round—Smith fell down.

Thirty-fifth Round—Smith fell; a knock down blow. Bets six to four on O'Donnell.

Thirty-sixth Round—Some hard blows on both sides; Smith fell.

Thirty-seventh Round—Ditto.

Thirty-eighth Round—O'Donnell struck Smith in the pit of the stomach he fell, the blow winded him,

him, and it was supposed the battle was over. Smith, however, again appeared

Thirty-ninth Round—A short round; Smith fell after some hard blows. From this to the forty-fourth round, no particular blows were struck.

Forty-fourth Round—O'Donnell sprained the wrist of his right hand, and it was apprehended he would be obliged to give in, from having used that hand, principally, during the battle; after much sparring he struck Smith a violent blow with his left hand, and he fell.

Forty-fifth Round—Smith received another blow in the stomach, which may be said to have decided the match, as after this round he struck no blows of consequence.

The *Forty-eighth Round* decided the battle in favour of O'Donnell; Smith being desperate, and completely off his guard, received a knock-down blow, and gave in—The fight lasted one hour and twenty minutes

Much rejoicing took place among the Irish visitors: they threw up their hats, and flourished their sticks, in token of exultation, at their countryman's victory, over the friends of the vanquished hero.—He was carried in triumph from the field of battle in a hackney-coach; on the top of which were stationed many of his friends, who were regaling one another with sky-blue and whisky, whilst an old blind fiddler played "*See the conquering Hero comes*"—In this form they proceeded to town, being greeted on their way by hundreds of the children of Erin, "who were ready to lick the dust from the chariot's wheels," so happy were they at the glorious triumph of their countryman; who, on this occasion, added another laurel to his escutcheon, it being the sixth battle he has fought, in every one of which he has been victorious.

The principal blows struck by O'Donnell were on the left ribs: that side of Smith, after the battle, appeared like a piece of raw beef. Neither of the Seconds were of any note. James Lenox was second to O'Donnell; and a man of the name of Anderson to Smith. The battle was for 20 guineas.

It is somewhat extraordinary, that there were some coach-fulls of our *fashionable Belles* to see this famous battle. Amongst the spectators we noticed *Codex, Gamble, Wood, Berks, and Belcher*, all famous at the fist. *Belcher* sat on the top of a coach all the time.

THE

BEAUTY OF BUTTERMERE,

AND THE PRETENDED HON.
ALEXANDER HOPE.

ON the 2d of October a gentleman, calling himself Alexander Augustus Hope, Member for Linlithgowshire, and brother to the Earl of Hopetoun, was married at the church of Lorton, near Keswick, to a young woman, celebrated by the tourists, under the name of *The Beauty of Buttermere*. To beauty, however, in the strict sense of the word, she has small pretensions, for she is rather gap toothed, and somewhat pock fretten. But her face is very expressive, and the expression extremely interesting; and her figure and movements are graceful to a miracle. She ought indeed to have been called the Grace of Buttermere, rather than the Beauty. She is the daughter of an old couple, named Robinson, who keep a poor little pot-house at the foot of the small lake of Buttermere, at the sign of the Char, and has been all her life the attendant and waiter, for they have no servant. She is now about thirty,

thirty, and has long attracted the notice of every visitor by her exquisite elegance, and the becoming manner in which she is used to fillet her beautiful long hair; likewise by the uncommonly fine Italian hand-writing in which the little bill was drawn out. Added to this, she has ever maintained an irreproachable character; is a good daughter, and a modest, sensible, and observant woman. That such a woman should find a husband in a man of rank and fortune, so very far above her sphere of life, is not very extraordinary; but there are other circumstances which add much to the interest of the story. Above two months ago, Mr. Hope went to Buttermere upon a fishing expedition, in his own carriage, but without any servants, and took up his abode at the house kept by the father of the Beauty of Buttermere; in the neighbourhood of which he was called the Honourable Charles Hope, Member for Dumfries.—Here he paid his addresses to a Lady of youth, beauty, and good fortune, and obtained her consent. The wedding clothes were bought, and the day fixed for their marriage, when he feigned a pretence for absence, and married the Beauty of Buttermere. The mistake in the name, the want of an establishment suited to his rank, and the circumstance of his attaching himself to a young lady of fortune, had excited much suspicion, and many began to consider him an impostor. His marriage, however, with a poor girl without money, family, or expectations, has weakened the suspicions entertained to his disadvantage; but the interest which the good people of Keswick take in the welfare of the Beauty of Buttermere, has not yet suffered them to entirely subside; and they await, with anxiety, the moment when they shall receive decisive

proofs that the bridegroom is the real person whom he describes himself to be. The circumstances of his marriage are sufficient to satisfy us that he is no impostor, and, therefore, we may venture to congratulate the Beauty of Buttermere upon her good fortune. The Hon. Alexander Hope, the Member for Linthgowshire, is a colonel in the army, a lieutenant-colonel of the 14th regiment of Foot, brother to the Earl of Hopetoun, and Lieutenant-governor of Edinburgh Castle.

In consequence of the foregoing appearing in the *Morning Post* and other papers, the following letters were sent to their respective editors:

SIR, *Chatham, Oct. 12.*

Having seen in your paper of yesterday, an account of a romantic marriage, supposed to be celebrated by the Hon Col Alexander Hope, with a young woman of inferior rank in life, at the church of Lorton, near Keswick, on the 2d inst. and at the conclusion of the account, you impress your readers with the idea of the authenticity of the marriage. I think it right to acquaint you that Col. Alex. Hope, the gentleman alluded to, has been abroad the whole summer; and, by very late accounts, was at Vienna. I must desire, therefore, you will contradict the said marriage in your next paper, and assert, that the person who called himself Col. Alexander Hope, must be an impostor. Your's, &c. CHARLES HOPE.

The writer of the above we believe to be the Lord Advocate of Scotland. The following, on the like supposition, is from Dr. Giles, Historiographer for Scotland.

MR. EDITOR,

Having read an account in your last paper, of an Imposter, pretending

tending to be the Hon. Col. Alexander Hope, having married a young woman of low birth, at Keswick, I write this to assure you that the respectable and gallant officer, whose name has been thus unwarrantably assumed, is actually in Germany; in which country he has been long, for the purpose of drinking the waters recommended in gun shot wounds. I am, your humble and obedient servant,
JOHN GILLAS.
Upper Seymour-street, Oct. 14.

A few days after the publication of the above letters, the following was received from Keswick.

Keswick, Oct. 15.

The following are the particulars of the novel of real life, the scene of which has unfortunately been laid among our mountains. The pretended Alexander Augustus Hope had not only paid his addresses to the young lady mentioned in your first account, and actually fixed the wedding day, but had likewise made two others of Keswick, one the daughter of the fisherman who used to be his companion in his fishing expeditions, believe him under an engagement of marriage to them. Including his unfortunate wife, he had paid serious addresses to four women at the same time, one of rank and fortune, and three of humble life. On the morning of his first departure from Keswick, for Scotland, and of his marriage at Lorton church, he transmitted to the gentleman, under whose protection the young lady at present is, a draft for 30l. on Mr. Crump, of Liverpool, requesting him to pay some small debts in Keswick, and return him the balance. This the gentleman immediately did, and sent him besides ten guineas, lest the pretended *honourable* should find himself short of cash. When the news came to Kefwick, on the

Saturday noon, Oct. 2, of his marriage, and suspicions, were of course instantly awakened, the draft was sent to Liverpool for acceptance; and it was accepted. In a few days the gentleman received a letter from Dumfries, we believe, and *franked*, of course, informing him of the marriage. In this letter, the pretended Honourable stated his purpose of returning within the time, which he had promised on his departure. And accordingly, he did return to Buttermere, in a coach and four, at the beginning of this week. At this time, Mr. Judge Harding, who happened to be here, hearing that Colonel Hope was at Buttermere, and so romantically married, an old acquaintance of the Judge's, as it seems, sent over his servant, with a letter, requesting to see the colonel. The servant was introduced, and on seeing the man, instantly said, "Here is some mistake—this is not Colonel Hope." —The impostor took the letter, and replied, "'Tis not for me; it is for my brother Charles;" but sent word, that he should come to Keswick. And on Wednesday morning he came in his coach, but without his wife. He was, of course, interrogated by the Judge, who told him that he was not the person whose name he had assumed. He certainly denied that he had assumed it; he had said that his name was Hope, but not that he was the Hon. Member for Linlithgow, or Dumfries. He was contradicted by the aforementioned gentleman, who not only gave evidence that he had always spoken of himself as Lord Hopetoun's brother, but that he had franked his letters as such. The respectable and intelligent post-master of Keswick gave evidence to the same point. He was committed to our constable. While the examination was going forward, he made light of the business;
drew

drew for another 20l. on Liverpool, which was cashed for him by the landlord of the Queen's Head, and he sent to the gentleman the ten guineas which he had borrowed.

To amuse himself, he chose to make a little sailing expedition on the Lake, which the constable did not think himself authorized to prevent. Accordingly, he went with his old friend, the fisherman: and all remained waiting for his return. Evening and the darkness came on; he did not return. But was guided by the fisherman through the Gorge of Borrodale, and probably escaped over the Stale, a fearful Alpine pass, over Glaramara, into Langdale. No intelligence has since been received of him. The landlord retains the coach in pledge for his 20l. and has discovered the very alarming circumstance, that all his plate and linen were in the coach. From which it is concluded, that he meant to desert his poor wife, and that he has deserted her. I cannot express the sincere concern, which every inhabitant of the country takes in the misfortune of poor Sarah of Buttermere. I knew her well; and I can truly say, that she would have been an ornament to any rank of life. She was intelligent, and well informed, and uniformly maintained her dignity, as a woman, by never forgetting, or suffering others to forget, that she was the Maid of the Inn, the attendant of those who stopped at the ale-house, and not the *familiar*. I never knew any one think otherwise than well and highly of her, who had demeaned themselves consistently with their own rank and character. I am convinced, that when the whole of the courtship is made known, she will rise in the opinion of the good and the sensible, instead of sinking. It seems, that there are some circumstances attending her birth and

true parentage, which would account for her striking superiority in mind and manners, in a way extremely flattering to the prejudices of rank and birth. It is amusing to hear at Keswick the extravagant encomiums on the impostor's manners and address.

Those who have been duped, find it pleasant to imagine all this; and the one or two whose suspicions were awakened from the first, as naturally imagine, that they saw the very contrary. Buttermere is nine miles from Keswick, by the horse-road; fourteen by the carriage-road.

Copy of another letter from Keswick.

Keswick, Oct. 30.

THE pretended Colonel Hope, in his rapid flight, left behind him a costly dressing box, which was opened last week by a warrant from a Magistrate. It was completely furnished with elegant silver toilet trinkets; and there were two letters found in it, one from Balynahinch, in Ireland, and directed to Colonel Hope, from which it appeared that he was concerned in some gang or other in that unhappy country. There was likewise a cash-book, in which a memorandum was made of 1200l. and odd, having been invested by him in the Bank of Dimsdale and Co. in the month of March last. Nothing appeared leading to a discovery of his real name. But to-day, poor Sarah of Buttermere, examining the box more narrowly, found that the box had a double bottom; and in the interspace were a number of letters addressed to him *from his wife and children*, under the name of Hatfield. This atrocious villain is therefore a bigamist, as well as guilty of felony for attaching the name of a Member of Parliament

to a letter, for the purpose of a fraud. Some of your correspondents will inform us, perhaps, whether a marriage under a false name, be a legitimate marriage. The wretch had endeavoured to persuade the girl and her mother, and nominal father, to sell their estate, and to go all together with him into Scotland; which they refused to do, chiefly from the prudent fears of the old man. It is greatly to be hoped that the wretch will be apprehended—a more detestable action was surely never perpetrated. Poor Sarah is the object of universal concern.

Advertisement.—Fifty Pounds Reward.

NOTORIOUS Impostor, Swindler, and Felon, JOHN HATFIELD, who lately married a young woman, commonly called the Beauty of Buttermere, under an assumed name. Height about five feet ten inches, age about 44, full face, bright eyes, thick eye-brows, strong but light beard, good complexion, with some colour, thick but not very prominent nose, smiling countenance, fine teeth, a scar on one of his cheeks near the chin, very long thick light hair, with a great deal of it grey, done up in a club; stout, square shouldered, full breast and chest, rather corpulent and stout limbed, but very active, and has rather a spring in his gait, with apparently a little hitch in bringing up one leg; the two middle fingers of his left hand are stiff from an old wound, and he frequently has a custom of putting them straight with his right; has something of the Irish brogue in his speech, fluent and elegant in his language, great command of words, frequently puts his hand to his heart, very fond of compliments, and generally addressing himself to persons most distin-

guished by rank or situation, attentive in the extreme to females, and likely to insinuate himself where there are young ladies; he was in America during the war, is fond of talking of his wounds and exploits there, and on military subjects, as well as of Hatfield Hall, and his estates in Derbyshire and Chester, of the antiquity of his family, which he pretends to trace to the Plantagenets; all which are shameful falsehoods, thrown out to deceive. He makes a boast of having often been engaged in duels; he has been a great traveller also, by his own account, and talks of Egypt, Turkey, Italy, and in short has a general knowledge of subjects, which, together with his engaging manner, is well calculated to impose on the credulous. He was seven years confined in Scarborough goal, from whence he married, and removed into Devonshire, where he has basely deserted an amiable wife and young family. He had art enough to connect himself with some very respectable merchants in Devonshire as a partner in business, but having swindled them out of large sums of money, he was made a separate bankrupt, in June last, and has never surrendered to his commission, by which means he is guilty of Felony. He cloaks his deceptions under the mask of religion, appears fond of religious conversation, and makes a point of attending divine service and popular preachers. To consummate his villanies, he has lately, under the very respectable name of the Honourable Colonel Hope, betrayed an innocent but unfortunate young woman near the lake of Buttermere. He was on the 25th of October last, at Ravenglass, in Cumberland, wrapped in a sailor's great coat and disguised, and is supposed to be now secreted in Liverpool, or some adjacent port, with a view

view to leave the country. Whoever will apprehend him, and give information to Mr. Taunton, No. 4, Pump-court, Temple, so that he may be safely lodged in one of His Majesty's goal's, shall receive Fifty Pounds reward

November 5, 1802.

A Second Advertisement.—General Post Office.

JOHN HATFIELD, standing charged upon oath with counterfeiting the hand-writing of a Member of Parliament in the superscription of Letters to be sent by the post, in order to avoid the payment of the duty on postage.

Whoever shall apprehend the said John Hatfield, and secure him in any of his Majesty's goals in this kingdom, within three months from the date hereof, will receive a reward of Fifty Pounds.

By command of his Majesty's Postmasters General,

FR. FREELING, Sec.

Nov. 12, 1802.

The said John Hatfield is about 45 years of age; was born at a place called Cradden Brooke, at the extremity of the county of Chester, adjoining to Yorkshire and Derbyshire: he is the son of a clothier there, and followed that business until he married a lady of family, many years ago, when he removed to near Chester, and afterwards to near Liverpool, and appeared as a gentleman.—He was for several years confined in Scarborough goal, and about two years since was released, when he went into the neighbourhood of Tiverton, and married a second wife, who is still living; he entered into Partnership in the mercantile line in that neighbourhood; and in June last he was declared a bankrupt, but never surrendered to the commission. He spent several weeks at

Keswick, and the neighbourhood, during the summer, on a tour to the Lakes, where he represented himself as the Hon. Alexander Hope, M. P. and in that character franked several letters. On the 2d of October he was married at Lorton Church, near Keswick, by the name of the Hon. A. Hope, to a young woman, the daughter of a person who keeps an inn adjoining the Lake of Buttermere: he absconded from thence soon afterwards; was at Ravenglass on the 26th of October, took the coach from thence to Lancaster, and was at the hotel at Chester a few days afterwards, where he slept, and went away on foot the next morning.

He is about five feet ten inches high, stout made, full face, bright eyes, light hair, thick eye-brows, strong but rather a light beard, fine teeth, has a smiling countenance, good address, and manners of a gentleman: he has a scar on one of his jaw-bones, near the chin; the two middle fingers of his left hand are stiff from an old wound, and he has a custom of pulling them straight with his right hand; is very active, and has a spring in his gait.

The wind up, or recapitulation of the Life and Villanies of

JOHN HATFIELD.

It affords but a melancholy picture of human nature, to say, that this act of wanton wickedness exhibits only a solitary instance of the daring iniquity which has marked the whole life of this abandoned man.

He was born at Mottram, in Longendale, in Cheshire, and is of low origin; but, possessing abilities, and being early devoted to pleasure, after some domestic depredations, he quitted his family in pursuit of

of adventures. It was not long before he enamored the natural daughter of a noble parent, with a handsome independent fortune, who ran away with and married him. He soon squandered her property and left her a beggar. For some time she existed on a stipend provided by her friends, and then died of a broken heart. By her he had three daughters, whom he deserted, and one of them is now living in the lowest state of servitude. In the course of his career he visited America, and travelled over many parts of Europe, representing himself as a Major in the army, and was much in Ireland, where he was engaged in many duels.

About the year 1793 he was arrested for debt, and confined in Scarborough goal from that period till Sept 1800, when he had address enough, even through the bars of his prison, to captivate a young lady, who married him, extricated him from confinement, and accompanied him to Devonshire.

On her he made a settlement of some estates in Derbyshire, which *did not belong to him*.

Not long after his arrival in Devon, by the most artful means and insidious misrepresentations, he prevailed on some respectable merchants to admit him to a partnership in their business, offering to bring a large sum of money; and to do this, he also prevailed on a worthy clergyman to accept his drafts to a large amount, on the persuasion of his remitting property to provide for them when due. He now visited town, and, with his carriage and establishment, made a splendid figure; and, turning his talents to a seat in Parliament, previous to the general election, canvassed the borough of Queenborough; to many electors of which place he must be well known. Suspected, however, by some of his creditors, and threaten-

ed with arrest, he abandoned his parliamentary scheme, and all his projects, decamping with some hundreds of pounds, which he had art enough to secure, and leaving his wife in Devonshire with a young infant, and ready to be brought to bed of another, depending for bread on the charity of the world. The clergyman who had accepted his drafts, was obliged to fly his duty and his country to save himself from a prison, and Hatfield was instantly made a bankrupt, in order to unravel his villanies.

It has lately appeared that on his quitting London he took the road to Portpatrick, with his carriage, and leaving it there, passed over to Ireland; and from an intercepted anonymous letter, there is great reason to suspect he was concerned with a desperate banditti in the neighbourhood of Glenarm or Coleraine. Although, when he first absconded, diligent search was made for him, by letter, all over England, and even on the continent, he was never discovered till he made the Lakes of Cumberland the theatre of his iniquity, and, under the sanction of marriage, betrayed poor Sarah of Buttermere. This unsuspecting girl, who had hardly ever lost the prospect of her native mountains, tempted, by her artless innocence, this barbarous destroyer!

After escaping from Buttermere, he took refuge on board a sloop off Ravenglass, where he was plentifully supplied with provisions from the shore; and by his voluptuous profusion, attracted, in his hiding place, the curiosity of a stranger, who went on board, on purpose to see this amazing consumer. Finding that he should be detected, he went in the coach to Ulverston, and was seen at the hotel at Chester, about ten days since, where he had, in his usual way, a good supper, and drank

drank his bottle of Madeira. The next morning he ordered a chaise for Northwich, but not being able to get one, he walked away, in a great passion, and has not been heard of since. It is, however, supposed that he was hastening towards his native village to secrete himself until the ardour of the first search had abated, or else going to secure a passage to Ireland.

Under the respectable name of Colonel Hope, he franked several letters, and of course is guilty of forgery; as well as swindling, bigamy, and the felony of not appearing to his commission.

Perhaps, in the circle of life in which he moved, there never was so specious a hypocrite; he never spoke of those ties which are valued in society, without a tear trembling in his eye; he hardly ever saw an object of misery in the presence of others, without giving assistance, which, though the gift of ostentation, resembled the tribute of charity. His countenance is extremely engaging, his information classical and general, his manners courteous and insinuating, and his language eloquently persuasive. The perfect basilisk, he hardly ever saw a woman whom he wished to allure, without success. The history of his seductions and gallantries would form a volume, at which British blood would run cold, and even the disciples of *Chevalier de Faublas* himself, would shudder at his barbarous triumphs over chastity. The unwary female whom he deluded, would become the minion of his pleasures, or the purveyor of his purse, and there are, alas! too many victims of his treachery.—

So plausible, that his acquaintance could hardly be resisted, he adapted himself to the ruling passion of all whom he knew, discovering their weak side, and having a genius to turn their abilities to his

own advantage, and availing himself in the most dexterous manner of the foibles, inclinations, prejudices, and jealousies of mankind.

For the repose of the community, and the peace of virtue, that this wicked and dangerous character may soon be overtaken and punished, "is a consummation devoutly to be wished"

CONTRASTED FACTS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

EXPERIMENTALLY convinced how ready you have been, upon all occasions, to give admission to whatever promised entertainment to your readers, I presume to trouble you with two circumstances, equally *unique* and equally *correct*, just as they have occurred during the last month, without the least point of exaggeration.

An inhabitant of Bond-Street, and of no small celebrity, whose professional concerns with the superior classes are of little less standing than *Forty Years*, having in his establishment a servant of *long tried* and *well known* integrity, hit upon a method of rewarding him in a way more gratifying to a mind of sensibility, than by means of any pecuniary compliment it would have been possible to bestow. Having been originally his apprentice for seven years, which term was served with the strictest fidelity; he then became a journeyman, alias assistant, to his master, in which capacity, strange to recite, he has continued *one-and-twenty years*, making a term of TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS, between a friendly affectionate master and a faithful servant. The latter, for

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some years past, has been permitted annually, in the month of September, to pass a few days with his distant relatives in Berkshire; when, during his last excursion, not many days since, his master had obliterated his *own* name upon the front of his premises, which are of much popularity, and placed the names of both MASTER AND MAN, as Partners; the journeyman, at his return, finding himself most unexpectedly, and without any *previous hint* whatever, joint possessor of a most lucrative concern, and where perhaps his long accustomed habits had never prompted him to take even an *imaginary* prospect beyond a *state of servitude*.

CONTRA.

IN the same week, a citizen of much former eminence, who has been in trade full fifty years, within one hundred yards of the iron palisadoes surrounding St. Paul's Church, retired from the fatigues of business, relinquishing his former residence, and at the same time dismissing an *honest, faithful* CAMBRIAN, who had been his *assistant* for no less a time than THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS, and at a stipend from which not even a *Hundred Pounds* could have been saved in so long and so attentive a servitude; when the master *at parting*, feeling, no doubt, *sincere regard* for so old, and so constant a companion, complimented him with a PAIR OF GLOBES, made more than half a century since, as truly emblematic of the *wide world* he was cast upon; after so long following the fortunes of so *kind, so considerate*, and so *affectionate* a master. These are facts worthy being known, as lessons to both the LIBERAL and the *pemurrious*; and that you may indulge no doubt upon *either*, I pledge my

HONOUR for the TRUTH of BOTH and will, if necessary, confirm it upon OATH, being personally known to *all* the parties.

Yours, &c.

HIC ET UBIQUE.

Nov. 6, 1802.

NEW PUBLICATION.

A PHILOSOPHICAL and Practical Treatise on Horses, and on the Moral Duties of Man, towards the Brute Creation. By John Lawrence. 2 vols. 8vo. 2d edit. Symonds, 1802.

We promised, in our last number, a critical analysis of the above eccentric, but truly practical and useful work; of which a second edition, with additions and replies to the observations of Mr. Blane, has been for some months before the public. Our constant readers will recollect the extracts we formerly were in the habit of making from it, of which the great press of miscellaneous matter, for a time, has prevented the continuance. We make our critical *début* with this work, both because it is the most full and general in our language; and as it has been, from its first publication, received as a text-book both by our Sporting Gentlemen, and Agriculturists. Two attempts have been made to introduce it upon the continent; one in the north, and one at Vienna; in both without success, a translation being interdicted, on account, as it was professed, *of the morality of the work being deduced from an improper source*. This we leave the author to settle with the licensors of the press in these countries, as a thing quite out of our province. Subject to the approbation of our friends, we propose, in future, to exhibit an impartial investigation of the merits of all

all the writers in this department, who have, in any degree, attracted the public attention; that we may be enabled, by fair comparison, to draw satisfactory conclusions on the actual state of veterinary literature.

Mr. Lawrence, whom, as we formerly observed, we know personally, has been, throughout life, remarked for his strong, or rather enthusiastic attachment to animals, of every domestic species, but more particularly to horses; and of those, among the great number which have formerly passed through his hands, he has possessed some of rare and extraordinary qualifications. His "New Farmer's Calendar," a work of the most extensive reputation, has evinced his thorough practical knowledge of agriculture; and of those animals on which it so materially depends: in consequence, he is at present engaged to write the descriptions, in the great national cattle work, coming forward under the highest patronage in the kingdom.

The author professes, in the introductory chapter, that it is his ambition to give a general history of the Horse, both in sickness and in health; and to afford all attainable information concerning him, both from his own long and extensive experience, and from that of other writers, British and Foreign, of the best reputation. On the medical and surgical part of the work, he abates considerably of his pretensions to originality, acknowledging that he is not of the regular medical profession; at the same time, stating both his familiar acquaintance with the best medical writers, and his long and successful practice, in prescribing, whether for his in-door, or out-door family. He has, according to his custom, treated this matter rather in a ludicrous way, styling himself formerly, in a small medi-

cal tract, N. Q. i. e. naturally a quack; and also, in the second volume of this work, p. 257, deprecating the professional wrath of the regulars, and epigrammatizing himself in the words of Owen, which denote, that ideots, Jews, monks, players, barbers, old-wives, all fancy themselves inspired by the spirit of *Æsculapius*. Of the reality of his skill in this line, we are however very ill qualified to decide; but his long and constant, although private pursuit of medical knowledge, is not to be doubted: nor can it be denied, that he has been fortunate enough to perform several remarkable cures, amongst which, the restoration of the sight of his famous mare, Vol. II. p. 499, is not the least. What will infallibly, however, turn the laugh against him, with most of our readers, he invariably insists, not only that the gout is a curable disease, but that he has cured it on himself, and possesses a nostrum fully equal to such an important effect! It is a proof, by the by, either of the unsoundness of his pretensions in this case, or of the little faith of mankind, that the author does not drive his curdle.

The stud, or breeding system, is professedly passed over in this work, and reserved for some future period; but we think, many important hints upon that subject, are interspersed in the two volumes. What he intends on the subject of humanity, which ought to be so dear to every soul clothed in the human form, we cannot so well give, as in his own words; and we wish they may sink deep into the heart of our reader:—"But the most important part of my task, and that which lies nearest my heart, is to endeavour to lessen the sum of animal misery in the world—to implore a more generous and humane treatment of those poor useful animals,

which nature has placed under our dominion, and intrusted to our care—to remind mankind of the unprofitableness and meanness, as well as the heinousness of cruelty—in particular, to convince them, if possible, that, to be compassionate and liberal to that most excellent and useful creature, the Horse, is both their interest and their duty." It would be difficult to devise a more pointed and forcible appeal to human feeling than this; and hard, and ungenerous indeed, must be that breast, on which it makes no impression.

On the general character and conduct of this treatise, we think many erroneous comments have been made. It has been asked repeatedly, why is this, or that subject, totally irrelevant, introduced into a book of *Farriery*? But these querists seem to have totally overlooked the title-page of the book, and to have mistaken the avowed intention of the author, which appears to be nothing less than the publication of a bundle of farrier's receipts; on the contrary, the didactic part, which treats of the "moral duties of man," gives ample scope for disquisition, and vests the author with a legitimate right to draw his illustrations from whatever quarter he may judge most appropriate to his purpose. With an independence of mind, too fully evinced perhaps, in all his writings, for his temporal interest, Mr. L. has made a full use of such right; and, to speak impartially, as critics, his love of truth and sincerity has pushed him somewhat beyond the bounds of that prudence which a man owes to himself, and of that delicacy which is due to the opposite sentiments, however erroneous, of others. Is he so much of a zealot, as not to have discovered, even in his mature age, that the minds of mankind are not yet prepared for

the reception of abstract truths? or, that there is yet a numerous party, in every country, fully determined to reject truth, in the disgusting deformity of her nakedness, and to estimate her only in proportion to the neatness, or splendor, of her attire; or more properly, to the adroitness with which she is hidden from vulgar eyes? He surely ought to have known, that they who make the loudest professions, have generally the least meaning; and that many, who will talk and write most abundantly upon the subject of humanity, or any other duty, are amongst the first to question, and even absolutely reject any effectual measure, towards its completion.

There is also, probably, a great majority, who would reject, *in toto*, all arguments in favour of humanity to beasts, which were drawn from the source of simple reason and justice alone, at whatever risk to the principle itself, or practice. In other words, would ask, what are the sufferings of beasts, or even men, compared with the interests of society? But are not these interests *mal-entendus*, ill understood? If the author's enthusiasm has really blinded him to these obvious traits in the character of human society, we commiserate his simplicity; if, on the contrary, he has sought only the applauses of the philosophical and reflecting few, or has made his appeal to the presumed light and impartiality of posterity, we cannot chuse, but admire his courage and independence of mind. We must, however, render thus much justice to his prudence, as to acquaint the reader, that the several really objectionable passages in his first edition, have, in the present, been expunged.

The general arrangement of the matter, is not barely unobjectionable, it is luminous, and extremely convenient for the purpose of conveying

veying instruction. The style and diction, various; but always evincing the man of long literary habits: ever perspicuous, sometimes eloquent; often careless and feeble, for which, a melancholy, and we believe an unaffected cause, may be deduced from the preface. The vein of humour, running throughout the whole performance, it is probable, approaches too nearly the limits of coarseness, to suit the fashionable delicacy of the present day; and the author is too thoroughly a jockey, to be able to divest himself entirely of the technical language of the stable. It must yet, not be denied, that these blemishes, if, being natural and unaffected, such they must be esteemed, have proved powerful recommendations of this work with many readers.

The preface to the second edition turns chiefly upon certain attacks made upon the medical part of the work; for, as to a thorough knowledge of the horse and his management, that has never been questioned. We have already declared, that merely as sportsmen, we are not at all qualified to decide in this dispute, but must refer our readers to the book itself, or to more able counsel. The controversy, besides, seems likely to take a pretty extensive turn; for this author, not content with bringing the charge of plagiarism against a single work, in his first edition, has had the hardihood, or the imprudence, to attach the same, sometimes plainly, and at others by implication, to nearly every one since written; and the number has not been small! We here again rest upon our oars—but with this remark; Mr. L. has fairly selected, from certain of these writers, some instances of very high and important pretensions to novelty: he has then turned to other writers of prior date; and, according to his

account, of the highest authority, whence he literally produces the original of the pretended new discovery. His own candour, in the acknowledgment of his authorities, is unimpeachable; and his justice to departed merit, in the highest degree exemplary and praise-worthy.

After a brief statement of the author's intentions, the work opens with a critical account of former writers, commencing with our oldest known veterinary writer, Blunderbelle. This part is highly entertaining; and, from its discrimination, extremely useful in various points of view. For example, does a man desire information as an anatomist, or in a medical view; as an amateur of the menage, or a jockey; as a breeder; as a shoer of horses—he would surely desire to be directed to those authors, who are particularly skilled in that branch on which he seeks for light; but what an absurdity would it be, for a tyro in jockeyship, or one who sought instruction on the breeding, qualifications, and management of horses, for the road and field, to lose his time, by poring over Berenger, St. Bel, or the books of our modern veterinary surgeons?—he who desired to train his horse for military parade, might with as much reason, and parallel success, have recourse to Osmer, Bracken, or Gibson.

The chapter on the "Horse," in general, is a history of the horse, and his present state in this country; concluding with a recital of his true external conformation, and the marks which designate his age. That on the "Rights of Beasts," is curious and original, quite in the manner of this author. The term "rights," as applicable to brute animals, has been objected to; but in that case, it ought to be considered we must also exclude duties as applicable to man; since the one necessarily implies the other. On this head, it is the

the author's opinion, that our cruelty arises not only from inadvertence, but even ignorance, and that our system of education is totally defective, burdening the youthful mind with mere forms and useless ideas, instead of essential principles; and that our system of jurisprudence is equally liable to objection, as making no provision for that justice which is due to beasts, of right, as well as to men. Some horrid instances of cruelty are to be found in this chapter. The chapters on the "Hack and Hunter," on the art of riding, and on trotting, capital trotters, &c. are perfectly original; and abound with practical observations and instructions, corresponding with the present statistics of horsemanship, which are to be found in no other work. On draught horses, we entirely agree with the author; but as to the substitution of the heavy ox, for those, we must frankly own, we remain unconvinced by his arguments, however conclusive himself may suppose them. On shoeing, we think he leans too much to the college, even after his late partial recantation. We have never yet been able to find horses, whose frogs and quarters would bear, unprotected, the concussion, and wear and tear of the hard roads; nor do we give implicit credit to accounts of that kind, excepting from the riding-school and parade.

The second volume commences with the "Philosophy of Sports," a part of this work, which always forcibly attracted us, as original, and replete with entertainment and utility. What the author proposes here, is to *prove the lawfulness and utility of diversions; the total inutilty of mere cruelty and injustice for such end; and to determine, philosophically, which of our sports are legitimate, and which are not.* For example, he says, that staking animals to be tor-

tured to death, in other words, to be baited, is totally unlawful, on the score of injustice and cruelty—that even hunting timid animals, is a mean and cowardly pursuit; but that hunting noxious and ferocious animals, not only stands in a different predicament, with regard to justice, but is even laudable, as well as amusing, in the light of a sport. The speculations on gaming, or play, are in the free strain of the author, and will occasion a frown on the severe, and excite a smile, on the pliable countenance. His defence of boxing, is in the true style of a Briton, and a philosopher, and we wish every man's son could read it. The fatal knife drawn lately in this metropolis, in a manner so totally abhorrent to English feelings, forcibly prompts this sentiment.

The chapters on the "Economy of the Stable," and on purchase and sale, to repeat our words, are strictly original, replete with those instructions precisely, which every owner of horses stands in need of, and which would in vain be sought for in any other work. A rotunda form of stabling is recommended for a country seat.—"A circular range of stabling externally, the internal compass of which should form a ride, covered in, above, for the purpose of exercise in bad weather. The uncovered area, shut up from all intrusion, would make a most convenient yard for the various necessary occasions, including that of a good wash-pond." The specious arguments of certain stable economists, who advise to regulate a horse's food according to his work, are examined, p. 76. The question is, Do you require your horse to be in condition? If so, no saving irregularity of feeding will answer the end. The order of feeding and exercise, the care of stallions, the prevention of diseases and of grease, the mode of wintering abroad, &c.

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are truly excellent, and ought to be imprinted on the memory of all persons interested in the welfare of this noble animal. From the head of "Purchase and Sale," we shall transcribe nothing; advising the reader to have the whole of it at his finger-ends, previously to venturing on the uncertain business of horse-dealing. The markets, with all their rocks and quicksands, are fully laid open to his view.

The nature of the "TURF," as we are accustomed, metaphorically, to style the amusement of horse-racing, is explained, and a definition given of the race-horse, an animal often talked of, seldom understood, even in this country. Here may be found, a confirmation of that singular phenomenon in animal nature, that, although the Arabian blood is the fountain or source in our horses, of the racing quality, yet the Arabian horses themselves cannot race, that is to say, comparatively with English horses. The following ideas on the quality commonly denominated *blood* in horses, are curious; but, as we know, from the aggregate experience of our sporting lives, not more curious than true. "Although the general characteristic of thorough blood is speed, yet the final test is not speed, but continuance; since many common or half-bred horses have been known to possess racing speed, but no instance has ever occurred, of its continuance in those, beyond, perhaps, half a mile; the powers of continuance increase in proportion to the quantity of blood: thus, three-part bred horses will persevere longer than half-bred; and those got by bred horses out of three-part bred mares, will sometimes equal the real racers. Although, amongst horses equally well-bred, superior external conformation will generally prevail in the race, yet racing can in no sort be said absolutely to

depend on good shape; it depends entirely on blood: for example, take the worst shaped true-bred horse you can find, and the best shaped common horse; let the latter have a fine coat, loose thropple, high and declined shoulder, length, speed; in fine, all the admired points of the racer, and such common horses are occasionally to be found, let them run four miles, and the bred horse, although out-footed at first, shall always win the race. This principle is so universal, that perhaps it would be altogether impracticable to find a thorough bred horse in England, sufficiently bad to be beaten four miles by the speediest and best common bred hack." In Mr. Lawrence's opinion, a good racer is able to run more than twenty-six miles in one hour, carrying eight stone; and he has pointed out trotters, which, from trials, he judges could have performed twenty miles in one hour, carrying seven stone.

The seas of money, the estates, which might have been saved by a cool and attentive reflection upon the principles unfolded in this chapter!—Humanity to the animal, ever uppermost in this author's mind, is not forgotten; and he labours, as usual, to discriminate, to establish the points of equity between us and the living medium of our pleasures, and to divest horse-racing of every trace of cruelty. He has proved to our full conviction, that, allowing common sense to operate, barbarity is totally needless, or rather utterly incompatible with sport; and that we need lose nothing in the sum of our diversions, by giving up loathsome and degrading acts of cruelty.

From the turf, we proceed to the chapters on "Veterinary, Medicine and Surgery," on which the author shews great and various information; particularly as to the present, in comparison with the former state of these

these sciences: and we fear he has proved rather too much for modern veterinary pretensions. The reader will find, amongst others, a very curious experiment of dissecting the wind galls, p. 537. Reasons are assigned, and we acknowledge they fully satisfy us, in favour of the system of purging, recommended by our best writers, in order to the preservation of the health and condition of horses. We think, on this head particularly, the work may be consulted with great advantage. How far the author may be right in his objections to the theory of Drs Darwin and Beddoes on Catarrh, we really have not medical skill enough to determine; but, if we cannot argue medically with him, we can laugh heartily at his medical anecdotes: one of which, furnished by the use of the cold bath, may be found p. 322. The same ludicrous vein gets uppermost here and there, even amid the gravity of medical instruction, glaring instances of which occur in pages 406, 453, and 469.

On the "Diseases of the Eyes, on the Grease, and on the Lameness of Horses," in particular, this book has been generally allowed to have great weight, from the long, patient, and practical attention of the author, sufficiently obvious in his treatment of those subjects. The question of the "Elasticity of Tendons" is equally curious and important, and seems to be discussed by Mr. L. in a very scientific way. So much depends on this hinge, as to the cure of tendinous lameness, that we refer our veterinary professional readers, with a degree of eagerness, to this part of the work. The chapter of "Miscellanea" contains receipts for external applications, the method of treating wounds, ulcers, &c. and the work concludes with advice on the diseases of cattle, and the management of cows and calves.

We have assigned our reasons for going into the merits of this work at such length; they are such, also, as we believe will weigh with those who desire information on the various subjects it embraces. At parting, we beg leave to hint to the author, that, in a future edition, a plain practical compendium of anatomy of the horse, would be a most valuable addition to his work; in fact, would render it complete. One more hint, we trust, he will take in good part—we would counsel him, as friends, to restrain the satirical rage of his redoubtable thered weapon, which, in spite of acknowledged good nature, and best intentions, must inevitably make him many enemies.

Subject of the Print.

GOING OUT IN THE MORNING.

*A Beautiful Engraving by
PYE.*

*From a finely executed Painting of
YOUNGER SARTORIUS.*

WHEN this design was brought to the publisher by the artist, it was not mentioned that he should continue the subject; yet, notwithstanding it is the same as hath been given, from other hands, in former magazines, we are inclined, in our *Improved Work*, to give a new set, as they will be wholly new in point of drawing; and engraved in a very superior style to any that have gone before them.—These, however, will not come in very quick succession, as we have some excellent subjects in the engraver's hands;—and which need only be seen to be admired.

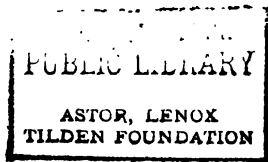
FEAST



Hackneying the Hounds. Plate I.

Amesbury, N.H.

B. J. H.



FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A LETTER

From an Attorney on the Circuit to his Mistress in Town.

"MY DEAR CHARMER!

THE Circuit is now at an end, and the JUDGES and LAWYERS on their return home; but no Felon, sentenced at the assizes to transportation, could have been in a more wretched plight than your humble servant; for I can safely make *affidavit*, that each day that I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *dies non*. CUPID, the Tipstaff, has served me with an *attachment* from your bright eyes, more dreadful than a *green wax process*; he has taken my heart into *custody*, and will not accept of *bail*. Unless you allow of my *plea*, I must be *non-suited* in a *cause* I have set my heart on. Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a speedy *rejoinder*, hang me up *term after term*, by frivolous *delays*, which tend only to gain time.

"I filed my bill as of last *Michaelmas Term* on the *Morrow* of All Souls, in hopes ere this to have joined *issue* with you. It is now fifteen days from *Easter-day*, and, by your *demurring*, I am as far from bringing my *cause* to a *hearing*, as before I commenced my *suit*. You still delay giving in your *answer*, which is absolutely against the *practice* of all the courts. I would willingly quit the *fattest client* there, to attend your business, would you but submit to a *reference*; and should prefer an *attendance* at your *chambers*, to those of a *Master in Chancery*.

VOL. XXI. No. 122.

"I stand in great need of an able Counsel to move my *suit* while I am absent; that sly slut, *Dolly*, your chamber-maid, has taken my *fee*, yet I fear betrays my *cause*: she is ever preferring some *cross-bill*, which protracts matters, and yet I do not sue *in forma pauperis*, being ready and willing to *infeoff* you in a good jointure; and to this I will bind myself, my *heirs*, *executors*, *administrators*, and *assigns*, by a *DEED* in which you shall nominate *trustees*.

"To save expences, my clerk shall engross it, and it shall be perused by your own lawyer, it being left as a *quere*, how vastly preferable the title of a *femme covert* is to that of a spinster; but you shall answer short to all my *interlocutory interrogatories*. If I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, by even a jury of your own friends, I am certain I should obtain a verdict in my favour, and recover costs against you; for I have a good action for attendance and loss of time, though, upon the *postea*, I do not think I could find in my heart to issue a *ca: sa:* against you, or put you into any court but that of *Hymen*.

"You have equity in your own breast, and from thence I hope for relief: decree but for me, and the day of *essoign* shall be that of your own nuptials, and the eve of the lasting felicity of, dear creature,

Your humble supplicant,

And faithful orator, &c.

T. SPLITCAUSE."

N UPON

UPON a sign-board, at a public-house, on the road between Keswick and Wyburn, is the following *laconic* inscription, which at once records the merit of the former possessor, and asserts the family pretensions of the present occupier:—

"JOHN STANLEY lives here, and sells
"good Ale:
"Do, step in and taste it, before it
"grows stale.
"JOHN, in this house, succeeded unto
"his father PETER:
"But, in th' Old Man's time, th' Ale
"was never better."

A Gentleman of Leeds, in his description of his *eloped* wife, says, "she has a *tongue that cuts like a razor*."

A Schoolmaster having turned dancing-master, some of his friends expressed a little surprise at this metamorphosis.—"You need not be surprised," said he, "my learning has sunk into my *heels*, where I find it will be of some use to me!"

CITY OF BATH, To-wit.

To the worthy *Inhabitants of Bath*,
the humble *Petition of OLIVER*

BISCUIT, Esq. *sheweth*,

THAT your petitioner is of a very respectable family, being the offspring of an eminent physician of this city, who, at his death, left him an orphan to the care of Messrs. Baker and Co. who have ever since acted as his guardians; and as many guardians do, not for his interest, but their own. Your petitioner, during the lifetime of his father, and for many years after, made a very respectable appearance; being, as to his exterior, of good *size* and proportion, and being *well drest*, was admitted as an agreeable companion into all parties; and not only so, but there was hardly an entertainment to which he did not contribute his share. It may also be mentioned

to his credit, that though not rich himself, he was the means of enabling others to make good fortunes, as many of the inhabitants of Bath can testify.

Such was his condition until the unhappy war with France commenced, when, upon some trivial pretence, those who had been his guardians since the death of his father, entered into a confederacy against him, in which they unhappily succeeded, by reducing his substance to such a degree, that those friends who knew him in his better days, when he appeared lately at an entertainment, could hardly believe he was the same person.—But the final blow given to him was in the year 1800, when his guardians, upon a pretence of scarcity, refused to make him his usual allowance; in consequence of which, your petitioner has been gradually declining and reduced to half his original size, nay even to starvation.

He therefore humbly hopes, that those good friends who knew how to estimate his value, will stand forth as his protectors, and not suffer his guardians to carry on their illicit practices any longer, from base and sordid motives. As Peace and Plenty are happily restored to Great Britain, it is reasonable and *just*, that he also should be restored to his former allowance, and again appear in the situation in which his honoured father left him.

Br—d-street. OL. BISCUIT.

— Ridiculum acri

Fortius ac melius *parvas* plerumque *secat* * *res*.

A Mother said one day to her daughter, "when you are of my age you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, Mamma," replied the young lady, "*for the second time!*"

* *Anglice*, cuts up.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE late Bob Winter of the Pipe-office, was a gentleman distinguished on the Turf, and in the convivial circles of the most dashing sportsmen, who might "have better spared a better man!"

DURING the present month, the nephew of Admiral Peyton accidentally shattered one of his arms on a shooting party at Wakehurst Park, in Sussex. The limb has been since amputated.

THE Duke of Marlborough does not come to town until the shooting season is over. His grace is a remarkable good shot, and very fond of the amusement; and spares no expence in the preservation of his game. So very strict is his grace in this matter, that he will not grant a lease to any one, without this stipulation, that if he shoots over the manor, he forfeits it.

NOTWITHSTANDING the scarcity of partridges this season in Norfolk, Mr. Coke's party at Holkham killed, in the course of the first week in September, 965 birds!—The party consisted only of six guns the principle part of the week, but on the two last days it was reinforced by Lord Paget and Mr. Wilbraham.

It is become a moot point, which is the best shot, Lord Paget or Mr. Coke. The former is thought by many to excel in shooting *birds*, the latter in *hares* and *rabbits*.

THE pursuits of agriculture and husbandry seem to be congenial

with all great men. Lucullus fed his own *fish*; Mr. Pitt rears his own *poultry*, and Lord Clive, in the East Indies, like Parson Trulliber, attends to his own *hogs*: *Porcus ex grege CLIVI* may be a good dish! though the Indians may not like it.

THE late Lord Orford, like the present Lord C——, was remarkable for having a fine breed of pigs; and, as other gentlemen take their friends to their stables to shew their horses, so Lord Orford used frequently to take his visitors to his *piggery*. It happened on one of these occasions, that they found the pigs very furiously fighting, and his Lordship at the same time observed one of his silver spoons in the hog-trough; "It is no wonder," said he, "that there should be such a battle, when there is only one silver spoon among them all!"

THE horses of the late John Heathcote, Esq. sold at Tattersall's, fetched L.2,571 : 9s. including a curricule and a chariot, which sold for 90gs.—Anniseed was purchased by Sir John Shelly for 500gs; a yearling colt, by Sir Peter, sold for 400gs; Popinjay, 175gs; and one of the horses which was in the curricule at the time the accident occurred, 70 guineas.

THE beginning of this month, the Rev. Rich. Warwick Bampfylde, of Poltimore-house, Devon, brother to Sir Charles Warwick Bampfylde, M. P. sold his well-bred pack of harriers, fifteen couples, for six hundred guineas; and

his four 16-stone hunters for *nine hundred guineas*: Total, for thirty-dogs and four horses, *fifteen hundred guineas*.

THE Sporting Amateurs assembled *en masse*, on Monday the 15th, at Tattersall's—the attraction Major Warrington's stud. The ten horses fetched, together, upwards of *sixteen hundred guineas*. Velvet Horn, late the property of the Prince, sold as a hunter, for the enormous sum of four hundred and fifty guineas—whilst the famous bay gelding, warranted to trot sixteen miles an hour in harness, produced only eighty.

Velvet Horn was bred by Captain Batson, in Windsor Forest, whence he derives his name. His colour is a glossy black, and exactly resembles that of a particular horn, which, at a certain age, branches from the antlers of a stag, and is called by sportsmen *the velvet horn*.

LEICESTER HUNT.—The annual meeting of the gentlemen of this hunt took place this month. The cup on Monday, Nov. 1, was won by Mr. Reid's horse *Abercrombie*, beating two others. A match for 75gs. between Mr. Burton and Mr. Pearson, was won by the former. On Wednesday, a match, 20gs. to 10, between the winning horses, was also decided in favour of Burton: at starting 6 and 3 to 1 in favour of *Abercrombie*.—Won with great ease.

FIFE HUNT.—A letter from Cupar, November 13, says, there were four horses booked for the Friday's race yesterday, but only two started, viz. Captain Maitland's grey stallion, and Mr. Carnegie's horse-dealer's grey horse. The first heat was good, and gained by Mr. Carnegie's horse. The second heat Captain Maitland's horse gave up. The sport ended with a hack race of four horses, which gave tolerable sport. To-

day no horses appeared for a regular race, but a match was made between Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Guthrie, for 100 guineas, between the starting and distance posts, a space of about 600 yards, gentlemen on. Mr. Guthrie gained by a few yards. Two hack races of the lowest kind ended the day's sport, or rather shagreen. The company for the week was numerous and genteel, and supposed to have exceeded former years. Among those present were:

Lords Craufurd, Kellie, and Leven, Sir William Erskine, Sir Charles Halket, Capt. and Lady Charlotte Durham, Colonels James and Thomas Durham, Colonel Thomson, Generals Wemyss, Balfour, and Clephane, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Pattully; Mr. Guthrie, Colonel Oswald, and a vast number of Fife Lairds, of a smaller sphere. There was a play every night by Bell's party, three balls, and a public dinner every day.

THE Caledonian Hunt has been well attended this season. Lord Dundas was president, the Marquis and Lord Douglas, stewards.

BLICKLING PARK was thronged with visitors of all ranks and conditions to witness the races there—There was a match the beginning of this month for 50gs for two ponies, which was won by Mr. Woolsey's of Thwaite. The sweepstakes of six subscribers, was won by Mr. Lee Doughty's f. beating Col. Wodehouse's f. and two others. A silver cup, given by the Hon. Mr. Harbord, was run for by horses that had not been started or trained. There were foot-races, and many other rural sports, which afforded great diversion. Mr. Harbord entertained a large party of his friends in a very hospitable manner; and Lady Caroline afterwards gave an elegant ball and supper to about 100 ladies and gentlemen.

tlemen of Aylsham and the neighbourhood.

A SHORT time since, Mr. Wild, proprietor of an exhibition, had the misfortune to lose a horse at the Blue Bell inn, at Worksop, of twenty-five guineas value, by giving him a ball which had been prepared by some empiric at Doncaster, pretending to a knowledge of farriery, as a diuretic ball. A second horse had nearly shared the same fate, but a skilful farrier being called in, it was saved. The horse that died having been removed into a field near the town for the purpose of skinning it, the entrails were incautiously left above ground, and three pigs which eat thereof also died immediately after. It appeared that these animals had been poisoned by the quantity of mercury contained in the balls.

In the maw of a large dray horse, belonging to Messrs. Hunt, brewers, at Southampton, were found two stones, one weighing twelve pounds and a half, the other six pounds, which occasioned his death. The large one had a cavity, which is supposed to have occasioned friction in the stomach.

LAST month a boy, not more than 12 years of age, of the name of Matthewson, belonging to Berwick upon Tweed, but having of late resided chiefly in or about Newcastle, applied for employment to Mr. Hogg, miller, of Edenton, in Berwickshire; who, moved by a very plausible and melancholy tale of his distresses, offered him lodgings, and what further consideration his services might merit. On Monday morning Mr. H's servants, on visiting the stables as usual, missed their master's favourite mare, which it appears young Turpin had decamped with at an early hour.

ON the 21st ult. two gentlemen went a shooting from Moffat, and, after having killed a number of muirfowl, hares, partridges, snipes, &c. when one of the gentlemen was descending a deep glen, within two miles of Moffat, a large, beautiful young eagle, sprung from one of the rocks. He happened to have a ball in one of his barrels, for the purpose of shooting deer, and with this he fired at the eagle and killed him. The eagle measured upwards of five feet from tip to tip of his wings. A few days before, a gentleman saw an eagle chased by two Roman ravens, near the same spot.

THE latter end of October, as a man was walking through a piece of ground in the neighbourhood of Piercefield, Monmouthshire, he got entangled in a net which had been spread by poachers, for the purpose of destroying the game; and whilst he was endeavouring to extricate himself, three fellows sprung from behind an adjoining hedge, and attacked him in the most inhuman manner. After assaulting and wounding him, with the greatest ferocity, they dragged him to the precipice, and threw him from a cliff projecting over the river, where, from the immense height, his destruction was only prevented by his falling into a piece of water, in which he remained immersed during the whole of the night, and part of next day, being totally unable to extricate himself. He was at last discovered in this helpless situation, with his thigh dislocated, and otherwise dreadfully bruised; but, by the humane attention of the proprietor of Piercefield, who instantly ordered him medical assistance, the poor man is in a fair way of recovery. We are sorry to add, that the inhuman assailants have not yet been discovered.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

FAVOURITE LEICESTERSHIRE HUNTING SONG.

To the Tune of Bellinamonara.

THIS morning at work, sowing out
of my hopper,
Troth, who should come by, but *old Dick*
the Earth Stopper;
Stop, hark ye, says he, I think there be
hounds,

Olds bobs they are *Meynells*, I hear his
God Zounds.

With my *Bellinamonars*,
The Hounds of *Quorendon* for me.

If we head him he'll damn us, we view,
Tally-ho,

Whilst the hounds ring the scent from
the valley below;

All carrying a head, Sir, like pigeons in
flight,

And beating the *Red Coats* almost quite
out of sight.

The Hounds, &c.

From the *Coplow* they come, and to *Wart-*
naby go:

Then let us observe who rides over them
now.

Then cease, my dear *Squire*; Oh cease
your alarm,

For by Gosh there's no rider can do them
much harm.

The Hounds, &c.

Then first in the burst; see, yonder
comes *Maynard*,

Taking all in his stroke, yet oblig'd is to
strain hard;

And next him, on *Marquis*, there's dash-
ing *Charles Windham*,

At a mortal great stride, leaving num-
bers behind him.

The Lads of *Quorendon*, &c.

Then fanking his soul out, see *Feather-*
stone haugh,
Tho' thin as a thread, is yet light as a
straw;

And screwing behind him, there's *Fitz-*
herbert's Dick,
His horse half done up, looking sharp
for a nick.

The Lads, &c.

Next *Dick Knight* and *Smith Asheton* we
spy in the van,

Riding hard as two furies, at catch that
catch can;

Now *Egmont* says *Asheton*, now contract
cries *Dick*,

By G— these d—d *Quonites* shall now
see the trick.

No *Northamptonshire* Hunters for me.

Now, smack at a yawner, rides *Winchel-*
sea's peer,

So sure to be thrown upon *Pyramid's* car;

And, at the same place, jumps *Smith of*
Lorraine,

He's off—no he's not—he hangs by the
mane.

The Lads of *Quorendon* for me.

Where *Villiers* and *Forester*, *Cholmley*, and
all,

Get shopp'd by *Lorraine*, and in they all
fall;

And sweaty *Morant*, that red-headed
bitch,

With *Glyn*, *Peyton*, and *Foley*, are left in a
ditch.

The Lads, &c.

Then, *ecce Prince Orleans*, who, *a la dis-*
tance,

Without his d—d head, which is free-
dom in France;

But

But, alas! long before they can reach *Burrow Hill*,
Monsieur blows his 'orse to *von total stan still*.

The Lads, &c.

Now, lobbing along, comes jolly fat *Blower*,
Flanks and shoulders all blood, going slower and slower;
Sarvant your holiness! what, both a head and a shoe,
Thank God I'm not last, for I've beat *parlez vous*.

The Lads, &c.

Then half up the hill steps heavy *De-brew*,
His horse taking root, and his — in a stew;
And farther beyond stops *Whitbread* the Brewer,

Who, lost from the first, has made the grand tour.

The Lads, &c.

Then smoke the old Quiz, beginning to flag,
Somerset, God zooks, on his new staring nag;

Why look you, observe, he a toe can scarce wag,
Yet of him, to-morrow, friend *Charley* will brag.

The Lads, &c.

Next vaulting *Tom Grah'm*, on horse taking whame,
Plunging and prancing like the George at an inn;

Comes spank thro' a hedge with a thundering crush,
And leaves half his brogue and a lug on a bush.

The Lads, &c.

Then next, with a star on, see *Bassador Gordon*,

And over his shoulder a fine flaming cord on;

And racing against him, behold *Master Stair*,

Why, the Devil himself never saw such a pair.

The Lads, &c.

Then, whence these three Goose-drivers all in a row,

Leading the tits on the furlongs below;
'Tis *Cranberry*, *George*, *St. Le Ledger*, from *Grantham*,

Who always get dos'd with their *quatum* and *quantum*.

The Lads, &c.

Then, far in the rear, we see *Sauille* forlorn,

All legs, caps, and lappets, sobbing on *Roan*;

How they stick in the mud, whilst *Rutland's great Duke*,

With *Brommell*, is plunging in *Sysonby Brook*.

The Lads, &c.

Next a tickle-heel Sportsman, call'd *Heyrick* the black,

We glescry in the vale, half a league from the pack;

And farther beyond, see *Heyrick* the white,

A sportsman, by system, who never rides straight.

The Lads, &c.

Then last in the cluster, see *Worcester* and *Muster*,

Now *Worcester* beats *Muster*, now *Muster* sets *Worcester*;

Now *Muster* seems burst, Sir, and *Worcester* gets first, Sir,

Such fumlbers as these be, ought both to be curs'd, Sir.

The Lads, &c.

But *Bob Lee*, where's he, and wood-fisted *Cox*?

Why, they'll tell you they stop'd to halloo the run fox;

But so broad as the amite is, we guess they got flung there,

And are shopp'd in a barn, with friend *Arthur O'Plunger*.

The Lads, &c.

The Tune changes to the Duke of York's March.

Now cheering all nature, *Squire Meynell* we spy,

Making ev'ry heart thrill with his hark to the cry;

Look how he caps them on, and hark to his scream,

He makes the gay world glow in raptures extreme.

CHORUS.

See how they seem to spread,

Lord what a noble head,

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! the hounds in full cry;

See how the scent they drive,

No horse can with them live,

Hark away! hark away! they to *Wart-naby* go.

Next

Next thumbs up, heels down, see —
Jack,

So rosy, so active, pushing right cross
the pack;

Cracking and whooping, ware poison,
ware Nox,

Which drove *Meynell* stark mad, and lost
us the fox.

CHORUS.

With his here they went,—there they
bent,

Tho' *Meynell* said, there's no scent,

O d—n O d—n Jack, — soul;

Here how his soul they cram,

Each man with a good d—n,

O d—n O d—n Jack, — soul,

O d—n O d—n Jack, — soul.

Then as we trudge home, we pass Mas-
ter *Swaddle*,

Whipping *Pastime* before him, and car-
rying the saddle;

Good people, says he, do you think he
will die?

Now I've bled him myself in his mouth
and his thigh.

CHORUS.

With *Jack's* here they went, &c.

Now let's to this Alehouse, says *Dick*,
for a while,

And drink our old *Maister*, in a cup of
the mild;

And as we sit boozing it over the Fire,
Drink long life, health, riches, and sport
to the *Squire*.

CHORUS.

With *Jack's* here they went, &c.

*Epitaph on James Mineur, Esq. late Cook
to the Marquis of Salisbury.*

UNDER 'this stone, tho' no less sad
than true,

Here lies the body of a *Cordon bleu**;
Full three-and-twenty years, he rul'd the
roast,

And all who knew him, of his art could
boast.

From French extraction we are told he
came,

What can denote it better than his name?

But, true it is, he oftner did appear
Not as *Mineur*, but, Dutchman-like, *Myn-
heer*.

Brimful of heat, and suffering from the
gout,

His frame grew weak, and so his fire went
out.

* In France, a professed Cook is always called a *Cordon bleu*, from being the
most distinguished.

NEW

PARODY OF SHAKESPEARE.

TO hunt, or not to hunt? that is the
question:

Whether 'tis nobler for the Squire to
lavish

On steeds and grooms his overflowing
fortune,

Or take up arms against his country's
foes;

And, by opposing, rout them? To hunt
—to ride—

No more—and by that exercise to feel
We end the head-ach, nervous peevish
humours,

That Study's heir to: 'tis diversion
Most healthy to be used. To hunt—to
ride—

To ride? perchance to fall—aye! there's
the danger:

For, in the chace, what hair-breadth
'scapes may come,

When we have shuffl'd off these over-
alls,

And thrown from cover, never give us
pause.

'Tis this that makes our leaps of so much
triumph,

For who would crack the whip, and kill
his time,

Tear up the wheat, break down the poor
man's fence,

Despise the beaten road, the gate's de-
lay,

The insolence of keepers, and the dan-
ger

That patient cottagers do daily suffer,
When he in Parliament himself might
raise

With a bare motion? Who would bear
fatigues,

Be gall'd, and sweat, or drench'd in
floods and rain,

But that, the prize awarded at the death,
The fox's brush, which, from the hus-
man's hand

With shout receiv'd, make resolute the
will;

And bid us fly with rapture to the field,
Rather than dully pore upon a book?

Thus courage doth make Nimrod's of
us all;

And thus the ruddy hue of constitution
Ne'er sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of
thought,

From politics and other enterprize,
To rid the land of vermin, turns aside,

And ever is in action.

J. J. B.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.
FOR DECEMBER, 1802.

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EMBELLISHMENTS.

I. A Portrait of Young Patrician.—II. An Etching of the Hyde Park Disaster.

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AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Fair Sportsman of Shropshire, in answer to Philostatus, on the impropriety of Hare hunting, in our next.

Our old Friend A. B. of Castle Heddingham, will perceive his appropriate Communication on the Cruelty of Close-Docking Horses, in our present Number.

J. J. B.'s ingenious Extract relative to the excellence of the Asses in Egypt, in our following Number.

The Interesting Historical Sketch of the Town of Newmarket, from that popular work, "The Beauties of Great Britain," was only prevented from insertion this month, by an unforeseen influx of matter.

The particulars of Mr. Knight the Huntsman, not come to hand yet.

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YOUNG PATRICIAN,

from a painting by Apollon.

FOR DECEMBER, 1802.

O 2 ten

ten or twelve miles to the spot where the deer was turned out and the hounds were laid on, and seldom had less than from ten to fifteen or twenty miles to ride home. This having been *thought* by the Faculty, and *found* by his Majesty rather too much (for a pleasure that might be so often pursued), it is now usual to turn out only *three* or *four* miles from the Castle; in Cranbourne Wood, Winkfield Plain, or, at farthest, the course at Ascot Heath; and, short-running deer being principally selected to avoid the chance of long chases, they have hitherto been too insignificant to report; not a single run of any length, or singularity, having occurred since the commencement of the season. His Majesty continues in good health and equal spirits, hunting with the stag-hounds constantly, one day excepted, in consequence of a temporary inconvenience.

A REMARKABLE HARE HUNT.

MONDAY the sixth June, a hare was found by the harriers of Mr. William Beauchamp, of Chobham, and Mr. John Collyer, of Horsell, Surrey, near the seat of Sir Richard Onslow, Bart. in the parish of Chertsey. She went off in a style that seemed to bid defiance to her pursuers, taking over the common towards the seat of Sir William Abdy, Baronet, which she passed a little to the left, bending her course to the King's Beech Hill. Leaving the beeches on the right, she took the direction of Swinley Lodge, from thence over the Borough Hill, near Bracknall, which she passed on the left, and went through a gentleman's park, pointing to Warfield church; from thence to a gentleman's farm called Hawthorn Close, at which place she was

killed by her weary pursuers, after a run of three hours almost without a check, and at a distance of nearly fifteen miles, exclusive of heads and doubles. She was much larger than common hares, and is supposed to be the same which for two years past bid defiance to the hunters, coursers, and poachers of the neighbourhood.

COURSING.

ON Thursday, November 26th, a party of gentlemen met in Cheveley field near Newmarket, for the diversion of a day's Coursing. Near 30 brace of hares were coursed, six brace and a half of which were killed.—A hare was found by one of the party, and Mr. James Baddison's two bitches were pitched upon to course her; after good law being given, the bitches started, but had not ran far before a second hare got up; the bitches parted, and ran the hares singly, when, after a course of nearly two miles, each bitch killed her hare. From the fineness of the day, and the situation of the pedestrians, who could see the coursing very distinctly, the whole was a pleasing sight, not often to be equalled, as most of the hares ran for the side hill plantation.

The day following, though a fog, produced good sport. A famous bitch, the property of Mr. John Smith, of Newmarket, ran five courses, and killed two brace of hares in a capital style.

COURSING CARD.

MR. HODGSON considers the DECISION given at the last Flixton Meeting, respecting the match run on FRIDAY the 12th ult. betwixt Major Topham's greyhound dog, Blacksmith,

Blacksmith, and Mr. Hodgson's bitch, Duchess, which was given to the former by the Trier, and whom Mr. H. afterwards objected to, as wrong. The decision, Mr. Hodgson thinks, as he believes do many persons who were on the ground that day, ought to have been in favour of *Duchess*.

Duchess is only five quarters old—not five years, as inserted in the papers.

Stamford Bridge, Dec. 1, 1802.

(See page 129.)

THE SNOWBALLS.

COLONEL THORNTON's string of *Snowballs* has been challenged by several other gentlemen of late besides Mr. Durand; but this northern race of greyhounds, though bred and trained on the *Flixton Wolds*, are not deemed *hardy* enough at present to enter the fair lists of sporting with one of the southern counties!

ARABIAN HORSES, &c.

A Complete account of the most noted foreign horses, viz. Arabians, Turks, Barbs, &c. that have been imported into England, for the purpose of breeding racers, and from whom the best blood in the kingdom has descended.

The *Helmsley Turk*, was an old Duke of Buckingham's, and got Bustler the Coffin Mare. Mr. Place of Dimsdale, stud-master to Oliver Cromwell, stole this mare out of the stud, and concealed her in a cellar, till the search for her was over.

Place's *White Turk*, was the property of Mr. Place, stud-master to Oliver Cromwell, when Protector, and was the sire of Wormwood, Commoner, and the great-granddams of Windham, grey Ramsden, and Cartouch.

Royal Mares. King Charles the second sent abroad the master of the horse, to procure a number of foreign horses and mares for breeding, and the mares brought over by him, as also many of their produce, have since been called *Royal Mares*.

Dodsworth, though foaled in England, was a natural Barb. His dam a Barb-mare, was imported in the time of Charles the second, and was called a royal mare. She was sold by the stud-master, after the King's death, for forty guineas, at 20 years old, when in foal, by the Helmsley Turk, with Vixen; dam of the old Child Mare.

The *Stradling*, or *Lister Turk*, was brought into England by the Duke of Berwick from the siege of Buda, in the reign of James the second. He got Snake, the Duke of Kingston's Brisk, and Piping Peg; Coneyskins, the dam of Hip, and the grand-dam of the Bolton Sweepstakes.

Byerly Turk, was Captain Byerly's charger in Ireland, in King William's wars, 1649, &c. He did not cover many bred mares, but was the sire of the Duke of Kingston's Sprite, Duke of Rutland's black Hearty, and Archer; the Duke of Devonshire's Basto; Lord Bristol's Grasshopper; Lord Godolphin's Byerly gelding, and Mr. Knightley's mare, Greyhound. The cover for this foal was in Barbary, after which his sire and dam was purchased, and brought into England, by Mr. Marshall. He was got by King William's white Barb Chillaby, out of Slugey, a natural Barb mare. Greyhound got the Duke of Wharton's Othello and Rake; he also got Pantons Whitefoot; Osmyn a very fleet horse; Lord Hallifax's Goliath, Sampson, and Favourite, all 12st. plate horses; Desdemona, and other good mares.

D'Arcy White Turk, was the sire of O'Hautboy, grey Royal, Cannon, &c.

D'Arcy

D'Arcy Yellow Turk, was the sire of Spanker, Brimmer, and the great-grand-dam of Cartouch.

The *Marshall*, or *Selaby Turk*, was the property of Mr. Marshall's brother, stud-master to King William, Queen Anne, and King George the first. He got the Curwen O'Spot, the dam of Windham, the dam of the Derby Ticklepitcher, and great-grand-dam of the Bolton Sloven, and Fearnought.

Curwen's Bay Barb, was a present to Louis the Fourteenth, from Muley Ismael, King of Morocco, and was brought into England by Mr. Curwen, who, being in France when Count Byram, and Count Thoulouse, two natural sons of Louis the Fourteenth were, the former Master of the Horse, and the latter an Admiral, he procured of them two Barb Horses, both of which proved most excellent stallions, and are well known by the names of the *Curwen bay Barb*, and the *Thoulouse Barb*. Curwen's bay Barb, got Mixbury and Tanti-vy, both very high formed gallows, the first of them was only 13 hands 2 inches high, and yet there were not more than two horses of his time that could beat him, also Brocklesby, Little George, Yellow Jack, Bay Jack, Monkey, Dangerfield, Hip, Peacock and Flatface, and also Long Meg, Brocklesby, Betty, and Creeping Molly, extraordinary high formed mares; and Whiteneck, Mistake, and Lightfoot, very good mares. He got two full sisters to Mixbury one of which bred Partner, Little Scar, Soreheels, and the dam of Crab; the other was the dam of Quiet, Silver Eye, and Hazzard. He did not cover many mares, except Mr. Curwen's and Mr. Pelham's.

The *Thoulouse Barb*, became afterwards the property of Sir T. Parsons, and was the sire of Bagpiper, blacklegs, Mr. Pantons's Molly, and the dam of Cinnamon.

Darley's Arabian, was brought over by a brother of Mr. Darley of Yorkshire, who, being an agent in merchandize abroad, became member of a hunting club, by which means he acquired interest to procure this horse. He was sire of Childers and Almanzor, Duke of Somerset's white legged horse; Cupid and Brisk, good horses; Dedalus, a very fleet horse; Dart; Skipjack, Manica and Aleppo, good plate horses, though out of bad mares.

Sir Williams's Turk, afterwards Mr. Turner's of Suffolk, got Mr. Honeywood's True Blue, the best plate horse in England for four or five years, and got the Rumford gelding, and Lord Onslow's grey horse.

Belgrade Turk, was taken at the siege of Belgrade, by General Mer-ci, and sent by him to the Prince de Craon, from whom he was sent as a present to the Prince of Loraine, he was afterwards purchased by Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, and died in his possession, about 1740.

Croft's Bay Barb, was got by Chillaby, out of the Moonah Barb mare. He was reckoned a very indifferent stallion.

Godolphin Arabian. Of this valuable stallion, strange as it will undoubtedly appear, scarce any records are extant; all that can be discovered, after strict inquiry, is, that he was a brown horse, about fifteen hands high, that he was first the property of Mr. Coke, and given by him to Mr. Roger Williams, keeper of the St. James's Coffee-house, by whom he was presented to Lord Godolphin, and that he continued in his Lordship's possession as a private stallion till his death. To those who are thorough conversant with the Turf, it would be superfluous to remark, that he undoubtedly contributed more to the improvement of the breed of horses in this country, than any stallion before

or

or since his time: it would be equally unnecessary to enumerate his get; to those who are less acquainted with the annals of racing, the names of Cade, Regulus, Blank, Babraham, and Bajazet, may serve as a proof of the remark; and it may not be amiss to observe, that almost, if not entirely so, every superior horse of the present day, partakes of his valuable blood. He died at Gogmagog, in 1753, in the 29th year of his age, and is buried in a covered passage, leading to the stable, with a flat stone over him, without any inscription. In regard to his pedigree, from all that can be collected, none was brought over with him; as it was said, and generally believed, he was stolen.—It may appear trifling to notice the extraordinary affection shewn by this horse to a cat, who lived in his stable, which was more particularly manifested by his extreme inquietude on the death of that animal. We mention this circumstance merely to account for the introduction of a cat in the portrait of the Godolphin Arabian.

It may not be useless to observe, that the Arabians of a later day have almost constantly varied their titles with their owners: the Barrington Arabian, being afterwards stiled Gibson's; the Northumberland, brown Arabian, Leede's; the Compton Barb, the Sedley Arabian; the Khalan Maga, Lord Ossory's; the Bolingbroke bay Arabian, who won the Arabian plate, Lord Ferrers's; and the Bolingbroke grey Arabian, being known both as the Pigot, and Combe Arabian.

So few have been brought into England of late years, and those such bad stallions, that a detail of them is unnecessary. J. J. B.

It may here be noticed, that several Arabian Horses have lately been imported, and offered for sale at

Tattersals: those who have seen them, will judge of their value; we offer no opinion.

OATLAND STAKES.

THE following is a correct List of the Horses named for the Oatland Stakes, to be run for in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1803. The weights are to be fixed by the 1st of January: next month we shall be able to lay them before our readers:

Mr. F. Neale's Bobtail, aged
Mr. Radcliffe's Rebel, 6 yrs
Lucan, do.
Mr. Howard's Chippenham, 6 yrs
Gen. Grosvenor's Lady Catherine, 6 yrs

Quick, 5 yrs
Lord Sackville's Dick Andrews, 5 yrs
Mr. Howorth's Popinjay, 5 yrs
Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ, 5 yrs
Mr. Heming's Kill Devil, 5 yrs
Mr. Lumley Savile's Cinnamon, 5 yrs
Mr. Dawson's Quiz, 4 yrs
Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, 4 yrs
Ld. Grosvenor's 'Squire Teazle, 4 yrs

Mr. Watson's Striver, 4 yrs
Mr. Heming's Pugilist, 4 yrs
Mr. Lockley's Attainment, 4 yrs
Mr. Cresswell's Tulip filly, 4 yrs
Mr. Bigges's Phoenix, 4 yrs
Mr. Kellerman's Fusileer, 4 yrs
Sir F. Standish's sister to Gouty, 4 yrs

Duxbury 3 yrs
Mr. Wyndham's Galloper, 3 yrs
Mr. Howorth names Gulliver, 3 yrs
Mr. Whaley's Informer, 3 yrs
Sir H. Williamson's Walton, 3 yrs
Mr. Coventry's Sir John, by Stride, 3 yrs
Mr. Ladbroke's Julia, 3 yrs
Mr. Sitwell's Pipylon, 3 yrs
Mr. Wardell's Harefoot, 3 yrs
Ld. Grosvenor's Martha, 3 yrs
Ld. Clermont's Piscator, 3 yrs

COLONEL

COLONEL THORNTON.

THIS gentleman, so celebrated in the sporting world, having some literary transactions with a Mr. Martin, they quarrelled, and which produced the serious charge exhibited against him in the under-mentioned report, and which we publish, to prevent any false impressions on the minds of our readers.

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Old Bailey, December 8.

THOMAS THORNTON, Esq. late Colonel of the West York Militia, was indicted for wilful and corrupt perjury, having made oath that Mr. Martin, the prosecutor, was indebted to him L.100, and upwards, when, in fact, no such debt existed.

The counsel for the prosecution opened the charge. He stated, that the defendant had been a Colonel in the Yorkshire Militia. In the year 1799, he became acquainted with Mr. Martin, who is well known to the public as a man of letters, and agreed with him for a certain price to arrange some papers for him, and write a vindication of his conduct in six courts-martial, where Colonel Thornton had been accuser. The defendant himself had been tried at two courts-martial, on the proceedings of which, he himself had intended to publish some strictures, but afterwards thought proper to make an agreement with Mr. Martin to undertake this part also. Mr. Martin delivered the papers, and received money at different times, amounting in all to L.118. 6s. For the strictures on the two courts-martial where Colonel Thornton had been defendant, he demanded 100 guineas, including the price for the correction of the press. Colonel Thornton, however, being of opinion that this demand was extravagant, refused to give any more than L.50. This offer Mr. Martin repeatedly refused; and at this very

time, when Colonel Thornton confessed, by these offers, that he was indebted to the prosecutor, he went to the King's Bench and swore that Mr. Martin was L.100 and upwards indebted to him.

Mr. Martin stated, that he had agreed with Colonel Thornton to arrange some papers with a view to their publication. A disagreement having arisen about the price of the work, he was arrested at the house of Bateson, the printer, at the suit of Colonel Thornton, for L.100 and upwards. Mr. Martin had in consequence drawn up an indictment for perjury against Colonel Thornton.

Upon his cross-examination by Mr. Garrow, the defendant's counsel, it appeared that he had been formerly curate of St. Ann's, Soho, and afterwards a silversmith, at the corner of Hemming's Row; that he had written a satire on the conduct of Colonel Thornton in this transaction, which he distinguished by the name of *Thorntoniana*, and threatened to publish it, in case of the defendant's non-compliance with his terms. Mr. Garrow expressed some apprehensions that *Garrowniana* would soon appear, in consequence of this cross-examination.

Mr. Morrice, a counsellor, who had been an arbiter between the two parties, stated, that Colonel Thornton had said, in his presence, that the work had proved libellous, and was therefore of no use to him, and that the latter part of it had not been delivered up; so that he thought, in order to bring the business to an issue, that he might safely swear that Mr. Martin was indebted to him L.100 and upwards.

Some other witnesses were called, but could prove nothing. The charge of perjury, therefore, resting only on the attestation of one witness (Mr. Martin) was of course dismissed.

For

For the Sporting Magazine.

ON THE GAME ACT.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid Hare!

THOMSON.

THERE is no character more eagerly wished for, in this country, than that of a sportsman; and the proprietors of land have, at last, prevailed upon the Legislature to confer upon themselves the sole privilege of killing game. How far this destructive title is consistent with reason, equity, or justice, shall be the subject of my immediate discussion. When the Creator of the universe made man, he gave him unbounded dominion over the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, wild and tame. In the exercise of this right, Nimrod acquired the appellation of a mighty hunter; and Esau went to the field in search of venison. From the creation to the deluge, and from that to the foundation of Rome; nay, from this last period, to long after the introduction of the feudal system into Britain, men enjoyed those rights in the fullest extent which were conferred upon them by their Maker. At last, however, when freeholders came to form very exalted notions of property, and to entertain contemptible ideas of those whom Providence had placed below them, the landholder began to restrain the liberty of the layman, and in process of time, bellowed out in the most assuming and arrogant manner, *Huc non amplius est precedendum*. Game laws now took place, and the partridge was decreed to be unfit for the palate of the peasant. The whole tribe of fowls and animals, which are termed Game, were instantly decreed to belong only to the landholder; and the laity subjected to prosecution, penalties, and arbitrary punishments, if they presumed either

to kill or eat them.—In order to point out the absurdity of these laws, it will here be necessary to enter into a definition of the term **PROPERTY**.

Property, therefore, will be found to be, the right of using and disposing of a subject at one's pleasure. What cannot be brought under the power of any one person, can never be considered as his property. Every thing that can be acquired by occupation, viz. by appropriating that which hath no owner, and seizing the possession, comes within the denomination of private property; but those things which never had, nor cannot have any owner—such as wild beasts, fowls, and fishes, &c. are altogether excluded the notion of property, and the original law takes place. The first apprehender becomes the indisputable proprietor of them. It is obvious, therefore, that every person has an equal right and title to game of all sorts; and that such can never be deemed the property of any other than the apprehender. In open violation of the law of God, and the invariable and immutable law of nature, our game statutes punish the presumption of the peasant with a penalty of twenty pounds sterling. This is, perhaps, the most absurd of all human enactments! What! fine a man for destroying that which belongs to nobody, and which was evidently created for a common benefit to all! Fine a man twenty pounds for depriving a creature, not worth twenty-pence, of existence! I would here beg leave to ask our legislators, what proportion the punishment bears to the crime? It is indeed true that an unlicensed landholder is in the same predicament, with regard to the penalty, as the beggar: but it is no less a fact, that the latter, by taking out a certificate, is not therefore entitled

to hunt without leave of an heritor; he is still liable to be prosecuted upon an older statute, which fixes the penalty at five pounds sterling: so that the poor are, to all intents and purposes, prohibited and debarred from treading upon the surface of the earth in quest of game, and ruined into the bargain, if they shall be so fortunate, or rather unfortunate, as to kill any. Nay, what is still worse, no mortal must now kill a hare upon the highway, *regia via*, under the above penalties. Thus far these laws are partial and oppressive, and that they are impolitic, will appear from the following consideration.

Were the lieges encouraged to use the gun against fowls, they would undoubtedly be more expert in the management of it against an enemy—an exercise which few of our freeholders are very fond of. They, however, deem hunting the most manly of all other amusements. I have little inclination at present to contradict this doctrine. I admit that in one view it may be a very useful amusement; but unless there is something valiant and courageous in depriving the most harmless and defenceless of all God's works of existence, I can hardly see how it can either be considered as a manly or a glorious exercise. The conquest is but inconsiderable, and the triumph trifling.

Having evidently made it appear that every person has an equal right to kill game, by the laws of God, of nature, and the rules of common sense, I must now inform my indulgent reader, that it is not the want of a proper right and qualification, which has induced me thus to communicate my sentiments to the world, but a conviction that those laws are partial, oppressive, impolitic, tyrannical, and unconstitutional.

PHILOSTATUS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

QUESTION

ON THE TITLE OF AN ESQUIRE,

In Relation to the Game Laws.

A QUESTION has arisen, and one that is certainly of some importance to the public, in consequence of an information under the Game Laws, which does not appear ever to have been judicially determined, and therefore occasions at present some uncertainty and perhaps difference of opinion in the minds of Magistrates of the first respectability.—I am desirous of offering my thoughts on that question, before it is decided; because, if they are objectionable, some abler pen may be induced to refute them, and remove the doubts from which it sprung.

The exemptions from the penalty of five pounds for killing game, include the "Eldest son of an Esquire," which Blackstone calls "a vague and loose description;" and since his time, no legal determination has made it more definite. Some are of opinion, that the eldest sons of those who are generally *reputed* Esquires, are within the description: others think, that the application of the title is entirely at the discretion of Magistrates with regard to the game laws, and may be extended to those whose property, character, and situation in life entitle them in their judgment to that addition.

Coke speaks of Esquires and Gentlemen, as if he knew no line by which they were each legally distinguished.

Blackstone, after acknowledging it to be uncertain, who are *real* Esquires, gives an opinion derived from the Herald's office; and no information beyond that is contained in Burn's Justice.

The

The plea which caused this doubt was that of property; the person who was informed against for killing game, advanced, that he was eldest son and heir apparent to one possessing real estates, of sufficient value to include him in the exemptions.

According to Blackstone, no estate whatever will confer the legal title of Esquire; but it must be remembered, that this assertion is not supported by any judicial decision; it is the assertion of one, who, however great in his profession, spoke not so much from his own judgment of its propriety, as from the custom of heraldry and opinion of Camden the antiquary. Every man, particularly every Magistrate to whom the question is submitted for adjudication, must therefore, from want of precedents or other clear guide, have a discretionary power to decide according to his own judgment of propriety. If they have not such power, and it is determined that *no Property* can give the exemption pleaded for; see, what absurdities are the consequence!

A person may be made an Esquire who has only one hundred pounds a year estate, by suing out a *dedimus*: here the law determines what property shall entitle a man to be an Esquire for the purpose of the administration of justice; and shall not properly exempt a man from penalty for killing a partridge, by giving the addition of Esquire for that purpose also? Surely the negative to this question would be a great absurdity.

Suppose the case, and it will prove no uncommon one, that a person possesses five hundred pounds a year real estate, but from some cause or other is not able to kill game; shall his eldest son not be deemed exempt from penalty

for killing a partridge, which was bred and fed upon his father's estate; and a stranger or any other person, having only one hundred pounds a-year, be allowed to kill one or all the partridges upon the estate, without any penalty? I grant that the stranger or other person may be kept off the estate, by a notice not to trespass; but from this another absurdity arises: *No* person can kill any game upon that estate—the owner not being able; his eldest son not being allowed, if Magistrates so determine; and all other persons being discharged as trespassers. Surely it is desirable to avoid absurdities, but infinitely more so to prevent oppression.

If game, being *feræ naturæ*, is the property of no one, except in free warrens, it may be asked, Why have we such severe laws for its preservation? The answer, in a commercial nation, is as easy as it is just: labour is of essential value, and must not be wasted where necessity requires that it should be industriously and usefully employed. Men who depend on their labour for their daily bread, and upon whose labour, properly directed, the welfare of a state depends, are, for the good of that state, deprived of inducements to idleness, or useless pleasure: to prevent the misapplication of their time, the legislature wisely determined, amongst other things, to take away the inducement which game might prove, if allowed to be killed by those who have no time to spare from honest labour in the support of themselves and families, by fixing a penalty on the destruction of game by them. But what evil is there to be apprehended from a liberal construction of the game laws, when applied to those whose property is of the magnitude I have mentioned.

In the time of Edward II. twenty pounds a-year was deemed a sufficient qualification for the title of knight, now equivalent to about two hundred and forty pounds a-year. Six hundred pounds a-year is now the qualification required by law for a knight of the shire to represent a county in parliament. Three hundred pounds a-year, sufficient to entitle a person, in respect of property, to a seat in the House of Commons, and to the address of Honourable.—Surely then, if those precedents have any weight, five hundred pounds a year must, by reasonable men, be thought sufficient to repute a person an Esquire under the game laws, for the purpose of exempting his eldest son from the penalty of five pounds for killing game.

Should it, notwithstanding, be determined that no property can give any exemption in this way, I think it will be scarce necessary to recommend to eldest sons, so situated, an early application to parliament for the removal of such an absurd and oppressive restraint.

JUVENIS.

DETECTION OF FALSE DICE.

THE late detection of Mr. S— being a common topic of conversation in the gaming world; it is a matter of some surprise that a true scale of the dice, and the mode in which deception is practised, has not been made public. On inquiry they are found to be the same as Capt. H—e who was detected last season at Brighton, and whose dice are now in the possession of Lord C—, in whose presence they were opened the next day, having been sealed up on the night of detection, of which the following is the scale:

On one die, two fives; two fours,

two threes.—On the other die, two sixes, two fives, two aces.

With these dice, it is impossible to throw what at *bazard* is called crabs; that is, aces, or ace and deuce, twelve, or seven; the latter the *caster* always called for his main: and consequently, as he could neither throw out, or seven, let his chance be what it might, was sure to win, and he, and those who were in the secret, always took the odds. The method made use of with these dice, we are happy in having it in our power likewise to make known, is it may prevent the young and unwary from being taken in, in future.

The false dice being concealed in the left hand, the *caster* takes the box with the fair dice in it, in his right; and, in the act of shaking it, catches the fair dice in his hand, and, unperceived, shifts the box empty into his left, into which he lets fall the false dice, which he immediately begins to rattle, calls his main seven, and throws away: and having won his stake, he repeats it as often as he judges right; (if a wary player, like Capt. H—e, not more than four or five times.) He then catches the false dice, in the same way, shifts the empty box again, into which he lets fall the fair dice, and then throws till he throws out, still calling the same main, by which artifice the *caster* escapes suspicion, and there is little doubt but this method was practised without detection by Capt. H—e and Co. for many years past, as many men of fashion in this town are now convinced of, from a recollection of their going home with empty pockets, from what at that time they supposed a run of ill-luck against them, at which they were as much surprised as unable to account for, but which it is hoped the late detections, with the account here given, will in future prevent.

For

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE GREAT
AND WANTON CRUELTY OF
CLOSE-DOCKING HORSES.

In thy behalf, the crest-wav'd boughs
prevail
More than thy short-clipt remnant of a
tail;
A moving mockery, a useless name,
A living proof of cruelty and shame.
Shame to the man, whatever fame he
bore,
Who took from thee what man cannot
restore;
Thy weapon of defence, thy greatest
good,
When swarming flies contending suck thy
blood.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

AS Editors of a Sporting Magazine, the writer supposes it to be your ultimate end, wish, and design, to offer your numerous readers whatever has a probable appearance of affording them information, giving amusement, or of awakening and encouraging a susceptibility of the fine feelings of humanity, to a due regard of tenderness towards the brute creation, and those enjoyments and conveniences in which these ought to participate, for their usefulness and services rendered to mankind; but this is no more than a right which they have to expect from man; hence, if the following observations are likely in any degree to promote such an amiable susceptibility, you will not hesitate, in giving them a place.

What a critic's opinion may be of the lines here quoted, by way of motto, with respect to their poetical diction, beauty of sentiment, ease, and harmony of numbers, the writer will not inquire. To him they are pleasingly beautiful; and what

raises this pleasing sensation, is those humane feelings and sentiments conveyed to his mind on the perusal of the above lines. The subject-matter is worthy much observation, and justly merits the most serious and mature attention. It ought to make a forcible and lasting impression on the minds of all men, and to influence their actions in future. Were men really humane, or were not their humanity wholly absorbed by the prevalence of fashion and custom, and too much attention to slight conveniences and fastidiousness, they would, from their souls, detest the horrid fashion, the barbarous custom of close-docking horses, and afterwards keeping their short stumps so closely clipt, that they cannot keep off the flies from a part endowed with the nicest sense of feeling; for there the irritating little vermin lodge in clusters. The unavailing contortions made by the poor sufferers so irritated, one would think must wound every beholder, and put man upon seeking for artificial means for their defence; but instead of this, it is man who robs the poor animals of that provision which kind and wise nature has given them for their defence and protection.

The practice or fashion of close-docking horses is common among the Suffolk horse-dealers and farmers; nor is it wholly disused in the neighbouring counties. The practice is the result of an unthinking barbarity, an enormity the most horrid, and so absurd, that it should fix an odium on the human character.

A horse is a beautiful animal, a noble creature, a useful domestic, a faithful servant, a patient drudge; he submits to any kind of labour, endures the collar and trace, toils at the plough and cart from morning till night, supports hunger and
thirst

thirst, unkind and ill-treatment; and all this without much show of uneasiness, discontent, or of seeking revenge. Nor is the horse to be valued for his labour only, but for his speed likewise. For many of the ill-treated and mutilated animals, are not only capable of much hard labour, but agile in their motions, and of sure feet, safely and speedily taking their owners to church, to market, or to any place of amusement.

And what can be said in defence of a practice easily made to appear no better than wanton cruelty? To man is given hands of exquisite formation, flexibility, and feeling, every requisite that can render them wonderfully useful, defensive, and convenient. But to the horse these members are denied. Instead of hands, kind and provident nature has given to the horse a tail, strong and flexible, finely and beautifully clothed with long and shining hairs, which hang from it like rays upon a cloud. This beautiful and highly ornamented part of the horse, is the free and great gift of the universal Creator. Then how came, how dare man to rob him of it?—Can any thing be said in extenuation of a practice so extravagant and absurd? It may be alledged that it has long been in general practice; we only follow the fashion. And who then was the author or origin of a practice so derogatory to reason, justice, and humanity? It is impossible to point him out. We may, with reason, suppose that the example was first set by a kind of heterogeneous being, one who was partly a Fribble, and partly a Bully; some tyrant difficult of access, and scarcely to be spoken to; one to whom every slight trouble and little inconveniency was to give place. It may be supposed that a being of this despicable description was in-

commoded by honest Dobbin's tail; that he dashed his coat one day, and whisked his face the next. These liberties were too great for honest Dobbin to take with a nice and capricious master, who was ready to quarrel with the wind for blowing the dust in his face, and he put himself in a great passion, as Fribble says in the farce, and swore that never a horse of his should in future put such gross indignities upon him; and directly sent for a farrier to cut off his horses' tails close to their root. Ludicrous fashions, and inhuman practices, often take their rise from slight and trifling beginnings. Men, without reflecting, without reasoning, suffer themselves to fall into the manners and habits of those whom they ought either to neglect or ridicule, and to put in practice acts which reason and humanity would teach them to shun and detest; as the act of close-docking horses must be by every man who thinks maturely.

The horse is a noble creature; perhaps the most perfect of all the animal race. His every part is well proportioned, and beautifully exact, beyond the art of man to delineate with pencil or brush; his countenance is sprightly and courageous, yet friendly and generous; his neck, in the Scripture language, is clothed with thunder, and his movements nobly grand. The horse glories in war, yet without thirst of revenge or blood; he is joyous in the chace, yet without cruelty or rapacity; he thinks of no savoury morsel for private indulgence and gratification, but is temperate in his aliment, coveting nothing more than the common herbage of the field; and with contentment goes to the next river, pool, or lake, to assuage his thirst.

An Addison, a Johnson, or a Goldsmith, would probably have thought

thought on the above subject till they had fallen into a reverie, and then in a dream have seen such ill-treaters of horses metamorphosed into mutilated horses, irritated almost to madness, by swarms of flies, and making unavailing efforts to displace and drive them away. He would have called to his assistance a supernatural agent, who should have shown the reason and justice of such poor, degraded, and suffering wretches. In this manner he would have given the public a very moral document. But as the matter need only to be seriously thought on, and must then be detested and avoided, the writer will only entreat that men will seriously think of it.

However, the writer of this declares himself to be no friend to very fine feelings. He sees no reason why a man should tremble with fear and anxiety lest a hair from his horse's tail should fall to the ground. Man, as a deputy-governor in the brute creation, seems to have a right and just title to consult his own safety and conveniency; which he will not fail doing as far as is consistent with humanity. But the rational and merciful man will not allow himself to commit unnecessary and wanton acts of cruelty. As he is careful to reserve a lock of the mane, to assist him in mounting, he will be as careful that his horse's neck is graced and beautified with a thin hanging mane up to his ear. The rational man is not a slave to fine feelings, to superstitious notions, or to a fastidiousness of temper; he will not suffer his horse's tail to drizzle in the mire for want of pulling and trimming, yet he will be careful to allow him a sufficient length of tail to clear his posterior parts of contending vermin, which would irritate and suck his blood.

A. B.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE SEA-SWALLOWS IN LAPLAND.

From Acerbi's Travels.

WE experienced, says the author, additional pleasure every time the fishermen returned from their labour. Joy seemed to brighten up their countenances; their approach was announced to us long before we saw them, by the flocks of sea-swallows hovering in the air, and appearing, by their cries, to welcome the arrival of the fishermen on the shore. These birds feed on the small fishes which the men throw out to them, or leave in the boats when they clear their nets. There appeared to be an agreement and understanding between the men and these birds, which depend on the fishery for support during that season. They came duly at the same hour in the morning, as if to inform the fishermen it was time to begin their work; and the men needed no other regulator. The birds set off with the boats, and served them as guides, by hovering over those parts of the lake where the fish were collected in the greatest shoals. The sight of these birds is particularly keen, so that when the fishermen heard their cries, and saw them plunging into the water, they knew those were the most proper places to cast their nets in; being never deceived, but, on the contrary, never failed to take the most fish where they were directed by the birds. The fishermen had such an attachment to these swallows, that they expressed much uneasiness whenever we seemed desirous to take some of them by way of specimen. The birds were

were become so tame and familiar, that they would seize the small fish in the nets in the presence of the fishermen; and they were so nimble in their flight, that if a fish was thrown up in the air, they would dart down upon it, and catch it in its descent, before it reached the water. As the fishermen appeared to be apprehensive they would leave them if a gun was to be fired off, I made a trial of taking them by means of a hook and line. Accordingly, I contrived to bury a hook in the body of a fish, and holding one end of the string, to throw the bait at some distance from me: but this contrivance was useless; for such is the keenness of the birds, that they discovered the device; and, though they seized the fish, they would not swallow it when they found it made fast to a string.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF PRESERVATION.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your very entertaining Magazine for October last, the public are favoured with an extraordinary instance of the providential preservation of a gentleman near Margate; permit me to accompany it with one not less extraordinary, and you will oblige

Your constant reader,
EXYZ.

THE action here alluded to, arose from the presence of mind and resolution of a British sailor

on board his Majesty's ship *Boyne*, a few minutes previous to its explosion, off the Isle of Wight, near Spithead.

There is something in the actions of magnanimous men that diffuse, through the well organized mind, a sensation not to be expressed; and, like the voice of heaven, at once demand our attention and awake our reverence. How delectable do the heroes of antiquity shine on the pages of their historians! we survey these luminous Portraits, and proudly acknowledge the brilliancy of the master that presented them to our contemplation: but there is a race of living heroes who have a much higher claim to our admiration; men who, for perseverance and greatness of soul, surpass the luminaries of the most distant times, from Epaminondas to Fabius, or our own *Cœur de Lion*; men whose undaunted courage, amidst the greatest difficulties, has delivered them from those perils which ever involve the coward, and confound the timid; presence of mind that becomes as well the hero, as the sage, and leads to safety in spite of apparent impossibilities.

I was led to these remarks by a singular instance of preservation extended to an infant boy, a few minutes before the powder on board the *Boyne* blew up that magnificent vessel; the fact comes within my own knowledge, and hundreds live to gratify the incredulous.

When the rapid and dreadful conflagration happened on board his Majesty's ship *Boyne*, off the isle of Wight, a seaman was peaceably sitting in his birth, with his wife and son, a little boy about twenty months old, just beneath the place where the misfortune began; and finding every effort to escape the flames in the ordinary way ineffectual, with the greatest composure

and

and presence of mind, took from the pens the most fleecy sheep of the captain's live stock, and securely bracing his infant boy on the back of the animal, dropped them together through a lower port into the sea. "There, said the father, go, steer for the land, and God go with you;" and then, encouraged by her husband, the wife leaped untried into the briny tide: the seaman followed and supported the woman above water, till the surrounding boats came to their assistance, and they were both instantly taken up but little the worse for the venture; while the sheep, with the greatest steadiness, was seen to make towards the shore of the island; with young Ben Bowling riding on his back, like an infant river god, to the vast delight of the congratulating spectators on the land, who, from the tenderest motives, encouraged him to sit quiet; and, to ensure the boys safety, even rushed into the watry element, where they met the young navigator, and presently *un-sheeped* him. Having succoured little Ben with the greatest tenderness, the populous presented him to his adventurous parents.

The singularity of this event attracted the patronage of a most liberal lady, of Fairy Hill, near Bradling in the Isle of Wight, who having prevailed on the father and mother of the child to leave his future fortune to her guidance, declared, in the most friendly and affectionate manner, that "as the boy had begun his naval services on a Lamb, she would never quit him till he was able to end it like a Lion."

Who knows our little Hero's future fate?
Some noble Hawke may conquer for the state;

May wield for Britain's good the chast'ning rod,

And bear the Trident like another God.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 63 of our last number.)

THE ORAN OTAN.

THIS animal, in appearance, approaches much more nearly to the human form than any others of the Ape tribe: and it has, from this circumstance, even sometimes obtained the appellation of "Man of the Woods."

The specimens of the Oran Otan, which have been brought into Europe, have seldom exceeded three feet in height; but it is said that when full grown their height is at least six feet, and that their strength is then so great, that they are able with ease to overpower the most muscular Man. Their colour is generally a kind of dusky brown; their feet are bare, and their ears, hands, and feet, nearly resemble the human; and indeed their whole appearance is such as to exhibit a most striking approximation to the human figure. They have, however, a flatter nose, more oblique forehead, and the chin without any elevation at the base. The eyes are likewise too near each other, and the distance betwixt the nose and mouth much too great.

When Dr. Tyson's Oran Otan, which we shall soon have occasion farther to notice, was examined anatomically, a surprising similitude was also seen to prevail in its internal conformation. It differed, however, from Man in the number of its ribs, having thirteen, whereas in Man there are but twelve. The vertebræ of the neck were also shorter, the bones of the pelvis narrower, the orbits of the eyes were deeper, the kidneys rounder, the urinary and gall bladders were longer and smaller, and the ureters of a

Q different

different figure. Such were the principal distinctions between the internal parts of this animal and those of Man; in almost every thing else they were exactly the same, and discovered an astonishing congruity. Indeed many parts were so much alike in conformation, that it might have excited wonder how they were productive of such few advantages. The tongue, and all the organs of the voice, were the same, and yet the animal was dumb; the brain was formed in the same manner with that of Man, and yet the creature wanted reason: an evident proof, as M. Buffon finely observes, that no disposition of matter will give mind; and that the body, how nicely soever formed, is formed in vain, when there is not infused a soul to direct its operations.

These animals are found in the most desert places in the interior of Africa, and the island of Borneo. They feed on fruits, and, when they happen to approach the shore, will eat shell-fish or crabs. Their resting-places are in trees, where they are secured from the attacks of all predacious creatures except Serpents. We are assured by a traveller, quoted by the Count de Buffon, that he saw their habitations, composed of branches of trees, so interwoven as to protect them from the heat of the Sun; and we are told by another person, that, in the breeding time, the males relinquish these to the females and their young. The Oran Otans are not, in their actions, lively and frolicsome, but are much more deliberate and sedate than the rest of the tribe. If a Negro is unfortunate enough to wander in the woods, and be discovered by them, they generally attack and kill him. They are able even to drive off the Elephant; with a piece of wood in their hands, or

only with their fists, they will so tease the huge beast, that in the end he is induced to retire. They have been known to throw stones at those who have offended them: Bosman informs us, that behind the English fort at Wimba on the coast of Guinea, several of these Apes fell upon two of the Company's slaves, overpowered them, and were about to poke out their eyes with some sticks, when a party of Negroes happened to come up at a fortunate moment to their rescue. It is said that they sometimes steal the Negresses, and carry them off into the woods. A Negro boy was carried off by an Oran Otan, and lived with them upwards of a year: on his return he described many of them as being as tall and more bulky than a Man, and he says that they never attempted to injure him in any respect. The young is said to hang on the belly of the dam, with its hands fast clasped about her: and whenever the females are killed, these will always suffer themselves to be taken.

This is all the information we have been able to obtain respecting the Oran Otan in its wild state: the following are accounts of it therefore in a state of captivity and domestication.

The manners of the Oran Otan, when in confinement, are gentle, and, for the most part, harmless, perfectly devoid of that disgusting ferocity so conspicuous in some of the larger Baboons and Monkeys. It is mild and docile, and may be taught to perform with dexterity, a variety of entertaining actions in domestic life.

Dr. Tyson, who, about a century ago, gave a very exact description of a young Oran Otan then exhibited in London, assures us, that, in many of its actions, it seemed to display a very high degree of sagacity,

"This animal," says M. Vosmaer, "was a female: its height was about two Rhenish feet and a half. It shewed no symptoms of fierceness or malignity, and was even of a somewhat melancholy appearance. It was fond of being in company, and shewed a preference to those who took daily care of it, of which it seemed to be sensible. Often when they retired, it would throw itself on the ground, as if in despair, uttering lamentable cries, and tearing in pieces the linen within its reach. Its keeper having sometimes been accustomed to sit near it on the ground, it frequently took the hay of its bed, and laid it by its side, and seemed, by every demonstration, to invite

him to be seated near. Its usual manner of walking was on all fours, like other Apes*; but it could also walk on its two hind feet only. One morning it got unchained, and we beheld it with wonderful agility ascend the beams and rafters of the building; it was not without some pains that it was retaken, and we then remarked an extraordinary muscular power in the animal; the assistance of four men being necessary in order to hold it in such a manner as to be properly secured. During its state of liberty it had, amongst other things, taken the cork from a bottle of Malaga wine, which it drank to the last drop, and had set the bottle in its place again. It ate almost every thing which was given to it; but its chief food was bread, roots, and especially carrots; all sorts of fruits, especially strawberries: and it appeared extremely fond of aromatic plants, and of the leaves and root of parsley. It also eat meat, both boiled and roasted, as well as fish. It was not observed to hunt for insects, like other Monkeys; was fond of eggs, which it broke with its teeth, and sucked completely; but fish and roasted meat seemed its favourite food. It had been taught to eat with a spoon and a fork. When presented with strawberries on a plate, it was extremely pleasing to see the animal take them up, one by one, with a fork, and put them into its mouth, holding, at the same time, the plate in the other hand. Its common drink was water, but it also very willingly drank all sorts of wine, and particularly Malaga. After drinking, it wiped its lips; and after eating, if presented with a tooth-pick, would use it in a proper manner. I was assured, continues our writer,

Q 2 that

* There is no doubt whatever, from the horizontal position of the pelvis, and some other circumstances, that this is the natural mode of walking of the whole tribe; and that their going entirely upright is only the effect of education.

that on ship-board it ran freely about the vessel, played with the sailors, and would go like them into the kitchen for its mess. At the approach of night it lay down to sleep, and prepared its bed, by shaking well the hay, on which it slept, and putting it in proper order; and lastly, covering itself warm with the coverlet. One day, seeing the padlock of its chain opened with a key, and shut again, it seized a little bit of stick, and put it into the key hole, turning it about in all directions, endeavouring to see whether the padlock would open or not. This animal lived seven months in Holland. On its first arrival it had but very little hair, except on its back and arms: but on the approach of winter it became extremely well covered: the hair on the back being three inches in length. The whole animal then appeared of a chesnut colour; the skin of the face, &c. was of a mouse colour, but about the eyes and round the mouth of a dull flesh colour." It came from the island of Borneo, and was, after its death, deposited in the museum of the Prince of Orange.

The Oran Otan, which the Count de Buffon saw, walked always on two feet, even when carrying things of considerable weight. His air was melancholy, his gait grave, his movements measured, his disposition gentle, and very different from that of other apes. He would present his hand to conduct the people who came to visit him, and walk as gravely along with them, as if he had formed a part of the company. He frequently used to sit with company at dinner. When he would unfold his towel, wipe his lips, use a spoon or a fork, to carry his victuals to his mouth; pour his liquor into a glass, and make it touch that of a person who

drank along with him. When invited to take tea, he brought a cup and saucer, placed them on the table, put in sugar, poured out the tea, and allowed it to cool before he drank it. All these actions he performed without any other instigation than the signs or verbal orders of his master, and often even of his own accord.

Hamilton saw an Oran Otan in Java; he says, its habit was grave and melancholy: that it would light a fire, and blow it with its mouth; and that it would broil a fish to eat with its boiled rice, imitative of the custom of the human race.

One of these animals that Le Comte saw in the Straits of Molucca, is described as possessing manners very similar. It walked upright, and used its hands and arms like a man; and indeed its actions were in general so nearly allied to those of mankind, and its passions so expressive and lively, that a dumb person could scarcely render himself better understood. Its joy or anger it signified by stamping with its foot on the ground. It had been taught to dance; and would at times cry like a child. While on board the vessel, it frequently ran up the rigging, and played as many antics aloft, to divert the company, as a rope-dancer. It could leap with surprising agility and security from one rope to another, though fifteen or twenty feet asunder.

We are told by Pyrard, that these animals are found at Sierra Leone, where they are strong and well formed, and so industrious, that, when properly trained and fed, they work like servants: that, when ordered, they will pound any substances in a mortar; and that they are frequently sent to fetch water from the rivers in small pitchers, which they carry full on their heads; but,

but, when they arrive at the door of the dwelling, if these are not soon taken off, they suffer them to fall, and when they perceive the pitcher overturned and broken, they utter aloud their lamentations. Barbot says also, that they are frequently rendered of use in the settlements on the coast of Guinea, by being taught to turn the spit, and watch the roasting of meat, which they perform with considerable dexterity and address.

M. de la Brosse, who purchased from a Negro two Oran Otans, remarks that they would sit at table like men, and eat there every kind of food without distinction. That they would use a knife, fork, or spoon, to cut or lay hold of what was put on their plate. That they drank wine and other liquors. At table, when they wanted any thing, they easily made themselves understood to the cabin-boy; and when the boy refused to answer their demands, they sometimes became enraged, seized him by the arm, bit, and threw him down. The male was seized with sickness, and he made the people attend him as if he had been a human being. He was even bled twice in the right arm: and, whenever afterwards he found himself in the same condition, he held out his arm to be bled, as if he knew that he had formerly received benefit from that operation.

Two of these animals were sent from the forests of the Carnatic, by a coasting vessel, as a present to the governor of Bombay. They, like the rest of the species, had many human actions, and seemed, by their melancholy, to have a rational sense of their captivity. They were scarcely two feet high, but walked erect, and had, very nearly, the human form. The female was taken ill during the voyage, and died: and the male, ex-

hibiting every demonstration of grief, seemed to take it so much to heart, that he refused to eat, and lived only two days afterwards.

"I saw at Java, says Guat, a very extraordinary Ape. It was a female. She was very tall, and often walked erect on her hind feet. Except on the eye-brows, there was no hair on her face, which pretty much resembled the grotesque female faces I had seen among the Hottentots at the Cape. She made her bed very neatly every day, lay upon her side, and covered herself with her bed-clothes. When her head appeared to ache, she bound it up with a handkerchief, and it was amusing to see her thus hooded in bed. I could relate many other little circumstances which appeared to be extremely singular; but I by no means admired them so much as most other persons did, because, as I knew the design of bringing her to Europe to be exhibited as a show, I was inclined to think that she had been taught many of these monkey-tricks, which the people considered as natural to the animal. She died in our ship, about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope.

(To be continued.)

THE TURF.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,
I REMEMBER to have read in your entertaining publication, or some other Sporting production a few years since; "that a predecessor of the present House of ONSLOW, who then kept Running Horses of some celebrity, had permitted his training groom to take two of his stud, with each a lad, a summer's excursion to run for Country Plates; and although in their tour

tour of four months, they were the winners of *seven* Fifty-Pound Plates, yet, upon their arrival at home, the Groom, who had received the L.350 produced a *DEBTOR* and *CREDITOR* account, bringing in his Lordship, *debtor*, an additional L.50, which his Lordship instantly paid, without a momentary expostulation; and the following morning ordered the *RACING STUD* to be sold *without delay*, and his name or his horses never more appeared upon the *TURF*." Unfortunately for me I have fallen into a similar predicament, and as there is some degree of alleviation to misfortune, in unburthening the mind, I claim from you not only the sympathy of *SPORTSMEN*, but the privilege of communicating the great effect of my *good luck* for the advantage of those, who may be inclined to *profit* by my example. Having been born with a *small portion* of *HIGH BLOOD* in my veins, and, thanks to my industrious predecessors, a tolerable decent lot of *dirty acres* in my possession, I became anxious to insure some degree of *POPULARITY*, and in the furor of a *sneaking affection* for the *Turf*, no means appeared to me so truly expeditious as the being rapidly conveyed in the *RACING CALENDAR*, from one extremity of the united kingdom to the other. The plan was no sooner laid than executed, success crowned my inquiries, for in less than *ten days* I was the happy owner of two Horses in training, my name appeared to different sweepstakes, and my anxiety for the arrival of letters *daily*, descriptive of the *state, speed, and condition* of my Horses, exceeded conception. With the most heartfelt satisfaction, I must acknowledge my thirst for popularity upon the *Turf* is most completely satiate, for although one of my stud, by some interested finesse of my training groom has never been brought to

the post during the season, yet the other, happy consolation, has, by a mode of *secret influence*, won no less than *eight* different *Plates* and *Sweepstakes* in various parts of the kingdom. As a follower of the fashion, keeping Horses of this description, more from mental expectation than personal enjoyment, I seldom saw them *run*, but regularly received from my training groom the earliest information of *our success*, and his receipt of the *winnings*, not without some surprise that no part accompanied his letters in the pleasing form of a *remittance*. Possessing some small portion of philosophy, I waited most patiently for the close of the season, and the publication of the last *Racing Calendar* for this year; when writing to my prime minister for a state of our *pecuniary* affairs, he informs me per post, that "he is so much engaged with his different Horses in physic, he has no time to make out the account at present, which is not *very material*, as there is only a *trifling balance* in my favour." Now, gentlemen, the fact is, he has had my two Horses in training since the month of April; he has received *as winnings*, three hundred and eighty guineas, and writes to me, "the balance is *very trifling* in my favour." I gave his letter five minutes reflection, when "Reason took her turn to reign," and it must suffice to say in direct imitation of the late, great, and prudent *LORD ONSLOW*, I have given orders for my *Sporting Stud* to be instantly brought to the *hammer*, and if I ever again sport a *Horse* upon the *TURF*, or my name in the *Calendar*, you shall have certain permission to report me *hereafter* in your entertaining miscellany, as a *Sporting Individual* at the *OLD BAILEY*.

Interim,

Believe me most truly your's,

HIGHFLYER, jun.

Nov. 20, 1802.

To

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH the season for Cricket is far advanced, I take the liberty of sending you the account of two matches, one of which was played at Thaxted, Essex, on Saturday the 18th of September, and the other at Sampford, on Monday the 27th of September, between the single Gentlemen of both villages; in which, as your readers will perceive, the Thaxted players bore off the agreeable palm of victory.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your humble Servant,

Thaxted, October 15, 1802.

J. F. jun.

Match played at Thaxted.

SAMPFORD.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Mr. Turpin b L. Smith, Esq.	0	b W. Hills	10
— Arnold c ditto	1	st ditto	0
— Harlow b ditto	1	st ditto	2
— Webb b ditto	14	st ditto	2
— Gilby c ditto	0	st ditto	3
— Ridgewell b ditto	0	run out	9
— Mascall c ditto	1	c W. Newman	0
— Gouldstone run out	1	b L. Smith, Esq.	0
— Philpott b W. Newman	1	c Ingham	3
— Philpott, jun. c L. Smith, Esq.	0	not out	1
— Turner not out	1	b W. Hills	1
Byes	1	Byes	4
	<hr/> 21		<hr/> 40

THAXTED.

L. Smith, Esq. run out	4
Mr. W. Newman run out	7
— Ingham c Harlow	13
— W. Hills c Mascall	7
— Bernard b. Harlow	4
— B. Newman b ditto	11
— Freeman run out	5
— Buttle b Turpin	0
— Savill run out	0
— Simpson b Harlow	5
— L. Hills not out	4
Byes	8
	<hr/> 68

The Gentlemen of Thaxted won by one Innings and seven Runs.

Played

Played at Sampford.

SAMPFORD.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Mr. Turpin c Savill	22	c W. Hills	1
— Ridgewell c Barnard	0	b L. Smith, Esq.	0
— Reynolds b L. Smith, Esq.	6	c B. Newman	0
— Harlow b W. Hills	1	c Barnard	3
— Dawkin st L. Smith Esq.	2	c L. Smith Esq.	1
— Webb c Barnard	0	run out	7
— Arnold b L. Smith, Esq.	6	b W. Hills	15
— Mascall, sen. b W. Hills	1	c Barnard	0
— Gilby not out	10	b L. Smith, Esq.	0
— Philpott b W. Hills	1	not out	1
— Mascall, jun. c L. Smith, Esq.	3	b L. Smith, Esq.	0
Byes	8	Byes	1
	60		29

THAXTED.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Loraine Smith, Esq. not out	38	run out	3
Mr. W. Hills b Turpin	10	ditto	0
— Barnard c Reynolds	8	b Turpin	7
— B. Newman c Mascall, jun.	2	not out	3
— Ingham b Turpin	0	c Philpott	3
— W. Newman b Arnold	1	c Ridgewell	2
— Freeman b ditto	0		
— Simpson b ditto	0		
— Savill run out	0		
— L. Hills b Turpin	0		
— Byatt b Arnold	0		
Byes	5	Byes	3
	64		26

The Thaxted Gentlemen won with five Wickets to go down.

COURSING ANECDOTE.

THE latter end of last month, a Gentleman of Worcester, paying a visit to a friend a few miles distant, took with him a brace of greyhounds for the purpose of a day's coursing:—a hare was soon found, which the dogs ran for several miles, and with such speed as to be very soon out of sight of the

party who pursued: and after a very considerable search, both the dogs and hare were found dead within a few yards of each other; nor did it appear that the dogs had caught the hare, as no marks of violence were discovered upon her: a labouring man, whom they passed, said he saw the dogs turn her two or three times.

COURSING

COURSING MEETINGS,

1802.

FLIXTON,

Tuesday, November 9.

FEW members attending the first day, two matches only of those made, were run, which were as follow, five guineas each:

FIRST.

Major Topham's black bitch, Young Toy, by Snowball, out of a sister to Dent, 1
Mr. Parkhurst's black and white bitch, out of Couples, 2

SECOND.

Major Topham's black dog, Swallow, brother to Young Toy, 1
Mr. Parkhurst's black and white dog, 2

The hares, like hares at Flixton, and unlike other hares at this season, beat the dogs after two most severe courses of about three miles each. Some other greyhounds were started for sport, but not one hare killed the whole day.

Thursday, November 11.

The following Matches were run as under:

Sir F. Boynton's brindled bitch, Scut, against Major Topham's brindled bitch, Venus, for 2gs each.—Undecided.

Mr. Parkhurst's Lightning beat Mr. Foord's Camilla, for 1 guinea.

Sir F. Boynton's brindled bitch, Scut, beat Major Topham's black dog, Wharram, for 2 guineas each.

Mr. H. Boynton's black bitch, Toy, beat Major Topham's blue dog, Timothy, for 2 guineas each.

Mr. H. Boynton's black bitch, Gipsy, against Major Topham's

black bitch, Toy, for 1 guinea each — Undecided.

Mr. H. Boynton's Young Toy, beat Major Topham's black bitch, Venus, for 1 guinea each.

Mr. Percivall's black dog, Spanker, beat Mr. Parkhurst's blue dog, Sir Peter, for 1 guinea each.

As the last thing of the day, the PRIZE CUP of the MEETING was run for as under, an Hare being found sitting for the purpose:

Mr. Foord's black dog, Young Snowball, by Snowball - 1

Mr. H. Boynton's black and white bitch, Nettle, Mr. Hebblethwaite's breed - 2

Mr. Parkhurst's white dog, Welter - 3

Mr. Dade's brown dog, Cupid 4

Mr. Percivall's brown and white bitch, fell and broke her neck 5

In running the course a farmer rode over young Snowball, and hurt him so much that he never before was so near being beat.—In the first part of the course, he shewed his usual superiority. Mr. Hebblethwaite's bitch ran well. At the conclusion of the course, Mr. Hodgson, the owner and breeder of the Dents, offered to produce five dogs the next day, to run any gentleman whatever, for any sum they pleased.—The offer being accepted, and the sum being paid, at ten guineas each match, they were run on the day following, and won as under:

Friday, Nov. 12.

1. Major Topham's black dog, Blacksmith, winner of the cup at Malton, by Snowball, beat Mr. Hodgson's white bitch, Duchess.
2. Mr. Parkhurst's white dog, Welter, beat Mr. Hodgson's brindled dog, Sir Solomon.
3. Mr. Hodgson's blue brindled bitch, Anniseed, 5 yrs old, beat Colonel Thornton's blue dog, R Thornville

Thornville, out of condition.—This shows the incertitude of matches; Thornville, a dog well known for his great superiority in running, gave the first turn, fell, and never after could do any thing.

4. Mr. Percivall's black whelp, Young Major, by Snowball's brother, beat Mr. Hodgson's blue dog, Haphazard.—Mr. Hodgson therefore out of the four matches, lost three of them.

5. Mr. Hodgson's white dog, Rockingham, beat Mr. Parkhurst's white bitch, Lightning, for 2 guineas

Major Topham's black whelp, Swallow, against Sir Francis Boynton's black and white bitch, Scut.—Off by consent.

Mr. Percivall and Mr. Parkhurst, a match.—Off by consent.

The following dogs, entered for a PIECE of PLATE, value ten guineas, were then started, but the evening coming in very dark, no decision was given :

Mr. Foord's Young Snowball; Mr. Percivall's black dog, Dart, by Snowball; Mr. H. Boynton's black bitch, Gipsy; Major Topham's brindled bitch, Venus; and Mr. Parkhurst's white dog, Welter.—Mr. Percivall bought his dog, on the morning of running, of Mr. Crompton. The dog discovered a great deal of speed, and was thought to resemble old Snowball in look and shape more than any of his sons.

Saturday, November 13.

A private trial of two sweepstakes of all ages.

Skiagraphema, by Mr. Swinsen's Paramont, out of Catgut, sister to the never equalled Czarina, beat Major, Lady, Phantasmagoria, Paramont, Skyscraper, Young Major, Comet, Ann, and Young

White Snowball. By Skiagraphema's running, it is but justice to acknowledge, that the Flixton gentlemen feel themselves obliged to Staffordshire and Derbyshire for a most excellent cross.

Forfeit Matches to Colonel Thornton.

Sir Francis Boynton's Alicia, late Dent, to Colonel Thornton's Thornville, 200gs, p. p.

Sir Martyn Stapylton's Fly to Colonel Thornton's Phantasmagoria.

Sir Martyn's Smoker to the Colonel's Lady, 20gs each.

Sir Martyn's Dart to the Colonel's Major, 5gs each.

The Meeting was held at the Black Bull, at Scarborough, where every accommodation was of the best kind.

Colonel Thornton offered to produce a greyhound, his property, at the above Meeting, to run Mr. Darley's Dent for five guineas, accepted by Major Topham. If Mr. Darley did not choose for his bitch to run, Major Topham was allowed one month to decide and make his decision known, otherwise to be understood that Major Topham declined.—Dent declined.

Major Topham's Toy against Mr. Percivall's Sultan, named by Colonel Thornton, for five guineas, p. p.—Agreed to be run at the Falconer's Hall Meeting.

KINROSS COURSING MEETING.

THE cup given by the members of the Kinross meeting, for a Welch main of 16 dogs, was run for on Saturday, the 6th instant, and decided in favour of Mr. Charles Stein's Spring.—Upon the whole, the Fife blood prevailed over the snowballs; and though they were in the best condition, their speed and bottom could not gain the prize against the original Fifeshire blood.

THE

THE ORIGIN OF MODERN
SPORTS AND GAMES.

Nihil inauditum aut novum.

Cic.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following sketches being very ingeniously transcribed, from various periods of our national history, will no doubt prove entertaining to some of your readers, whom you have several times gratified with various selections relative to the amusements of former times; and, as the present essay is to make good the assertion, that there is nothing absolutely *new*, or *unheard of*, under the Sun: first, borrowing from an elegant modern moralist, I have to observe, these amusements were known in the fourth century.

HORSE-RACING is also of high antiquity, having been practised by our Saxon ancestors. In the time of Henry II. Smithfield was a kind of Newmarket for this sport. And here I have a very early opportunity of doing justice to modern invention, by stating that horse-racing, as a *system of gaming*, is among the glories of the seventeenth century; and that the improvements of more recent times may perhaps bring the honour of this invention still lower down. At what precise time two horses began to supply the place of two dice, or of a pack of cards, is uncertain. But that this is a real improvement, and not a variety only, will appear plainly, if we consider that horse-racing was originally practised by way of exercise, and then the owners were the riders. That intrepid, able, and honest race of young men, the jockies, is modern; and they first introduced the various uses of a rusty nail, or a pail of water seasonably administered.

ASS RACES are mentioned, and I believe for the first time, in the

Spectator; consequently we may reckon them about a century old. Their having been lately revived, with great pomp and popularity, as an absolute novelty, is therefore an imposition on the public, and an act of injustice, tending to deprive our ancestors of their merits. The moderns, indeed, have done something, and let them not be robbed of it. They have transferred the glories of Tothill-fields to the sea-coast, and have induced sober and sedate citizens to contemplate these sports with a true fellow-feeling, and to take a metaphorical interest in the success of the animal.

FOOT RACES were known in the middle ages; and can therefore only boast in our times of a revival, that they may occasionally supply the place of a pack of cards, and evince the transferability of loose cash. But that they deserve encouragement in other respects, cannot well be doubted: a good retreat, for which they eminently qualify a man, is allowed to be an honourable branch of generalship; and I really think that no man can object to them who does not happen to have the rigid morality of a creditor, or the prying disposition of a bailiff.

SKAITING, say the antiquaries, made its appearance about the thirteenth century. As to SLIDING, it is much older; and, although I cannot fix the precise date, I should suppose that sliding and ice came in together. The slips, however, and trips made in our days, are perhaps real improvements; they have great variety, and I question if it may not be said that every man invents his own downfall. Whether the ladies be equally ingenious, is a question that has lately been agitated in the senate without being brought to a conclusion; and I shall, therefore, not presume at present to offer any remarks on the subject.

THE TENNIS COURT is in our days a very fashionable amusement, but it was well known in the sixteenth century. Modern players, however, are to be commended for having sometimes rendered it a more expeditious method of lessening the value of money than the ancient philosophers had any idea of; although, amidst our proficiency here, I am willing to allow that it frequently lessens the profits of the auctioneer and the conveyancer, and that it may in time greatly injure the oratory of pulpits, and contract the circumlocution of parchments.

OF CRICKET I have only to observe, that it is about one hundred years old; but trap-ball goes as far back as the fourteenth century; and Dutch pins, skittles, and mississippi, are of considerable antiquity. The uses of these last-mentioned amusements may be seen in the "form of service for St. Monday."

AS TO DANCING, TUMBLING, and all kinds of JUGGLING, they have very high antiquity on their side. Dancing *bears* may be traced to the fourteenth century. This animal, greatly to the praise of our ingenious ancestors, was probably selected to display the graces of "the light fantastic toe," from its total incapacity. "The thing," as Dr. Johnson once said, "is not done well, but we are surprised to see it done at all." The most popular dancers, next to bears, are those which come from France; and here we have no other merit, than in inventing salaries, benefits, and presents for them, which have astonished all Europe, and have demonstrated, in a land of learning and learned men, the vast superiority of *heels* over *head*.

The tricks and wonderful performances of scientific dogs and horses, and their skill in spelling and grammar, are also very old. But the *learned pig*, who flourished *Anno Dom.* 1789, was, I believe, an innovation, or an invention purely English. This eminent scholar, however, having no heirs, as his preceptor did not probably wish he should marry into an illiterate family, the breed has become extinct; and we have lived to see "learning cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude*."

Whoever is inclined to give a preference to the genius of the moderns over that of the ancients, must regret with deep-felt sorrow, that BULL-BAITING belongs not to us, but to our fathers. It may be traced to the time of Henry II. when it was a sport with the young Londoners. But whether the recent discovery that bull-baiting improves courage, fills our navy with Howes, St. Vincents, Duncans, and Nelsons, and our armies with such regiments as the brave 42d, be an invention, or a poetical fiction, I am unwilling to inquire. If it be, I can only say, it is one of those which have been hid from the wise and prudent in all ages.

Still less cause have we to arrogate to ourselves that very humane sport, COCKFIGHTING. Alas! here, indeed, we may say, there is nothing new under the sun. Cockfighting may be traced to Grecians and Romans; yet, lest the *breeder* or *amateur* should weep over the barrenness of modern times, let me hint, for his consolation, that the addition of steel or silver spurs is a modern discovery, and well deserves the praise of all who wish to see blood flow, and flow freely, and to contemplate

* Burke's Reflections, &c. first ed. p. 117.

template the agonies of death, when every pang changes the *bet*, and the last gasp may turn *pounds* into *guineas*. I am willing, likewise, to think that those horrid yells and rapid exclamations of *two to one*, *five to two*, &c. during every perceptible variety in the animal's sufferings, have the merit of novelty.

TROWING AT COCKS, connected with the above, is alluded to by Chaucer; but this diversion has of late been nearly abolished by certain magistrates, who seem to have no idea of promoting good by evil, and into whose heads it has never entered that cruelty may be sport. This, some will no doubt think, is to be regretted; for as it was mostly practised by the young, it formed a very useful elementary exercise, and they had thereby an opportunity of being "trained up in the way" from which they were not very likely to depart. Much information on this subject may be derived from the four plates of that able historian William Hogarth, whose map of the road to murder is laid down with more accuracy than any thing of the kind I have ever seen.

Our claims to the invention of **DICE** are extremely absurd. This game was played by the ancient Germans, and by their descendants the Saxons, Danes, and Normans. Of **CARDS** I need say little, as we do not pretend to have done much more than to make them the chief instruments in uniting society and dividing property. But I must not omit to do justice to modern times with respect to the following articles, which I have not been able to trace much farther than the commencement of the last century; I mean, *hunting a pig*, *running in sacks*, and *smock races*. These, I am inclined to think, are native amuse-

ments; but it is not improbable they may migrate into France, as they were observed, not many weeks ago, to have reached the coast opposite to that country. With what dexterity that lively people may catch the pig, or run in the sack, is mere matter of conjecture; but, if we may give credit to the total want of dress in fashionable life, perhaps a shift may be an object of emulation, and those who now affront decency may be compelled to run for it.

With regard to the old-establish'd amusements of the drama, it is not pretended that we are inventors, although we have the merit of some very important improvements which may truly be accounted novelties; such as mixing comedy and farce in proportions so exact, that the nicest critic cannot distinguish the one from the other; and such as that species of handicraft which consists in throwing down tables and chairs, and breaking china, &c. and especially that happy union so long projected, and now completed, between nonsense and music. Of these inventions, it would be mean jealousy to deprive us; but as I perceive that the newest things may in time become old, and that in spite of all our ingenuity the clamour for novelty is as loud as ever, I shall, for the benefit of all concerned, transcribe the following bill, the original of which is in the British Museum, and is about an hundred years old.

"At Crawley's booth, over against the Crown tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew fair, will be presented a little *opera*, called the *Old Creation of the World*, yet newly revived, with the addition of *Noah's flood*; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present *Noah* and his family

family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts, two by two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner; more over, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels *ringing of bells*. Likewise machines descend from above, double and treble, with *Dives* rising out of hell, and *Lazarus* seen in Abraham's bosom, besides several *figures dancing jiggs, sarabands, and country dances*, to the admiration of the spectators; with the merry conceits of Punch."

My readers, I trust, will at once perceive why I have taken the trouble to copy this bill, by way of hint to our managers. Many of their late attempts at variety, however well meant, do not appear to me to suit the public taste better than the revival of this opera would, especially in summer, or at one of the watering places. Nor is it necessary that they should borrow one incident from one author, and a second from another, when there is in Mr. Crawley's bill of fare, articles enough to furnish out a complete entertainment, not to speak of a rational repast.

Lastly, I may remark, that *pantomimes*, although some part may be borrowed from Italy, were in fact but an improvement on puppet-shows: and an improvement, let me add, which eminently proved the liberality of our managers, as, instead of wooden puppets, they generously, and at a great expence, undertook to employ living ones, who are well known to eat and drink, and bargain for salaries and benefits.

CRIM CON RACE, IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

Court of Common Pleas, Dec. 5.

Before Lord Alvanley and a Special Jury.

BROMLEY, v. WALLACE.

THIS was an action for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, and the damages were laid at L.5,000.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd stated, that the present action was brought by Edward Bromley, Esq. against Charles Wallace, Esq. for one of the most serious injuries a man could sustain—that of having the partner of his bed debauched, and taken from him. The plaintiff and defendant were both men in the same honourable situation of life; they were both surgeon's in his Majesty's navy, and had long been on the footing of the most intimate friendship. In 1797, the plaintiff paid his addresses to a Miss Herne, the daughter of Captain Herne, of the navy, then residing at Harwich; he married her, and for a considerable time, in fact, till the discovery of the defendant's improper conduct, lived with her on terms of conjugal harmony and domestic love. Like other gentlemen in his line of life, his professional duty obliged him at different times to absent himself from the object of his affection; but God forbid he should be told on this, or any other occasion, that the absence of an officer in the service of his country, licensed the adulterer to invade his bed. The plaintiff discovered the improper connection between the defendant and his wife in 1801, at a time when

when he was residing with her at Rochester. He happened to come home one day earlier than usual, and found his wife writing a letter; he asked her with whom she was corresponding: observing that she seemed confused, and desirous of concealing what she had been writing, he insisted on seeing it. In consequence of the contents of this letter, which the rules of evidence would not permit him to read, he was extremely alarmed, and he was convinced it was intended to be sent to his false friend, the defendant. He desired an acquaintance to make inquiries at the post-office, whether any letter had been sent there for Mrs. Bromley. It appeared that Mrs. Bromley used to call for letters; directed to a Mrs. Green—there was one laying in the post-office at the time; it was delivered up to the plaintiff, and was found to be in the handwriting of the defendant. Imagine the feelings of the plaintiff when he read such a letter, addressed to his wife, by his old friend and brother officer, one in whom he placed implicit confidence, and with whom he had lived in brotherly affection for eight or nine years. The letter was in these terms:

"My dearest and best beloved
Ellen,

"I have this instant received your dear letter; there is no date, but the post-mark tells me it was written the 5th July. Surely you must have received my two letters long before this, if they are not still on board the commander in chief's ship, where all letters are sent, in order to be forwarded; but these conveyances are very rare, and you must not expect to receive letters regularly. Surely you cannot forget they were directed to Mrs. Green, at the post-office. I am compelled to hurry over these few lines,

as our ship is going off. Why do you—how can you—doubt my love? No, my beautiful Ellen, doubt my being alive, but never doubt my loving you with my whole heart; you are dearer to me than any thing in this world. How long will you continue *there*? Is there a prospect of your getting away? think of me; continue to love me; for on your affection depends the happiness of,

"Your ever devoted lover,
"TONANT,"

What was meant by this strange signature it was impossible to guess, unless the defendant intended to infer that he was a thunderer, and wooed the lady as Jove of old did Semele. This letter, coupled with other circumstances, convinced the plaintiff that his wife and the defendant had carried on a criminal correspondence; he therefore insisted she should quit him, and return to her mother at Harwich. Shortly after her departure she was found living with the defendant at Plymouth, and at the Gloucester coffee-house in London, and passing publicly as his wife. It was unnecessary to prove to the Jury their being seen in bed together; it was enough to trace them to the same lodging or hotel, occupying one parlour and one bed room. The learned counsel then expatiated on the extent of the injury the plaintiff had received, and the peculiar turpitude of the defendant's conduct in debauching the wife of his friend, companion, and brother officer. He then proceeded to call his witnesses:

John Page, servant to the plaintiff, proved his having been present at the marriage; he described the plaintiff and his wife as living affectionately together.

Captain Flynn knew them at Harwich and at Yarmouth; he said
the

the plaintiff always behaved towards his wife in the most tender manner.

Mr. Grout, Mr. Hilliard, and Mr. Snipe, deposed not only to the mutual affection of the plaintiff to his wife, but to the intimate friendship subsisting between the former and the defendant.

Mr. James Bromley's evidence proved, that the plaintiff and his wife lived happily together at Rochester, in, and some time previous to the month of July, 1801.

Johanna Radford said, she lived servant with a Mrs. Lancaster, at Plymouth, when Mr. Wallace, surgeon of the Windsor Castle, came to lodge there with a lady, who passed as his wife; they had two rooms, but only one bed: she had seen the lady since in town.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bridgman proved her visiting Mrs. Bromley, at Plymouth, where she passed as Mrs. Wallace.

Mr. Serjeant Lens addressed the jury for the defendant; he said, that, after the evidence which had been produced, he would not dispute the fact of the defendant and Mrs. Bromley having lived together publicly as man and wife. If his instructions did not deceive him, his case would be found to be one, in which, if the plaintiff's conduct did not entirely defeat his right of action, it at least destroyed his claim to more than nominal damages. He should prove, that so far from the plaintiff having uniformly behaved with affection towards his wife, he had conducted himself in a manner most likely to produce the injury, of which he complained. He had, in the first place, conducted himself most improperly, in taking his wife to sea, during a cruize of five weeks, where she was exposed to the loose conversation of the ward-room. He should also

prove, that so far from paying attention to his wife, he had not only neglected her, but his neglect was attended with circumstances, which inevitably destroyed his action. At the very moment when his child was under inoculation for the small pox, he went away upon a shooting party, and shortly after, when his wife was dangerously ill at Yarmouth, and the plaintiff's ship was lying in the road, he avoided coming near her for near five weeks, though repeatedly importuned by her. He understood too, he should be able to prove, that the most unfortunate consequences had attended his illicit commerce with other women; he did not mean to insinuate, and the fatal effects of his imprudence had been communicated to his wife, but it was enough that he had himself been the victim of his infidelity. He should also be able to lay before the jury, evidence of the plaintiff's attempting to effect a criminal connection with his own servant, under the roof of the house in which he lived with his wife. Such an insult was a justification of the resentment of any woman, and if its truth was established, there was no doubt but the jury would evince their sense of his behaviour, by dismissing his complaint altogether, or by awarding him damages of the lowest denomination.

William Taylor, a surgeon at Yarmouth said, he first knew Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, about the year 1799, at Yarmouth; he was perfectly intimate with them; the conduct of the plaintiff towards his wife, till the death of his child, in October 1800, was truly affectionate; the child died of the small pox on the 25th day after it was inoculated. After the child had been inoculated, the plaintiff went out on a shooting party, to the seat of Sir Thomas Gouch, in Norfolk, and was absent four or five days:

days; when he came back the child was dying. Mrs. Bromley was very much affected. Soon after the child died, the plaintiff called on him, and said he had had an unfortunate connection, and he gave the witness a prescription to make up; his wife was at this time at their house in Yarmouth. The witness remembered being one day in the parlour of the plaintiff's house, when Mrs. Bromley came in, and accused her husband of having destroyed the child by inoculating it; the witness advised them to drop the subject, and took himself out of the room. After that, Mrs. Bromley was taken extremely ill, and, during her illness, the plaintiff entirely neglected her; she was ill of a fever seven weeks, and was attended by Doctor Girdlestone and himself. The plaintiff never came near her. His ship was in the road, and he was in the daily habit of passing near his house. He was in the habit of going every morning to play at billiards. After her recovery, he never went near her. The witness was the bearer of a message from Mrs. Bromley to the plaintiff, who begged him not to interfere, as the subject was a delicate one. On the cross-examination of this witness, he said, the plaintiff's illicit amours, and consequent complaint, were the town-talk of Yarmouth; it was, he observed, a *scandalous* place.

Maria Day said, she lived servant with Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, at Yarmouth. It was about four years ago when she went to them. After the child died, the plaintiff did not come to his house for some weeks; recollected her mistress being taken ill; during all the time she continued so, her master never came to see her, she used to go backwards and forwards with letters to her master; he promised to come to his wife, but he did not;

he sent a boy with a letter. She remembered her master returning from a cruise, in Christmas 1800, when her mistress was at Harwich. It was on a Monday; he slept at home; in the course of the night her master came to her bed-room.

Tell us, said the counsel, in general, what passed?

He came into my room and got into my bed—

Lord Alvanley—While you was in it?—Yes, I was in bed.

How long did he stay there?—About half an hour.

Did he go away of his own accord?—I made a great deal to do. I said I would tell Mrs. Bromley, and would quit his house.

What did you do?—I remonstrated with him.

In answer to another question, the witness denied that any thing criminal passed between them.

The witness said, she continued to live a quarter of a year after this in the house. When her mistress got well, she returned to Harwich, and the parting between her and her husband was very affectionate.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd replied, and contended that this evidence could not furnish a legal defence to an action of this sort. That such a story, supposing it to be true, went extremely to cut down the damages he admitted; but, it was not because a husband conducted himself improperly, that he therefore gave an adulterer a right to take his wife from him and debauch her. It would be a most dangerous doctrine to say, that the improper conduct of an husband, licensed every adulterer to invade his rights. If such was the law, the libertines of the town would have nothing to do, but, after having fixed upon a married woman as the object of seduction, to inquire into every circumstance of the life of her husband; and if he should be found, in a mo-

ment of intoxication, to have entered a brothel, or kissed a pretty chambermaid, to say, "O! as he has himself been guilty of infidelity to his marriage bed, she is my property; let him bring his action; and though subsequent to his error, he may have passed twenty years of conjugal happiness with his wife; though he may have since become the father of a family, and been as chaste as Joseph, who fled from the embraces of his master's wife, yet, having once been guilty, the partner of his bed is cast loose upon the world, and I have as much right to her as himself." The Learned Serjeant inferred the improbability of the truth of the circumstances, related by the witnesses for the defendant; but, supposing them to be true, he contended that they did not defeat the plaintiff's claim to damages; for it appeared that his wife had forgiven him, and that they had afterwards lived on terms of harmony and affection till July, 1801, when the discovery of the letters had produced their separation. He concluded a very brilliant speech, by enforcing his right, even under all the circumstances brought forward by the defendant, to exemplary damages.

Lord Alvanley observed, that the injury of which the plaintiff complained, was one which entitled him either to very large or very small damages. The circumstances which had conduced to it, and the manner in which the plaintiff and his wife had lived, were to be taken into consideration, before the Jury could appreciate the extent of what a plaintiff had suffered. With respect to the evidence offered by the defendant being a defence to the action, he readily agreed with the Learned Serjeant, in opposition to the opinion of a deceased Noble Lord, that it was not to be so considered. He was of opinion, that

though the husband did conduct himself with unkindness or infidelity towards his wife, it did not justify an adulterer in invading his bed, and imposing a spurious offspring upon him. Nothing could constitute a defence but an husband's being immediately accessory to his dishonour. Evidence, such as had been offered in this case, could only go in mitigation of damages.—That evidence consisted in this: first, that the plaintiff and his wife did not live together in that harmonious manner which became a husband and wife, and that he had himself been guilty of a violation of his marriage-vow. He could not follow the Learned Serjeant in the supposition, that there was no foundation for what had been related by the defendant's two witnesses; but at the same time he agreed with him, that if, after the husband had acted improperly, his wife had forgiven him, and they had lived happily together at Rochester; that the defendant ought not to justify himself by averting to the plaintiff's former errors. He wished there had been more satisfactory proof of the harmony that subsisted between the plaintiff and his wife at Rochester; and he should have liked to have heard some account of the intercourse between the defendant and Mrs. Bromley before she finally quitted her husband—*non constat*, that there was any criminal connection prior to that period. If the defendant had, after the plaintiff and his wife were living happily together, taken advantage of the circumstances of his former infidelity, in order to poison her mind and debauch her person, in such case, no damages could be too large, respect being had to his situation and rank in life. His Lordship said, he perfectly agreed with his brother Shepherd, as to the dreadful consequences that must result from the adoption

adoption of so monstrous a principle as, that the bed of a husband, who had been once unfaithful, and had repented, should be open to every adulterer. With regard to the measure of damages in this case, it must depend entirely upon the feelings of the Jury. Viewing the evidence on both sides; they would, no doubt, give the plaintiff what they thought he deserved.

The Jury retired for about half an hour, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, L.200.

ANOTHER CRIM CON RACE.

Court of King's Bench, Dec. 10.

Before Lord Ellenborough and a Special Jury.

MOORE v. DURNFORD.

MR HOLROYD stated, that this was an action brought by John Moore, Esq. against Anthony William Durnford, Esq. for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, in which the damages were laid at L.10,000. The defendant had pleaded not guilty, and on that issue was joined.

Mr. Erskine said, he was counsel for the plaintiff, who had preferred his complaint against the defendant, for adultery with his wife. Mr. Moore had been married to this lady as long ago as the year 1788. She was the only daughter of the brother of the Earl of Meath, of course she was of a noble and honourable family. She was, at the period of her marriage, eighteen years of age, and her husband, the plaintiff, was twenty-four. He had then recently returned from his travels, and she had just finished her

education at the boarding-school in which her father had placed her. She was not only a lady of superior beauty, but of a superior mind. He was not sure whether, now and then, such accomplishments as this lady possessed, did not lead to the unhappy catastrophe that formed the subject of the present action. Unless superior accomplishments were mixed with extraordinary virtues, they were extremely apt to lead the mind astray. If he was to chuse a wife for a son, or a friend, he should prefer a lady of a sound understanding, with those feminine virtues which constituted woman's chief praise. The plaintiff, soon after he beheld a lady of such uncommon personal endowments and high attainments, married her. She was the mother of three children, the eldest fourteen, the second eleven, and the youngest four or five years of age. She was peculiarly capable of conferring the greatest advantages on her family, by that education which few children could look up to from a mother. It was fit he should say, that during the long course of the plaintiff and his wife's living together, to the date of this criminal connection, the plaintiff had no reason to doubt her chastity or honour; on the contrary, it was impossible for him to establish the fact of any adultery having been committed under his roof. For some months before her elopement, her husband observed a difference in her behaviour, an unusual degree of coolness, but without being able to discover the cause. Previous to this time, the defendant had frequently visited at the plaintiff's house, but there appeared no particular intimacy between him and the plaintiff's wife, that could justify the least suspicion. When a husband was careless of the honour of his wife; when he suffered her to be approached by a man, professing

that his object was something beyond common gallantry and politeness; so far from his being entitled to be received in a court of justice, he deserved to be discarded with contempt, and shunned by society. Nothing was more disgraceful or dishonourable, than for a man to neglect his wife, and suffer her to be seduced under his own eye. Such a man justly became the victim of his own folly. It was impossible for any one to insinuate this of the plaintiff; he was, if possible, too jealous of his honour; he was so attached to this lady, that he could not even bear those freedoms which women of the most virtuous inclinations might indulge in, without inducing a suspicion to their prejudice. He mentioned this, because so many cases had occurred, and probably would occur again, of men who had been privy to their own dishonour, claiming damages at the hands of a jury: and because he thought it necessary for a husband, prosecuting such an action as this, to repel the least imputation of his having been accessory to his wife's dishonour and his own disgrace. Mrs Moore had first become acquainted with the defendant, at a public breakfast given by the latter. Their means of forming a mutual attachment were facilitated by the defendant's visiting him with her mother, and receiving his visits. The defendant was considered as a man of character, and therefore the plaintiff had not the slightest idea of his attempting any thing improper or dishonourable; but the incense he offered at the shrine of his wife's beauty and accomplishments, won her to his love; and she became too affectionately attached to him for her future happiness. Her fatal passion was the cause of her deserting her house, and abandoning her husband, her friends, family, and children. The

plaintiff was for some time unable to discover the place of her retreat; but at last he found her living with the defendant, and was enabled to procure that proof which would now be laid before the jury. He immediately put an end to all further communication with his wife, and brought the present action.—The learned counsel said, he was persuaded that, after the many cases of this description, submitted to the consideration of juries, it could not be necessary to enlarge upon the consequences of such a crime as that of adultery. What a husband's sensations must be on such an occasion, the feelings of those who heard him better described than any language he could employ. He left the case in the hands of the jury, confident he should receive that compensation in damages, such an injury merited, unless the defendant could break in upon his claim, by shewing misconduct or neglect on the part of the plaintiff.—He should not be able to lay before the jury any evidence of the fortune of the defendant, otherwise than that he was an officer in the Guards; but his Lordship would tell them, that it was unnecessary to do so, and that the damages to which the fortune of the defendant might be inadequate, he must pay in his person.

Mrs. Maria Tidswell said she was present at the marriage of the plaintiff and his wife, in the month of May, 1788. She knew the lady before her marriage, when she was Miss Brabazon.

Mr. M'Carthy was acquainted with the plaintiff, who was a gentleman of fortune, resident at Berkhamsted, in Hertfordshire; he had intimately known him and his wife eight or nine years. Mrs Moore always appeared to be a woman conducting herself in a domestic and virtuous manner. He had no
reason

reason to believe she was inattentive to any of the duties of a wife. The defendant was received in the family as a visitor. Mrs. Moore had three children. He never observed any irregularities on the part of the plaintiff, or any unwarrantable liberties taken with his wife. As far as he saw, they appeared to live comfortably and happily together. The lady was, he believed, a very accomplished woman; she was the daughter of the Earl of Meath's brother. On his cross-examination, he said, Mr. Durnford visited the family frequently; but he never remarked any thing in his conduct that could give the least suspicion to the husband.

Mr. John Crane said he lived at Acton; he knew Mrs. Moore, and remembered her coming to lodge at his house on the 3d of July last. A Mrs. Gill had taken the lodging for her. He knew the defendant; he drank tea three times with Mrs. Moore, while she was at his house. She quitted his house on the 19th of July; she went away with Captain Durnford.

Mr. Raper stated, that he was a neighbour of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, at Great Berkhamsted. He was often at their house, and had opportunities of seeing the company that visited them. He never observed any thing improper or immodest in Mrs. Moore's behaviour: she was a woman of more than ordinary accomplishments; she was very capable of educating her own children; she had no governess in the house to superintend them. The behaviour of Mr. Moore towards his wife was uniformly that of an affectionate husband. He never knew any improper company admitted to Mrs. Moore's society, or any gentleman visiting her who professed more than the ordinary gallantry due to the most virtuous of her sex.

Mrs. Taylor said, she lived servant with Captain Durnford, of Brockhill, on the 20th of July last; she had before lived in his service at Great Berkhamsted; she remembered Captain Durnford giving a public breakfast to the gentlemen and ladies in the neighbourhood. The people of condition and fashion were there. Among the rest Mr. and Mrs. Moore. The witness was certain she knew her, for she came into the kitchen with Mr. Durnford's brother's wife; she had seen the same lady since at Brockhill; she was there before the witness came from Berkhamsted. There were two men servants and a woman servant in the family, at Brockhill, before the witness went to live there. The woman servant left the house on her arrival. There was no one in the house but Mr. Durnford, Mrs. Moore, the two men servants, and herself. There were two best beds besides the servants', but only one that was made. That bed the witness always made herself; she was certain the other was not made. When she made the bed, it always appeared as if it had been slept in by two persons. The defendant and Mrs. Moore breakfasted, dined, and lived together. On her cross-examination, she said her master was a very young gentleman.

Mr. Garrow observed, that he hardly knew any part of his professional situation which was less pleasant than the duty he had now to perform. He had the task imposed on him of defending a very young man, whose passions, inflamed and seduced by the accomplishments of this lady, had placed him in the unfortunate predicament in which he stood. He was in no condition to deny the fact of a criminal intercourse: he had no evidence to offer by which he could impute any misconduct to the plaintiff, or which could justify him

him in desiring the jury not to find a verdict against the defendant. The only remaining question therefore was, what damages ought to be given. Damages, in cases of this kind, must always depend upon the circumstances adduced in evidence. There were no actions which differed more in their various shades than those for criminal conversation. There had been cases in which juries were justified in giving large damages. Others in which the smallest were too large; and there were others, of a middle class, in which juries were bound to observe a course between the two extremes. The present case, he admitted, had been most fairly and candidly opened by his learned friend, who had refrained from pressing it beyond what the facts would bear. Imitating his candour, he would abstain from any observations that might add to the sufferings of the injured husband. He had only to present to the jury a very young and unfortunate person, who was called Captain only from that courtesy which applied such a title to every subaltern officer in the army. He was merely a Lieutenant in the Guards, and had no other means of support than what his pay as such afforded. This young officer unhappily found himself placed by accident in the neighbourhood of a lovely and accomplished lady, whose beauty he was unable to resist. He was not the intimate friend of the husband; he had not broken through the laws of hospitality; he had not seduced the wife of his friend. He was a very young man, of an agreeable and prepossessing manner, who had been in the habit of occasionally visiting the family of the plaintiff; he was not domesticated in his house; not even on any occasion did it appear he had taken a bed at it; but, by one of those fatalities too often seen in the world, he had

become attached to a lady whose charms he ought to have resisted. "All I have to say," observed the learned counsel to the jury, "is this, in your justice be merciful. The defendant has been guilty of an offence which I cannot justify; and if I had the powers of my learned friend, to make an eloquent address on his behalf, the question must come to this, what damages ought to be given? that question must be determined by the facts. Recollect, it is not the case of an hoary adulterer, seducing every woman that comes in his way; it is not the case of a man ingratiating himself into a family, and for the mere gratification of an unlawful passion, destroying the peace and happiness of a husband. The defendant, I repeat, is a very young man; it is a calamitous case for all parties; and I know I cannot do better than leave his case in the hands of the noble judge and jury, who are so competent to the discharge of their duty."

Lord Ellenborough observed it had been properly suggested, that cases of criminal conversation were of various complexions, and capable of various degrees of aggravation. He had only to observe, that in the present one there did not appear to have been a train of seduction laid by the plaintiff. It appeared that the lady was away from her husband, for what reason had not been proved, that she took a lodging on the 3d of July, at Acton, and quitted it on the 19th. That during the time she was there, the defendant visited her three times; but there was no evidence to shew that he had seduced her to leave her husband's house. Having been antecedently a visitor in her family, and interchanged those common civilities usual among persons of condition; the defendant found her at this lodging, and afterwards went away with her to
Brockhill,

Brockhill, where they lived under circumstances which made it fair to presume a criminal intercourse had taken place; they slept together in the same house, in which there was but one bed made up, consequently the jury must suppose a criminal intimacy, especially after the evidence of the servant, who had stated, that the bed had the appearance of two persons having slept in it. It was hardly necessary to recapitulate the evidence. It appeared the plaintiff's wife, was, before her marriage, a Miss Brabazon, daughter to the brother of the Earl of Meath; that she was an accomplished lady, of engaging manners, and that she had lived happily in the society of her husband. There had been no account given of her departure from her husband's house. He did not think that, in the absence of all evidence, respecting the cause of her departure, that the Jury ought to fix her seduction on the defendant; they could only judge from the evidence before them. As the defendant had met her after she had quitted her husband, it was possible that compassion for her situation, on hearing that she had fled from her house and family, might, in some degree, have influenced his solicitations. That he was liable to damages there could be no doubt, for he had put the seal on the husband's dishonour, and for ever rendered it impossible for him to receive his wife again. The crime of original seduction was not fixed on him by the evidence. These were the only observations the case suggested. The jury would give such damages as constituted a fair compensation for the injury, stripping it of the circumstances of previous seduction, and of those higher aggravations which usually attended cases of deliberate means to alienate the affections of a wife; they would

recollect the defendant had found the lady in a state of separation from her husband, and in that situation had seduced her to his arms.

The jury retired about half an hour, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff—*Damages, One Thousand Pounds.*

LAW CASES.

Palace Court, Dec. 3.

LOUGHNAN v. WADE.

THE plaintiff, a merchant in the city of London, having occasion to buy a horse, applied to the defendant, a respectable horse-dealer, to provide him with one, which he did, under an especial warranty, that the horse was *safe and quiet to ride*, but that he would not answer for him in harness. On this warranty he paid L.8 on account for the horse to Wade, and after bridling and saddling him, he mounted his new purchase, who, disliking his rider, went down all-fours; wishing to make another attempt on his horse's temper, he again mounted, and was served in like manner; as this temper was not indicative of *safety* to his person, he returned the horse to the dealer, demanding a re-payment of his L.8; which being refused, the present action was brought for the recovery of that sum.

The whole of the case being fully proved by two very respectable witnesses, the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—*Damages L.8.*

Court of King's Bench, Dec. 10.

WHALLEY v. MOORE.

THIS was an action for the value of a mare alleged to have had her knees broken, and to have been otherwise

otherwise materially damaged by the improper treatment of the ostler of the defendant, who is the owner of the livery stables at which she was kept.

The defence at first appeared to be somewhat curious; it rested on the following points: 1st That in point of fact, the mare's knees had not been broken, nor had she received any material damage while in the custody and keeping of the defendant; 2nd, if she had, that it was not the fault of either the defendant or her ostler; that it was an accident, and that *the cat had done it*, and not the ostler.

The witnesses for the plaintiff were, first, a person of the name of Sheridan, who had formerly been the plaintiff's groom. On his direct examination, he swore that the mare's knees were broken; that he heard the defendant confess that it had been done by the ostler; and that the value of the mare fell, in consequence of it, from twenty pounds to about seven: but, upon cross-examination he admitted that the mare's knees were not broken or cut, but only the hair rubbed off, which, however, he considered as a great blemish.

The Gentleman who afterwards bought the mare from the plaintiff for L.10, the saddle included, was next produced; but on cross-examination he said, he had not given a farthing the less for the mare on the account of that blemish, but that she was otherwise unsound.

Lord Ellenborough said, that upon this ground the plaintiff must be nonsuited: but if the defendant had been obliged to rest his defence on the story of *the cat*, he thought it was *prima facie* so improbable, that it would be somewhat difficult to persuade a jury of the truth of it.

Mr Erskine declared, that if he had been obliged to enter into a defence, he could have perfectly

justified his client and her ostler from any imputation of misconduct, and *throw all the blame upon the cat*: he could have proved the whole concatenation of things which produced the accident: he could have proved that a cat (no party to the present suit) jumped, without any provocation, out of a widow into the street; how a dog (likewise no party to this suit) then pursued the cat; how the cat run under the mare's legs; how the mare was frightened, and immediately began to paw; and how in pawing she rubbed one leg against a wall, which occasioned the injury: if those facts had been fully proved, they would have made a very good defence, by proving that it was not any misconduct of the defendant or her servant, but an accident, arising from this strange concatenation of circumstances, which produced the mischief complained of.

Lord Ellenborough said, that certainly, if all this could be proved, it would amount to a good defence.—Plaintiff nonsuited.

Court of King's Bench, Dec. 14.

DAVEY v. CHAMBERLAIN, and
ANOTHER.

MR. GARROW stated that this was an action to recover the sum of L.61 : 11 : 2, being the value of a horse, which was killed by the defendants, in negligently and carelessly driving a single horse chaise against the animal, by which it received so severe an injury, that it shortly afterwards died.—The value of the horse was L.60, and the residue of the demand arose from expences incurred in consequence of the accident, which he contended the defendants were bound to pay; for

for if men would conduct themselves so improperly as the present defendants had done, they ought to pay all the expence of the mischief arising from their inattention and misconduct. The circumstances of the case were as follow :—On the

30th of October last, Mr. Davey, the plaintiff, was going to visit his father, at Wandsworth; and it being past seven o'clock, he joined company with a gentleman going the sameroad, but who till that time was a perfect stranger to him, and whom he would call as a witness. They had just passed Vauxhall turnpike, Mr. Davey being close to the path on his own side of the road; so that no possible defence could be made as to his being on the wrong side, when the chaise came driving furiously upon them—so furiously, that it was impossible to escape. The consequence was, that the off shaft struck into the horse's flank, and the bowels came out through the wound. When they had done this mischief, they did what persons in the wrong usually do; namely, they attempted to drive away, without stopping to afford any assistance to those they had thus injured; but Mr. Papineau, the gentleman in company, galloped after them, and learned whom they were. He should shew the furious manner in which they drove by what passed a few moments before. They then passed the Portsmouth coach, and challenged the coachman to drive against him, telling him they would give him "a hot one." As he did not accept their challenge, they quickly drove past him, and in less than five minutes the accident he now sought recompence for happened.

Mr. Papineau, and Lazenby, the Portsmouth coachman, proved in evidence the above statement.

In the defence, Mr. Erskine attempted to make a distinction in favour of Chamberlain, because he

did not drive; consequently had not the dominion of the horse; but the learned Judge held they were both liable, except it could be shewn that the one was the master of the carriage, and had merely taken the other in as a passenger. Mr. Erskine then attempted to shew that the plaintiff was on the wrong side of the road, but failing in proof, the Jury gave a verdict for the whole sum laid in the declaration.

HOW TO BECOME A LOBBY LOUNGER.

HAVING given instructions in our former volumes to a Bondstreet, a Park, and a Coffee-house Lounger, the preparation of such gentlemen for the Theatre comes in next, of course. Luckily his preparation requires little trouble; it consists merely in having your *half-boots* re-cleaned, and putting a little fresh *walnut-juice* on your face. Thus you are ready to *personate* a GENTLEMAN. For the old practice of *dressing* for the Theatre is done away; and a man who, some years ago, would have been stared at as a clownish, not to say an indecent figure, in the two-shilling-gallery, is now quite the *tippy* for the boxes. Do not forget to take with you the *stick*, which has ornamented your hand the whole day; and this stick, I need not tell you, ought to be short, thick, crooked, and full of knobs and snags; in short, just such a stick, as you would expect to find upon the most desperate-looking footpad that was ever brought to Bow-street. There is something so *gracefully characteristic* in this stick, that it forms an important article in the fashionable accoutrements of a *Lobby-Lounger*, and must by no means be neglected. Take care never to be seen with what is erroneously called a hand-

some cane with tassels: it costs a great deal of money, and is not half so genteel; indeed, the *Lounger* ought to be caned that uses it.

With this *valuable* and *striking* piece of timber in your hand, about eight o'clock repair to the Theatre; you will see the half-price people going in; but do you remain behind, till you suppose the fourth act has commenced; then stalk through the lobbies, setting down your foot so firmly, and at the same time thumping the floor with your stick so stoutly, that the attention of the people in the lower boxes, and perhaps of some in the upper, may be diverted towards the lobby in order to see *who* is coming. Call loudly to the box-keeper; and when he has opened one door, and you have enjoyed the *stare* of the company in that box, *bang* the door to again as hard as you can, and recall the box-keeper to open another; and thus you may, *da capo*, this musical entré, this overture of your appearance, as long as you please, or while it will produce the effect of giving you an air of consequence, and you can possibly hear any body say, "*Who is it?*"

You are now to determine on the box in which to take your station, and this is no light matter. Casting your eyes carefully round, giving at the same time a very consequential and terrific frown, you will observe several groupes of *Female Loungers*, the terror of the timid, and the delight of men of spirit, like you. If you discover among them *one* more distinguished than the rest for Amazonian manner, and extravaganza of dress, especially if she attract the attention of the audience, and still more if she be interrupting it, make your way instantly to her, no matter whom you may disturb, and begin some of those *profound* and *critical* observations on what is passing, which

usually distinguish your tribe. But take care to talk loud enough; and be *extremely* cautious in two particulars—*first*, not to sit down, and *secondly*, not to pull your hat off. If you are civilly requested to do both, by any of those *queer ones* that come to see the play, and who, you will observe, are interested—and it is a poor play that does not interest in the fourth act—cast upon them a look of pity; or rather of contempt, and just intimate that you are going, but continue to address your Amazonian in a *louder* tone, and express your astonishment that any body can have patience to sit such a *bore*! It is very probable you may be again requested to cease your interruption. And now comes a nice question, whether you shall comply, by withdrawing, making as much noise as you can, and *bunging* the door after you; or whether you shall be highly offended, and create disturbance sufficient to stop the performance? The most advisable is the latter method; it will inevitably produce an exchange of cards, and your name will be trumpeted in the next morning's papers, a gratification for which any man may reasonably risk his life.—Not that you run any such risk; for none but one of your *own sort* will thus far honour you. A man of *real courage* and a *Gentleman* has but one way of treating a *Lobby-Lounger*, whom he may deem *impertinent*—the *mistaken* term which they will apply to such behaviour—and that is, by quietly taking hold of the *handle* of his *face*, y'cleped the *nose*, and peaceably leading him out of the box into the lobby, where the *Lobby-Lounger*, being on his own ground, may bluster and fight if he dare, and be not interrupted by that kind of *kick* which has been observed to produce the most *pacific* effects. You will, therefore, always be watchful of the company you may intend to honour with a display

play of your fashion and consequence, and make good use of your physiognomical acquisitions.

But, as in all other affairs, you may best carry your points by *confederacy*, pre-concert every thing with a *Brother Lounger*, and you may both acquit yourselves with *eclat*, disturb the audience with *striking effect*, interrupt the performance *famously*, and flourish in the newspapers to *admiration*! Of this I can safely say, *probatum est*, which you must know, is Latin for a *damn'd good thing*!

If, however, it so happens, that either mal-accident or your own discretion—for, as *Falstaff* says, “the better part of valour is discretion.”—has prevented any grand occurrence taking place during the play, you have various opportunities, in the lobby-rooms especially, and even in passing out of the Theatre, of applying your skill in the production of what may redound to your fame, and distinguish you in the ephemeral annals of the *Lounger's Calendar*.

BOB BLUSTER.

P. S. As a Lounger ever effects to be witty; and as we know that even great wits, have short memories, it may not be amiss to sum up all we have said here, in a kind of brief, take therefore the following definition:—A *Lobby Lounger* is a senseless thing, who talks extremely loud, without knowing the meaning of what it utters. It is the contempt of the wise, and the feeble victim of the Guilty. Its head is a vacuum, and its humour consists in rude noise and horse laughter. It is totally ignorant of the DRAMA, and does not know whether the tragedies of HAMLET and MACBETH were written by SHAKESPEARE or SOLOMON. It flutters from box to box like a wounded Jackdaw, has a

vacant stare and unceasing grin. It is apt to quarrel about a PROSPECT, has a very light pair of heels, and is very expert in *running away*. These animals are links of the same chain, from the youthful *Peer*, to the well-dressed *Pickpocket*.

BOXING.

BLACK SAM AND THE BOOT-CLOSER.

MONDAY morning, November 30, a great concourse of people flocked to the Wormwood Scrubs, about four miles from Tyburn Turnpike, to see a pitched battle, for twenty guineas a side, between a Jew of the name of Black Sam, a person not much in the habit of fighting, but who has long been considered an adept in the art of sparring; and a young man, a boot-closer, well known as a pugilist. Tom Jones seconded Black Sam, and Seabrook seconded his opponent.

At one o'clock, the ring being formed, they set to, with the odds six to four in favour of the Jew. The battle consisted of thirty-two rounds, and never was witnessed more severe fighting.

The first round, the Jew hit the boot-closer a violent blow on the nose, from which the blood gushed out; it appeared also bent, and he fell to the ground.

The second round was in favour of the Christian. On the first set-to, he gave the Jew a knock-down blow; however, the odds still continued on the side of Black Sam.

They continued the battle, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth round, without any material odds on either side, although much hard fighting had taken place.

The sixteenth round, the Jew
T 2 feigned

feigned a blow at his opponent with his left hand, but struck with his right, and hit him a severe blow on the right eye, which caused it in a short time to swell and close, and he was never able to recover the sight of it during the remaining part of the battle. The odds at this time the same as at starting.

Notwithstanding the boot-closer had lost the sight of his eye, he continued to fight hard, and in the twenty fifth round had the odds in his favour, having placed a severe blow on the Jew's right eye, which also closed, and they were now considered on an equality.

The thirty second round, which was the last, they both seemed determined to decide the fate of the battle, each fighting in a most savage and ferocious manner; the Jew, however, being the strongest, followed his opponent up, and placing a blow under the boot-closers chin, knocked him down, which finished the battle.

After this severe contest was concluded, the boot-closer lay in a state of total insensibility, and could not be moved off the ground for near an hour. This was thought at first to have proceeded from the very great fatigue he had undergone; but as late as ten o'clock on the same night, he had been attended by a surgeon, and great doubts were entertained of his recovery.

The Jew was also much beat.

GEORGE MADDOX AND PITTON THE JEW.

A MATCH being made between them, on Monday, December 13, for 20 guineas a side, they repaired to Wormwood Scrubs. A greater concourse of people was never remembered on any similar occasion than appeared in the roads

leading to the field of battle. *Buggies, chaise-carts, dust-carts*, and vehicles of every description, were in requisition, to convey the amateurs to view the scene. There were also pedestrians innumerable, and a great proportion of horsemen. When the whole assemblage had reached the place of destination, they experienced a most mortifying disappointment: a number of Bow-street officers, attended by a posse of constables, had been sent to Wormwood Scrubs by the Magistrates, to prevent a fight taking place; and if any attempt to set to was made, to take the offenders into custody. Thus circumstanced, a consultation was held by the *gen'men of the fist*, what was best to be done in so critical a situation, when it was agreed that they should disperse in different ways, and meet again at the five-mile stone on the Edgware road, and so elude the vigilance of the officers. The parties then set off, and never was seen such splashing and jostling. Broken vehicles were laying in every quarter. On arriving at the place appointed, it was found that of the two combatants only Maddox made his appearance. The multitude waited for nearly two hours for Pitton; but no Jew arriving, and it being past two o'clock, the cavalcade began to move towards town; and every thought of a battle was for that time given up: however, shortly after, a courier arrived from Wimbledon Common, with information that Pitton was there, waiting for his opponent. This news infused fresh spirits in the crowd, and they set off to Wimbledon Common, by the way of Putney, with all possible dispatch. It was near three o'clock when they reached the place, where Pitton, and a number of his friends, were waiting; and as the day was far advanced, the two combatants began to strip while the ring was forming; and at precisely five

five minutes before three o'clock they set to.

The battle consisted of seventy-four rounds, a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of pugilism, and such hard fighting was never before witnessed. The first three rounds were considerably in favour of the Jew, who knocked down his antagonist each time, without receiving the slightest injury. For many rounds afterwards the battle turned in favour of Maddox, about seven to four, when it changed again on the side of the Jew; indeed, it was observed that the odds, during the conflict, shifted alternately seven times. At about the sixty-eighth round, it was clear that the Jew had the advantage, which he continued to keep till the seventy-third, when each exerted his utmost strength. Skill had been laid entirely aside, after the three first rounds; and at the conclusion of the seventy-third round, they both fell. The seventy-fourth round was decidedly in favour of the Jew, and no doubt was entertained of Maddox being under the necessity of giving in, being dreadfully beat both in the face and body; but, to prevent that, Maddox's brother, with a strong party of friends, broke into the ring, and stopped the further progress of the battle, under the pretence of its being dark. This brought on a sort of general engagement, and a great deal of bloodshed took place, from the blows received by sticks and the fist. At length the affray was settled, and it was agreed that the combatants were not to resume the battle again that night, they having already been engaged for an hour and ten minutes. The Jew was seconded by Lyons, an Israelite, and Maddox by Joe Ward.

Pitton beat Tom Jones upon Wimbledon Common, about a twelvemonth past.

THE NARAGANSET HUNTER.

AS a party of Naraganset Indians were one day hunting on the borders of Dorchester, in the Massachusetts, they stopped at the house of a Mr. Minot, and demanded food and liquor; but being repulsed, on account of their numbers, they went away with evident marks of resentment; and Obquamehud, the Schaic, swore by his father's head, that he would revenge the affront put upon himself and people. To that end, he left behind him a desperate fellow named *Chicatawbut*, who hid himself in the bushes, to take advantage of the first opportunity that might offer to execute the orders of his chief. The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Minot mounted their horses to go with the produce of the farm to a distant market for sale. *Chicatawbut* perceived them going, and rejoiced at the prospect that presented of robbing the house. Minot, it seems, had some opinion that the hunters would return, and had given his maid-servant a strict charge to be upon her guard, and not open the door to any that might apply for that purpose; above all, not to venture abroad with their two children, but wholly content herself with confinement until his arrival. These orders she faithfully observed, and soon after she saw *Chicatawbut* cross the ferry, and proceed towards the farm. The servant knew him immediately to be one of the hunters, and beheld him approach and look about him with the greatest caution, and then rush, as upon his game, to the door of the house; but finding it shut, he attempted to mount the window, when, perceiving the intention of the savage, the young woman instantly placed her master's infant children under two brass kettles, giving them every persuasion

suasion to lie still, and not to utter a word till she came to them again; then running up stairs, she loaded her master's musket, and stood upon the defensive. Chicatawbut was beforehand with her, and presented his piece, which he fired, but providentially did her no hurt. She then fired in her turn, and shot the Indian through the shoulder. He was not, however, so much wounded as to give over his design; but she had resolution enough, as he was entering the window, to thrust an iron shovel full of live coals into the face of the murderous Chicatawbut, which, lodging in his blanket, caused him to fly, roaring like a wounded buffalo; and the next day the Naraganset was found dead in the wood, upon the skirts of the town.

This affair being made known to the Massachusetts government, the young maid was honoured with their approbation, and presented with a silver wrist-band, on which her name was engraved, and this motto:

“She slew the Naraganset Hunter.”

GAME COCK.—CAPTAIN OF THE MARLBOROUGH.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

TO the many instances that have occurred, where the high spirit and noble courage of the game-cock have been made conspicuous, I shall, with your permission, add one more, which, if you judge worthy of insertion, may be placed in your monthly publication.

A true bred stag had been so far neglected, by the breeder, as to be sold, with a number of other fowls,

to the Captain of the Marlborough, 74, for his sea-stock. The purchase was made previous to the departure of the British fleet that sailed under the gallant Earl Howe, in the month of May 1794, about which time the cock was deposited in the coops on board, for the purpose of being brought to table. On the glorious first of June, the fate of the above ship, whose intrepid bravery led her into the hottest scene of action, is too well known to need any explanation. Suffice it to remark, that the enemy's shot had destroyed all the convenience made on her poop for keeping the live stock, and the fowls were flying about in different parts of the ship. Some time after the engagement had commenced, all her masts were shot away by the board, and smoke, hurry, and alarm were general;—when the main-mast went, which was broken about eight feet from the deck, the cock immediately flew to the stump, where he began to flutter his wings, and to crow with all the exultation so commonly observed in a conquering shagbag; a circumstance so singular in its nature, that the tars who were viewing it, conceived a noble resolution from the example, and actually maintained the same sense of triumph as did the cock, until victory and glory crowned the gallant contest.

The spirit of the noble bird became the subject of much observation when the ship arrived in the Hamoaze, and many curious spectators came from different parts of the country, to see the feathered hero that had so proudly shewn the genius of Old England, exulting in the moments of victory.

Bold Chanticleer himself, also became the particular favourite of Lord Lenox, who received him as a valuable present from the gallant Captain of the Marlborough, and he

he now proudly struts in a walk that his Lordship has put him in at Plymouth-dock, with a silver collar round his neck, where he remains to generate a race of plumed bipeds like himself, unparalleled in the universe. N.

ACCOUNT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE *Bowman's Glory*; or, *Tracts on Archery*: To which are added, the Second Part of the *Bowman's Glory*. By T. Roberts.

Here is an author who is properly an enthusiast in the love of this celebrated English weapon; and, in the illustration of his favourite science, as he does not think the minutest detail uninteresting to his reader, he has made considerable additions to the *Toxophilus* of the famous *Ascham*, chiefly from scarce books: and by his diligence he has rendered his work of considerable importance, being at the same time curious, instructive, and entertaining. And we perfectly agree with the Critical Reviewers, "that the use of the bow should never be suffered to become obsolete in the hands of Englishmen."—Some extracts in a future number.

History and Antiquities of the Parish of St. David, South Wales. By G. W. Manby.

As a general knowledge of topography cannot be indifferent to a sportsman, so, in works of this kind, many curiosities in natural history must necessarily occur; we have, therefore, from the work before us, selected the following, as a specimen of the author's talents in the description of the wild-fowl, and the falcons anciently bred upon the rocks of St. David.

"To this island, and the rocks adjoining, yearly resort such a number of migratory sea-birds, of several sorts, as none but those who have been eye-witnesses thereof can be prevailed upon to believe, the cliffs being nearly covered with them. They chiefly consist of the Elyug, the Razor-Bill, which is the Merc of Cornwall; the Puffin, which is the Arctic Duck of *Clausius*, and a variety of Gulls. Here they come to deposit their eggs, and rear their young; in places so high and rugged as to be almost inaccessible to the foot of plunder, or the hand of violence. Their visits and returns are very precipitate; for, after the breeding season, they depart in the night. In the previous evening, the rocks are all covered, and the next morning not a bird is to be seen. In like manner, on their return, in the evening not a bird will be seen, and the next morning the rocks will be full of them. They also visit commonly for a week about Christmas, and then finally take their departure till the following breeding season. The Elyug, and the Razor-Bill, lay but one egg each, on the bare rock, never leaving it until it is hatched, and their offspring able to follow them—the Gulls are their deadliest enemy. The Puffin much resembles the parrot with an arched red beak; they breed in holes vacated by the rabbits. The vast number of eggs laid on these rocks, are, when in season, the principal subsistence of the poorer sort of the inhabitants about St. David's; the eggs are about the size of a duck's egg, beautifully spotted, and variegated in colour; so much so, that it is even said there are not two alike.

"From this island, it was formerly the direct place of embarkation to Ireland; but those who

are

are conversant with the tides do not give much credit to this opinion. The high rocks upon St. David's, were however famous for breeding the most celebrated Falcons for hawking, but there has not been any seen for some centuries past. These Falcons were preferred to all others by King Henry the Second, and are of that sort which are called by sportsmen, Peregrines, and which Augustus Thuanas of Esmer, in his excellent piece on Falconry, termed Hieracosophion.

Low is the crest, the body oblong grows
Of plumage grace; pale colour'd legs,
whose toes

Are thin and wide, round beak."—

Every Man his own Judge; or, Grandeur and Utility pointed out in the Formation of a Horse, &c. with the best and safest way of Nicking.
By Thomas Hornby Morland, Ipswich—Printed for the Author.

For the transmission of the above mentioned ingenious treatise we are indebted to one of our country correspondents. This is perhaps one of the many provincial productions, that a variety of causes sometimes contribute to keep out of the metropolis. Any thing published in the country relative to the chase, sports, games, &c. we shall ever be glad to hear of from any of our correspondents and readers, whether of ancient or modern date—but to return to the work before us, Mr. Morland, justly observes in his first page, "There is not any animal which commands and deserves the admiration of mankind so much as a fine horse; and, in support of his opinion, he quotes the celebrated description of that animal in the 39th chapter of the book of Job, verse 19 to the end, to which, as an illustration, we have taken leave to add the remarks of M. Rollin.

"Hast thou," says the sacred writer, "given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with

thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grass-hopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted: neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha: and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

Every word of the above would merit an explication in order to display its beauties, the latter part especially, which gives a kind of understanding and speech to the horse.—Armies, it should be observed, are a long time before they are set in battle array, and are sometimes very long in view of each other without moving. All the motions are marked by particular signals, and the soldiers are appointed to perform their various duties by the sound of a trumpet. This slowness is importunate to the horse; for as he is ready at the first sound of the trumpet, he is very impatient to find the army must have notice so often given to it. He murmurs secretly against all these delays, and not being able to continue still in his place, nor to disobey orders, he strikes the ground perpetually with his hoof, and complains, in his way, that the soldiers lose their time in gazing upon each other.—He, as Job says, *swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage.*

In his impatience, he considers as nothing, all such signals as are not decisive, or only point out some circumstances to which he is not attentive—neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet—But when it is in earnest and its last blast calls to

to battle, then the whole countenance of the horse is changed. It would appear that he distinguishes by his smell, when the battle was going to begin; and that he distinctly heard the general's orders; and that he answers the confused cry of the army by a noise which discovers his joy and courage. *He saith among the trumpets Ha! ha, and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the Captains and shouting,*"

His noble air, as Mr Morland observes, and grandeur, strength, swiftness, longevity, sagacity, and docility, have rendered him the delight of mankind, in all countries, and in all ages; in short, there is something captivating in his whole appearance, in all his gestures and actions.

The present strain of English race-horses, hunters, and road-horses, are the produce of those which have been imported from different countries, but chiefly from the Eastern nations. Several English gentlemen have been at very great trouble and expence in procuring fine Horses from Arabia, Barbary, and other adjoining kingdoms, as they are allowed to excel the rest of the world in the breed of blood-horses. In Arabia, a fine horse is worth from L.1000, to L.2000 sterling, and one of this sort is considered a sufficient fortune to a child on marriage.

The young men of quality will not intrust one of those to the care of his servant, but will himself see him regularly dressed and fed; and I am credibly informed, they are so much attached to a favourite animal as to sleep in an adjoining apartment, lest any danger should befall him in the course of the night.

The diversion of horse-racing seems chiefly confined to the English: we have therefore been at great pains in training horses for the course, and I am confidently

of opinion, we have attained to such a degree of perfection in this art, that it does not admit of any further improvement; our race-horses having more speed, and being able to maintain it longer than those of any other kingdom in the whole world.

Although we cannot boast of originality in fine horses, yet it may be asserted with truth, that we have used the best means of improving the breed, by crossing ours with those of distant countries, famed for their superiority, and are at present in possession of a most beautiful strain.

Taste is required as much in the judgment of a horse, as in that of a painting, or piece of sculpture; I shall therefore be under the necessity of giving a minute and particular description of each part distinctly, and separately, which united, will form a complete horse, according to the rules of proportion, and agreeable to the received notions of grandeur and utility.

Mr. Morland being of the same school with Mr. J. Lawrence, and Taplin, who may justly be stiled Philanthropists in the equestrian science, we shall in the next place proceed to borrow some of his general observations on the construction of stables, choice of a lady's pad, breaking of horses, &c. in a following number.

Rural Sports, by W. B. Daniel. To the former entertaining extracts from this interesting production in Vols. XIX. and XX. upon Coursing, &c. we have now to add the observations of that experienced writer upon

THE HARE.

THIS, he remarks is an animal too well known to need particular description, further than to shew, that nature, ever bountiful to her creatures, has to this defenceless

U less

less one been largely so. Its ears are constructed for conveying the most remote sounds, and to warn from the distant danger. A Hare under pursuit has an imperfect assistance from her ears sideways or straight before, and her chief excellency in hearing arises from her sensibility to sounds from behind. This is the perfection and primary cause to which its preservation is owing, the talent of running being only a secondary quality; but to perform this function, its legs are extremely muscular, especially the hinder, which are remarkably long; their length gives the Hare a singular superiority over its pursuers in ascending steep places; and so sensible is the animal of this, as always to make toward the rising ground when started. The eyes of the Hare are so situated as to enable her, when at rest on her seat, to observe without difficulty, and almost without motion of the head, a whole circle; they are perpetually open, whether she be *waking* or *sleeping*, and are so protuberant, that the lids are too short to cover them when asleep. She moves her nostrils frequently when sleeping, and often whilst awake; she *then* winks her eye lids; and yet the Hare, *when running*, from various incidents that have occurred, seems to use her sight (which, from the form and situation of the eye, is admirably calculated to espy impending danger from every quarter) imperfectly forwards, and to direct it chiefly towards her pursuers, so much so, as to endanger her safety. As an instance—in Sandpit Wood, in the parish of Terling in Essex, a pack of Fox-hounds, very early in the season of 1782, had just unkenelled, and the hares, of which, as well as of foxes, there were plenty in the cover, were many of them disturbed. In one of the paths, a hare met and ran against a terrier

who was hastening to the cry, with such velocity, that both animals were apparently killed; the dog with some difficulty was recovered, but the hare's skull was fractured to pieces.

The habitual timidity of the Hare, and its perpetual apprehension of danger, preserve it lean, and in a state the best adapted to profit by that speed which forms its security. The feet are protected by a thick hairy covering, which in dry or frosty weather gives it great advantage over the dog pursuing it. The Hare never walks, but jumps; in the day-time it very seldom quits its form, but at night searches for and procures its food, always returning through the same *Meuses*.

"With step revers'd, she forms the doubling maze,

Then, ere the morn peeps thro' the clouds,
Leaps to her close recess."

Of this return by the same paths, the poacher too often avails himself with snares or nets.

The Hare possesses the sense of smelling in a high degree of perfection; though the *Poacher* take his stand with every caution, and let the Hare approach with all boldness toward the spot, the instant she winds him, another track is immediately taken. Although this natural faculty secures the Hare from the *lurking poacher's gun*, an experienced *Snarer* will turn it to his advantage; he will find where the Hare relieves, and by spitting near the other *Meuses*, and leaving the one where the *business* is to be done clear from any taint, the snare *therein* set, is sure to be fatal.

Her near approach in colour to the ground, hides the Hare from the sight of its enemies, man, birds, and beast of prey. In northern countries, providence, careful to preserve every species of animal, causes the fur of the Hare, as well as of many others, to become white

in winter, which renders them less conspicuous in the snow. Instances have been known of white Hares in South Britain; and the late Mr. Doughty of Leiston, in Suffolk, had plenty of Hares of a much lighter grey than the wild rabbit, and which were of the usual size. In a wood belonging to Mr. Corbet, of Strawberry Park, in Shropshire, a Hare, very nearly of a pure white, was killed in November 1797, which weighed upwards of nine pounds, and a singular account is given for this change of colour, which is imagined to have proceeded from the animal being over heated, to which its *terror* may be added. About two years since, she was coursed a very long distance by a leash of greyhounds; one of the dogs caught, but died whilst the hare was in his mouth, and she then made her escape; the other two greyhounds were to all appearance dead, but by immediate bleeding and proper treatment, were restored. As a proof of its being the same Hare, half of the scut remained in the dog's mouth that died, and when the Hare was taken, she wanted that part. This Hare was often seen, and was at last killed by a pointer, when upon her form. Her skin is preserved as a curiosity.

In Siberia was once seen by Mr. Muller, two Hares of a jet black, and wonderful fine gloss, and in the winter of 1768, near Casan, a third was taken; these much exceeded in bulk the common kind.

Hares vary in their size; the smallest are in the Isle of Ilay; the largest, (where some have weighed twelve pounds,) in the Isle of Man. They are sometimes met with in England from ten to eleven, but the general weight is from seven to eight pounds and an half.

According to Buffon, Hares are larger and stronger in proportion to the coldness of the country they in-

habit. In their natural state of liberty, they are never *fat*; but a Hare, when tamed and fed in the house, often dies merely from the load of fat which she acquires. It is said that warreners used to stop the ears of their Hares with *war*, and that by thus being freed from the fear of sound, they soon became fat.

The Hare's most favourite food, is pinks, parsley, and birch; in hard weather, haws have been found in their droppings; and in young plantations they are highly injurious. By eating the bark from the trees, which they will do from every sort, except the alder and lime. A Suffolk gentleman in 1798, was obliged to destroy his Hares, near some new plantation, and the amount of what was known to have fallen victims, was *five hundred and forty one brace*.

The Hare does not pair, but pursues the female by its sense of smelling; they breed during the whole year, except about two months or ten weeks in the severity of winter. The female goes with young one month, usually has two, sometimes three, and very rarely four; but in the spring of 1799, in the orchard of W. Cole, of Helions Bumpsted, in Essex, seven young Hares were found in one form; each was marked with a star of white in its forehead. This mark, according to received opinion, is always seen when the young exceed two in number.

The mother suckles them about twenty days, after which they separate and procure their own food, making a form or seat sixty or eighty paces from each other; so that when we meet with one young Hare, we are almost certain of finding more within a small distance. According to Buffon, the Hare is the only animal which has hair in the *inside* of the mouth. The breast of the Hare is narrow, and

at the same time the chest is most capacious. During the time of its being hunted, the lungs are in a continual state of violent expansion, and by the frequent inspiration and expiration become in the end so vastly distended, as to require a much larger space than is assigned for the purpose; the chest therefore is fashioned to receive more breath, or give the lungs more room to perform their office, than any other creature.

The superfetation of the Hare is recorded as a rare instance of fecundity. Sir Thomas Brown, in his treatise on *Vulgar Errors*, asserts this circumstance from his own observation, and Buffon describes it as one of this animal's peculiar properties, and from the structure of their parts of generation, he argues that the notion has arisen of Hermaphrodite Hares; that the males sometimes bring forth young, and that some are alternately males and females, and perform the functions of either sex; but as the Hare breeds frequently in the year, there needs not this property to be suggested or contended for, as a reason for their increase. A brace of Hares, (the doe pregnant when shut up,) were inclosed in a large walled garden, and proper plants supplied for their sustenance. At the expiration of twelve months the garden was examined, and the produce was *fifty-seven* Hares, including the original parents.

The Hare lives six or seven years, and comes to maturity in less than one; the young are known by the easy breaking of the *under* jaw-bone, and the same process will determine the age of rabbits. The feeling and situation of the joint of the fore-leg, as described when treating upon the rabbit, will shew the young from the old Hare. The cleft in the lips spreading very much, and the claws being blunt

and rugged, and the ears dry and tough, are likewise signs of age. On the contrary, when the ears tear easily, the cleft of the lip is narrow, and the claws are smooth and sharp, the Hare is young. The body will be stiff, and the flesh of a pale colour when newly killed; if limber, and the flesh turning black, it is stale.

The Hare is applied to uses very different from what it formerly was. Our ancestors deemed it impious to taste its flesh; their descendants, on the contrary, brave pains and penalties to obtain it for their tables. The Romans reckoned a young Hare a great delicacy, and the wing the best part; our modern *Gourmands* (especially of the city) do not give their suffrages in favour of any particular joint; the *largest* Hare is, by them, usually considered the best.

(To be continued.)

THE HYDE PARK DISASTER.

An Etching from a design of

SARTORIUS THE YOUNGER.

THE accident which befell a gentleman of the name of Dozer in Hyde Park, on Sunday the 29th of November, and which is described in our last Magazine, page 55, gave adoption to the design from which the above-mentioned etching is taken—the account referred to, was not a newspaper production, but written by a gentleman who was present, and an eye witness to the accident. Should this plate meet commendation equal to that of a horse falling from a precipice given in our Magazine for October last, the artist who gave the design, and the engraver who finished it, will have little cause to complain of the want of that fair proportion of public approbation, to which their respective merits entitle them.

COVENT

Accident in Hyde Park.



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COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The Characters and Fable of
Family Quarrels are as follow :

Saturday, December 18, 1802.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE laudable exertions of the Manager of this popular Theatre, justly entitle him to universal approbation and patronage. Ever eager to treat his audience with something novel and meritorious, he readily adopts, and produces such new pieces, as are offered by the best dramatic writers; then, with a liberality equal to any *Mecenas* of antiquity, apports his rewards to the comparative merits of each piece. Thus, while he evinces himself a noble patron to the man of talent, he gratifies his audience, and exalts his own interest. When we contemplate the numerous class of human beings who are dependent on his judgment for livelihood and comfort, we cannot withhold the meed of praise, nor can we reflect on the pleasure and amusement experienced at his Theatre, without feeling some obligations to the Manager. To elucidate the foregoing remarks, we need only instance the *Opera* of this evening, and its ingenious author. Mr. T. DIBDIN, with genius and talents singularly adapted for dramatic writing, with "wit at will," and powers remarkably prompt, and ready in the production of the witty, and pathetic, English ballad, found a discriminating patron and friend in the above gentleman. The latter has brought forward the writer's pieces with energy, and the former has proved himself worthy of his and the public's approving encouragement.

The *Opera* of this evening is the avowed production of this author, who has already treated the public with "*Five Thousand a Year*," and also instituted a "*School for Prejudice*," where "*The Jew and Doctor*" may take lessons, and "*A Horse and Widow*" will be taken in.

Sir Peppercorn Crabstick	Mr. Munden.
Squire Foxglove	Mr. Ingleton.
Mushroom	Mr. Emery.
Argus	Mr. Blanchard.
Mr. Supplejack	Mr. Simmons.
Charles Supplejack	Mr. Braham.
Proteus	Mr. Fawcett.
Lady Patience Crabstick	Miss Chapman.
Caroline Crabstick	Miss Waddy.
Susan	Signora Storace.
Mrs. Supplejack	Mrs. Davenport.
Kitty	Mrs. Dibdin.
Lady Selina Sugarcane	Mrs. Mattocks.
Betty Lilly	Mrs. Martyr.

The first Scene presents a romantic view of a village, in which the adjacent mansions of the two families, whose quarrels give a title to the piece, are beautifully portrayed; in the fore-ground is a rustic bridge, and a cascade in motion. The piece opens with an assemblage of sportsmen, anglers, and huntsmen, one of whom (Squire Foxglove) relates that Sir Peppercorn Crabstick has broken off a match between his daughter Caroline and Charles the son of Mr. and Mrs. Supplejack, because the latter, proud of her own honourable origin, has looked down upon the newly acquired title and fortune of Sir Peppercorn, whose greatest pride is to own his obligations to trade, and the successful efforts of his own indefatigable industry.—In their mutual anger, the heads of the two families introduce new plans of marriage for their respective offspring. Lady Selina Sugarcane, the chattering widow of a West India nabob, is brought from town as a match for Charles, and Miss Caroline is destined by her father to meet the addresses of Matthew Mushroom, Esq. a rich Yorkshire clothier, who is preferred by Sir Peppercorn for his great fortune, and for the obscurity of the family he springs from. Charles, however,

however, by the assistance of his friend Foxglove, procures an interview by moon light, with Caroline, which is discovered by the vigilance of Argus, a trusty servant of Sir Peppercorn's, who suddenly catches the lovers together, and forbids her admirer and his friend ever to approach his house in future.

In Act II, Caroline is confined close prisoner to her chamber; her maid Susan, however, contrives, in the disguise of a gipsy, to convey a letter to Charles, whose parents and intended bride she amuses by pretending to tell their fortunes. Peter Proteus, who is actuated by gratitude to Charles, and an antipathy to Argus, (who had superseded him in Sir Peppercorn's service) deceives the latter in the disguise of a Jew, and effects the escape of Caroline, who to avoid being seen in her flight, rides from her father's in a post-chaise, which Mrs. Supplejack had prepared to convey Charles to London, in hopes that absence might detach his affections from Caroline, who by this accident is sent away in the self-same conveyance, and with the very man it was designed to take away from her.

Act III, after some preparatory scenes, discovers to the enraged parents the joint flight of their children, at a time when each were applauding their own sagacity in preventing their union.—Charles and Caroline are received by 'Squire Foxglove, the common friend of all parties, who employs his influence with the old fellows in their behalf.—Mr. Mushroom and Lady Selina, finding themselves equally disappointed in the event of their journeys to the village, make a match of it. While Sir Peppercorn Crabstick and Mrs. Supplejack, finding all their plans frustrated, agree to drop their absurd disputes about ancestry and trade, to try the union of

the two young lovers, to put an end to Family Quarrels.—Mr. Supplejack and Lady Patience Crabstick most heartily assent to the arrangement, having been perfectly passive through the business, while the joint services of Proteus and Susan are rewarded with a marriage portion.

This constitutes the foundation of an Opera, which promises to reward its author with additional fame and fortune. Yet, it had nearly suffered damnation on its first performance, by a seemingly strange circumstance, which we will endeavour to develope in the sequel.

Our Author, like the sage Physician, wisely appropriates his prescriptions to the constitution of the patient. Thus, knowing the partiality of John Bull for bustle, variety, and character; and also to laughter, and a good song; he has brought the whole of those requisites into the present composition, and seasoned it with a "few flashes of wit," *bons mots*, and repartees. Indeed, when we consider the nature and tendency of comedy, to satire, folly, and affectation, by public ridicule, we must allow that our Author has happily succeeded.—Some grim, *vinegar critics*, will contend that comedy is degraded by its approximation to farce; and that Mr. Dibdin's pieces are all of the latter description. In replying to this, we hope to be clearly understood as not merely vindicating an individual, but opposing the evidence of popular opinion to that of insulated partiality. A dramatic writer who wishes, or expects to succeed in the present state of society, must not run counter to the expectations and partiality of it; nor will he be likely to derive much *useful knowledge* from that class of critics who fix their standard of excellence in the Greek, Roman, and

our English classics. A living Author must hold

"The mirror up to nature."

And, as the goddess is continually changing her features, by the modification of fashion, so must the writer catch every variety, and incorporate it in his Drama. Besides, the frequenters of the Play-House are more partial, and reasonably so, to Thalia, than Melpomene: and the prudent dramatic caterer appeals to them, for popular approbation and support. Though we could easily illustrate the foregoing remarks, by an examination of theatrical annals for the last ten years, yet obstinacy and prejudice would not yield to reason and fact. However, as some are happily unprejudiced, let us appeal to them on the present occasion, and relate a few circumstances concerning Family Quarrels.

By some very *wisfar* proceeding, a story had been circulated among the Jews, that Mr. Dibdin had ridiculed or satirised their tribe in his new piece. This roused the Israelites, and they consulted means to damn the opera; which they endeavoured to effect the first night of its representation, by assembling in great numbers in all parts of the House.

Before the curtain drew up they began an opposition, and continued to disturb the audience and players all the evening; man determined on mischief, cannot sit easy, but immediately Mr. Fawcett appeared in the assumed dress of a Jew, the stifled plot burst forth in disgraceful uproar, and though the players and christian auditors solicited, and begged for peace, the bearded enemy refused to capitulate. Nay, so savagely warlike was their conduct,

they refused every overture of pacification, even from a beautiful woman*, and continued clamorous till hoarseness and fatigue damp their damning spirits. The Christian auditors finding themselves thus insulted, resolved to support their own characters, and defend the whole theatre on the future part of the evening, and the following nights: this they have done effectually, and the Israelites will have cause to blush, if a blush can permeate their beards, for their folly. Mr. Dibdin and Mr. Cumberland have, perhaps, misunderstood the character of these gentlemen, and judging from their own dispositions and virtues, have made three or four of them, honest, good men; this was a satire not to be borne, and they resolved to hurl their indignation against the former writer for his falsehood. Who is most to blame, time will discover.

The plot of Family Quarrels is simple, the incidents natural, and calculated to keep expectation alive; the characters in general well drawn and strongly coloured; and the songs emanate from this piece with more propriety than from any other we are acquainted with. The play strongly east, and its music composed by men of great talent. Its effects are the most powerful we ever witnessed.

Though we have bestowed praise, yet we could easily find fault; but that was not the intention of our essay. Besides, we think that many of the diurnal critics have been more censorious than discriminating.

Operas are generally the most insipid, and unnatural monsters of the brain; but here we find some "Rhyme and Reason" in the songs, and in their mode of introduction.

LITTLE B.

* Miss Waddy with great energy of expression intreated silence.

DEATH OF

MR. ROGER KEMBLE.

ON Monday morning, December 6, died in London, in the 82d year of his age, Mr. Roger Kemble. This gentleman's name will always be memorable in Dramatic History, on account of those talents in his offspring, which have so eminently contributed to give lustre to the English Stage. Mr. Roger Kemble, very early in life, ventured upon Theatrical Boards. He married Miss Ward, the daughter of Mr. Ward, a contemporary with Quin on the London Stage, and who afterwards became the Manager of a very respectable provincial company of performers *. By this Lady †, who has the misfortune of seeing her venerable associate in life drop into the grave before her, he had a numerous train of children ‡, to whom he gave all the advantages of education, which it was in his power to bestow, and whom he had the pleasure of seeing arrive at an height of fame and fortune by the fair exertion of industry and genius. Mr. R. Kemble possessed a very good understanding, and was well acquainted with life. He was a respectable actor, though he never appeared more than once on a London Stage, when he performed *The Miller of Mansfield*, in the Haymarket Theatre, for the benefit of his son Stephen, and dis-

played good sense and unaffected humour ||. He was always respected for prudence and probity; and he quitted the Stage of Life, fully entitled to approbation and esteem for the Part he acted, till the last awful falling of the Curtain.

MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE.

MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE took leave of the town, after performing *Shylock*, on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst. at Drury-Lane.—His address was in the character of Sir John Falstaff. He first tells the audience, that his brethren of the sock, at Newcastle, had forboded his want of success on the Loudon Boards, who are made to exclaim—

What! vainly hope from them applause
to win,

Who still remember—HENDERSON and
QUIN.

To this, he says,

But my resolves ill-bodings could not
daunt,

"For I'm no coward—tho' not JOHN of
GAUNT."

And, in conclusion,

Once more, farewell—Ah! how 'twould
warm my heart,

Could I but hope you'll say as I depart,
While my demerits you forbear to scan,

"We could have better spar'd a better
man!"

* Acting at the Theatres in Stafford, Lichfield, Coventry, &c.

† Of the professional abilities, and the private virtues of Mrs. Kemble, every one who knows her speaks most highly; and to her admirable example, in a great measure, is, doubtless, to be attributed, the high rank and reputation held by her children.

‡ Their surviving offspring are, Mrs. Siddons; Mr. John Kemble; Mr. Stephen Kemble; Mrs. Twiss, formerly Miss Frances Kemble; Mrs. Curtis; Mrs. Whitlock, formerly Miss Elizabeth Kemble, now the first actress in America; Mr. Charles Kemble, of Drury-Lane Theatre; and Mrs. Mason, late Miss Jane Kemble, of the Theatre, Lancaster.

|| This was long after he had given up the management of his Theatres, and had retired into private life. He acted to serve his son on his benefit night; and the curiosity of the public to see him was so great, that hundreds could not gain admission.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE Duke of Grafton being *for-hunting* near Newmarket, a Quaker, at some distance, upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his hat, and gave a view holla!—The hounds immediately ran to him, and being drawn off the scent, were consequently at fault, which so enraged the Duke, that, galloping up to the offender, he asked, in an angry tone—"Art thou a Quaker?"—"I am, Friend," replied Broadbrim.—"Well, then," rejoined his Grace, "as you never pull off your hat to a *Christian*, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a *For*."

A man, whose name was *Cotton*, having a dispute with a neighbour, they agreed to decide the business by their fists; and the former being vanquished, a punning spectator observed, "*Cotton is Worsted*."

A gentleman who suffered much under a painful disorder, was ordered to take a dose of *laudanum*, but fell asleep before it was administered. His friend, a gentleman from Ireland, roused him vehemently from his nap, exclaiming, "You must not *sleep* till you have taken the *sleepy-potion*."

A very curious circumstance happened lately, during divine service, at Minster, in the Isle of Sheppy:—As the Rev. Mr. Martin was reading the service, and had just uttered, "O! Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world," a

house-lamb, belonging to Mr. Stephen Rouse, made his appearance at the entrance of the church, and *bua'd*; in consequence of which his master, Mr. S. Rouse, was obliged to get out of his pew, and turn him out of church.

A poor Irish labourer lately applied to a lady for her interest to be admitted into an hospital, as he was very ill. The lady said, she only subscribed to the *Lying-in* Hospital. "That's the very one I want," cried Pat, in an extacy, "as my landlord threatens to turn me out; and if he does, I have no place to *lie in*."

A *personable young woman* advertises, in a provincial paper, for a service. She says she is well qualified to manage a *single gentleman*.

Lately, at a company dinner of paper-makers, printers, &c. at Edinburgh, one of the toasts was—"May rags clothe the company."—The band very appropriately, played, "We'll a' be happy in our auld claise."—Another toast was—"Mr. Addington, and the rest of the peace-makers."—The band immediately struck up, "De'il tak' the wars."—One of the toasts on this occasion intimated that the gallant 42d had turned the French *Invincibles* into *Invisibles*! The music echoed it with "Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled?" and "The Highland Laddie."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

OUR sporting friends will be happy to hear that the King's Plates for the year 1802 are all receivable. During the war they were kept back, particularly towards its conclusion.

Paris, Nov. 27.—The First Consul still pursues his labours with very little relaxation. The day before yesterday he took the diversion of the chase; but, in the midst of it, he was thrown from his horse, and fell upon his head. His companions were greatly alarmed for his safety, as he remained for some time without motion; he was merely stunned by the fall, and had received no personal injury. The fact was, that his mind being occupied with other matters, very different from that in which he was engaged, he clung, but mechanically, as it were, to his horse, and was flung from his seat by a sudden spring of the animal. In a similar state of mind, he narrowly escaped a few days before, from being overturned into a deep ditch, when taking the air with Madame Bonaparte in an open carriage.

MATCH AGAINST TIME—Mr. Willaby, of Blickling, near Aylsham, Norfolk, weighing 14 stone 3lb. betted 30 guineas he would ride his own mare, 15 hands high, rising 7 years old, 90 miles in 10 hours. He accordingly started on Thursday morning, the 25th ult. at six o'clock from the ten-mile stone on the Aylsham road. The animal went 70 miles in 7 hours and 20 minutes;

upon her return at St. Faith's, it was thought proper to give her water, although before she had drank only wine and porter mixed. She faulted much before reaching the starting place, and on her arrival, being quite spent, she was obliged to give in.—Many bets, to a considerable amount, were depending, the odds being in favour of the mare. He had agreed to sell her for 40l. if she had won, and it is believed, had she not drank water, that would have been the case.

A PONEY, only four years old, and not exceeding twelve hands high, the property of a horse-dealer, at St. Pancrass, was engaged lately, to trot five miles in twenty minutes, which was performed on the Hatfield road, one minute and a half within the time.

A GREAT number of people assembled at Two-mile-bridge, near Dublin, on Monday the 13th, to witness the decision of a bet, for fifty guineas, that a mare belonging to Captain Robbins, of the 12th Light Dragoons, should, in a sporting manner, clear a six-foot wall. She performed it evidently with ease, carrying a lad of eleven or twelve stone weight.

A MATCH for 200 guineas was this month run upon Warwick Course, between a horse the property of Mr. Canning, and another belonging to Mr. Hawkes, which was won by the former by only half a neck; a very excellent and well contested race. Bets, before starting,

ing, five to four in favour of Mr. Hawkes.—The match was a two-mile heat, and the horses were rode by gentlemen.

A wager of twenty guineas was lately decided on Westbromwich-heath, by a gentleman of Wolverhampton, who engaged to walk 40 miles in 10 hours; he fixed upon the last mile upon the heath leading to Wednesbury, and walked the ground in nine hours and twenty minutes, having breakfasted and timed in the time.

A PEDESTRIAN at Scarborough lately undertook to run on the sands ten miles in an hour, which he effected within that space of time, in the presence of numerous spectators.

On Sunday morning the 19th, at eight o'clock, started from the Horse Guards, two gunsmiths, for a wager of ten guineas, to walk round St. James's Park, which was performed in twelve minutes, supposed to exceed one mile and a quarter; the one aged 21, and the other 36, who has won many bets, but was beaten by the former by 100 yards: supposed by the spectators to be equal to the famous Powell.

A FOOT-RACE took place some days ago in the Green Park, between a *Tongue* and a *Pike*, both of readily. The sum pending was considerable. At starting the bettors were greatly in favour of the former; but, however, after a very smart contest, declared for *Pike*.

THE ten fine Persian horses, despatched by the Emperor of Russia, as presents to the Margrave of Baden, passed through Hanover on the 21st.

Among them are four white lions of exquisite beauty.

ON Sunday, November 28, a naval officer pranced down Rotten Row, mounted on his bit of blood, and, by an improper use of the reins, or the want of judgment in

the management of the reins, the animal became restive, and his rider not being able to keep him to the bias, he sprang repeatedly from one side of the road to the other. In one of these frisks, he ran foul of a lady's horse so furiously as to upset both the horse and its fair rider. Happily neither were hurt. The female equestrian remounted, and the tar proceeded on his voyage. He had not proceeded far, before his steed again shewed marks of disobedience, and, to the surprize and consternation of the pedestrians, the animal leaped with his rider over the railing into the footpath, where he upset all that came in his way. Fortunately nothing serious arose in consequence, and the Son of Neptune being dismounted, his steed was soon secured.

In a pleasant village near the metropolis, noted for its constant "tea and turn out parties," the extortion of *card money* had lately risen to such a pitch, that it was no unusual thing for the lady of the house, upon the breaking up of a table, to immediately examine the sub cargo of the candlestick; and, previous to the departure of her guests, proclaim aloud the lamentable defalcation of a pitiful shilling, which they might perchance have forgot to contribute. We are happy to find that some of the most respectable people in the place have resolved to discountenance and abolish this *shabby genteel* custom, which has too long prevailed; a shameful degradation of every thing like English hospitality.

THE visitors to Mr. Concanon's *petites soupers*, at *Paris*, are not attracted by *billets* previously circulated, but by *cards*, afterwards dealt out in an elegant and scientific manner: not to mince the matter, they are the rendezvous of *deep play*; and the only questionable point

point about the matter is, whether the *Irish*, or the *French*, will prove victors at the close of so desperate a winter's campaign?

A SPORTING man, named Goose D—s, is said to have netted L.6000, by the last October Meeting, at Newmarket.

THE Duke of Bedford has generously fulfilled the request of the late Duke, his brother, by granting a bond of annuity of 2000l. per ann. to Mr. Tekell, of the Temple, and Colonel Hyde, of Cavendish-square, in trust for Lady Maynard.

THE Marchioness of Salisbury's dwarf fox-hounds are in high reputation: they have had a succession of fine runs this season, in which her Ladyship, by dint of superior jockeyship, has generally contrived, with the Squires of the Chase—"to leave them at a distance behind."

LATELY died, at Thornville-Royal, aged 27, the well-known stallion, Jupiter, son of Eclipse, out of the late Mr. O'Kelly's Old Tartar Mare.—And on Thursday died, at Clifton, near this city, of a locked-jaw, in consequence of a prick of a thorn in one of his feet, Mr. Clifton's horse Lancaster, son of Sir Peter Teazle, out of a daughter of Dungannon.—*York Herald*.

LATELY died at Bristol, in Pennsylvania, a female slave named Alice, aged 116 years. She was born where Philadelphia now stands, and remembered the ground which the city covers when it was a wilderness, and when the Indians, its chief inhabitants, hunted wild game in the woods, while the panther, the wolf, and the beasts of the forest, were prowling about the wigwams and cabins in which they lived.

THE celebrated *Botany Bay* Barington is said to have died there

some time ago, in a state of insanity, leaving a property to the amount of L.12,000.

A WOLF lately attacked several persons in the Commune of Lieux, in France, some of whom were dreadfully wounded, but the animal was at length shot. The Prefect of the Commune has granted a reward of 150 francs to two citizens who delivered the country from the ravages of this animal. The landholders in that quarter propose to arm their shepherds with swords and muskets.

FRANCES COE, a female poacher, was sent to Cambridge Castle, on Tuesday se'nnight, she being detected in taking a snare off a hare's neck, and another was found in her apron.

A WHITE HARE.—It having been confidently affirmed by several persons, that a white hare had been seen on or near Crowborough Common, Sussex, Thursday the first instant was the day appointed for the destruction of the poor animal, who upwards of one hundred persons assembled, with the Rotherfield hounds, to witness the death of such an extraordinary hare. She was soon found and started, (which was sure enough); and after an excellent chase of upwards of an hour running nearly the whole time full view of dogs, horses, and men, she was killed on the common near the Beacon; when behold, upon examination, it appeared that the puss had been in the hands of some *WAG*, who had cropped one of her ears, and, with great dexterity, actually PAINTED her completely WHITE!!!

AN Eagle was lately shot in Mr. Byass's grounds, near Londborough, in Yorkshire, whose wing extended, measured two yards at a quarter.

POETRY

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

WHEN THE MORN STANDS
ON TIPTOE.*A Celebrated Hunting Duet,*

WHEN the morn stands on tiptoe
 'twixt mountain and sky,
 How sweet 'tis to follow the hounds in
 full cry;
 When the bright sparkling dew-drops the
 meadows adorn,
 How sweet 'tis to follow the echoing horn.

CHORUS.

Tantara, tantara, &c.

Yet, greater the pleasure when love leads
 the way,
 A Nymph to pursue that's more bright than
 the day;
 But the joys are divine, when, pursuing we
 find
 The Nymph is o'ertaken, the Fair-one
 proves kind.

CHORUS.

Tantara, tantara, &c.

What pleasure is so excellent,
 As wheep and cut and spur;
 What music can compare,
 To the yelping of a cur;
 When a hunting, &c.

Actæon was a hunter bold,
 Wore horns upon his pate;
 But we will take our wives with us,
 And so avoid his fate;

When a hunting, &c.

If in a ditch, or bog, or brake,
 Our carcase chance to stick in,
 We're all militia Captains now,
 Of gander, goose, and chicken;

When a hunting, &c.

But if perchance a fox chase
 Should cost a man his breath,
 We're all militia Captains now,
 And who's afraid of death?

When a hunting, &c.

Then should we break sly Reynard's neck,
 In pastime e'nt it merit;
 And if perchance we break our own,
 Why, damme, e'nt it spirit;

When a hunting, &c.

But, if a Quist won't quit his bed,
 For sports so blithe and bonny,
 We'll swear he hates fatigue and dirt,
 And call him Macaroni;

When a hunting, &c.

Abuse him for his want of taste,
 Since nothing so bewitches,
 Like spending all the winter long,
 In boots and leather britches;

When a hunting, &c.

FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

From Nimrod's Songs of the Chase.

DECEMBER is a month,
 When British brains are addled;
 The morning's wet and dirty,
 So get the cattle addled;
 For a hunting we will go.

NEW
PARODY OF SHAKESPEARE.

Henry VIII.—Act I.

IN journees, nothing so befits a man,
As gentle pace upon a double horse;
"While fair and conjugal discourae, as
sugar,
"Makes the hard way sweet and delectable."

But, when the huntsman's horn blows in
our ears,

Then imitate the action of a racer:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the courage,
Defend the brains with a hard-favour'd
cap;

In scarlet's bright array throw off from
cover,

Let the new boot sit tightly on the calf,
Like the smooth wax; then dash through
thick and thin,

O'er fearful leaps; nor reck confounded
falls.

Now swill'd with floods, now drench'd with
soaking rains,

Set fast the teeth, and stretch the nostrils
wide;

Hold hard the breath, and stick in both
the spurs

Up to the rowel head!—On, on, you
nobles,

Whose blood's deriv'd from fathers of
scull-proof!

Fathers, that, like so many frantic Nim-
rods,

Have in these parts, from morn till eve,
knock'd up

Horse after horse, for lack of argument!
Dishonour not your pedigree; attest

That those, whom you call'd fathers, tu-
tor'd you:

So tutor you your sons, grooms, whippers-in,
And teach them how to leap! And you

good yeomen,

While freedom's in the land, preserve the
foxes,

Tho' we cut up the pastures: so we'll swear
That you are worthy of your rack-rent
farms:

For there is none of you so mean and
base

To mind the damages we do your corn.

I see you stand, like jockeys, in your stir-
rups,

Straining upon the state; the game's in
view,

Follow our spirit, and upon the chase
Cry—Tallyho! England! and Fox-hunt-
ing!

ANOTHER.

Romeo and Juliet—Act II.—Scene 2.

THE grey-eyed eve brings on the
smiling night,

Chequering the streets and squares with
lamps of light;

And modern Fashion ne'er from table
reels,

But drives to crowded routs his chariot
wheels.

Now, ere the Sun advance his glaring eye,
The day t' intrude, and night's dear joys
to spy,

I must fill up what hours my luck awards
With rattling dice, and precious spotted
cards.

The night, that plodding business doth
entomb,

Calls up enchanting revels in its room;
And, at the call, gamblers of divers kind

For plunder meet, in desperate league
combin'd;

None but know some, most, ev'ry trick
to cheat,

In all the frauds of villany complete.

O! mickle is the powerful chance that
lies

In Ace, King, Queen, and their three
qualities:

No game so low, that on the cards is
play'd,

But on the cards the greatest bets are
laid;

Nor aught so high, but, strain'd from its
fair use,

Revolts from pastime, leading on abuse;
Shuffling can turn up Palm, if well ap-
plied,

And Palm by flush is sometimes dignified.
Within the stately rooms of yon first-floor,

Hazard hath residence, and Faro pow'r;
Winning at this, with ducats fills the purse;

Ill-luck at that, resounds at ev'ry curse.
Two such opposed foes in mortals meet,

As well at cards—fair dealing—and de-
ceit—

And where the worsor doth suggest the
plan,

Full soon, with pistol, Death does up that
man!

J. J. B.

ADDRESS.

ADDRESS.

Written by Mr. Kemble, and spoken by Mr. Egerton, at the Theatre in Stockton.

NOW, that we're all at peace, alive,
and well,
Let's, with Othello, cry, "Oh! now fare-
well
The steed, the trump, the banner, and
the car;
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glo-
rious war!
Ye pin-head hearted heroes, pale and wan,
Know, now, the soldier's occupation's
gone!"
"Are you in earnest, faith, and troth,
now pray,"
Cries honest Teague—"and did you
mean to say,
That peace was com'd? Oh! Heaven
bless your Honour,
This won't be news, perhaps, to Judy
Connor!
Oh, Judy! Oh, my shoul! when I com-
plain
Of Judy's love, Chay-horse is come
again."
"Hoot mon," cries Sandy, "Chaos is
the word;
Your pronunc'ation, child, is quite absurd!
Ye ken, we speak pure English i' the
North;
Inquire for Sandy Stewart, of Arbroath."
"Arbroath!" a wounded soldier cries,
—"Arbroath!"
Unwilling, yet, he seem'd to speak his
worth!
Whilst conscious honour gave a thousand
charms;
Tho' he had lost one leg and both his
arms:
"I'm of Arbroath," he said "in Egypt's
field
We fought, and forc'd th' Invincibles to
yield;
Proud day for Scotia, when her sons were
reckon'd,
The glorious Scotchmen of the Forty-se-
cond:
To bagpipe tune, the Frenchmen danc'd
a reel,
Each Highlander his broad sword us'd
full weel;
And all my limbs I'd lose, ere any say,
Ah! Wolly, lad, ye were na there that
day!"

"Why, that's well said," replies an
English tar,
"And, faith, I've had my share of this
here war;
I fought with Jarvis, Duncan, Nelson,
Howe;
To prate of which, what argues it now?
Peace is proclaim'd, and we have done
with blows,
Tho' I have lost one arm, and half my
nose:
What then, there's Chelsea, aye, and
Greenwich too,
Where they lay up such damag'd red
and blue;
Rather than France should triumph on
the main,
Maim'd, as I am, I'd go to sea again!
Whilst British sailors love their native
land,
France, Spain, and Holland! Pshaw, they
may be dam'd."
"Now, blesh my shoul" Isaac the
broker cries,
"If there's a peace—the stocks will sure-
ly rise!
I must go borrow all the cash I lent,
And let out yesterday at chent per
cent!
I'll run on 'Change—the news is hardly
blown,
I'll buy up stock, before it's better known!
There it shall lie and breed—and guineas
plenty;
The treaty sign'd, of one I will make
twenty."
"Yes, commerce," cries the merchant,
"once again
Shall woo the winds, and court the fickle
main;
See France and Britain, link'd in social
ties,
See laurel'd peace, descending from the
skies!
Definitive, upon her breast, I read;
On her bright zone, England and France
agreed!
Our guardian angels, leading commerce,
smile,
The wealth, the strength, the bulwark of
our isle:
Lo! happy millions, anxious on the
strand,
Impatient wait, to see the goddess land;
Hark! Music fills the pause of loud huz-
zas,
The king receives a loyal people's
praise;
Still,"

Still," he exclaims, buoy'd upon Fancy's wing,

"I hear them grateful shout—God save the King."

A NEW SONG.

HOLD your bother, and hear a tight
lad from the nation,
And loudly let's join in a chorus, my boys;

As War has turn'd out but a queer speculation,

Because we're at peace; let us make a great noise.

To peep at your fortune if any one asks,
Why shew all your swans that were formerly geese,

And boast though your blessings disguised are like taxes,

Your two-penny loaves are but two-pence a-piece.

The Children of Care may demure be as Quakers,

Whilst gloom, ever frowning, our pastime reviles;

A set of sad features may suit undertakers,
But Mirth's jolly sons always glitter in smiles.

With wine and dear women of life I grow fonder,

They brighten my day, and enrapture the night;

And, if too much liquor should make my mind wander,

It wanders, believe me, 'midst scenes of delight.

Of the joys that give relish to this mortal state, Sir,

'Tis beauty and wine that compose the chief part;

As you're quaffing your liquor you're mending your nature,

While it lightens the head, 'tis expanding the heart;

As it stirs in the fancy it aids beauty's charms, Sir,

So each fill a glass to the girl he loves best,

Then attend Cupid's whispers, and fly to her arms, Sir,

And the tumults of love be the prelude to rest.

J. S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the Theatre, in Town-Malling, in the character of a Free Mason's Wife, by Mrs. Sullivan, after the Entertainment of The Lock and Key.—Written by a Gentleman of that Place.

THREE years have now claps'd, dear spouse, I cried,

Since you were Bridegroom, I the happy Bride;

And now I own the best of blessings lie
In the chaste honours of the nuptial tie;
There dwells the heart-felt sweet, the dear delight;

There peace reposes, and there joys unite;
Of them I've shar'd, your confidence deserv'd,

And from connubial duties never swerv'd;
Then tell me truly why I ever find,
On certain subjects you're so disinclin'd;
Indeed I mean not, husband, to intrude,
But from your Lodge why do you us exclude?

The French, I'm told, more civil and polite,

Our sex in open Lodge with them unite;
Shall Frenchmen then exceed our generous youth?

O how absurd!—unnatural!—uncouth!
Forbid it British gallantry and truth!
As you excel them in th'embattled field,
To them the palm of beauty never yield;
If Masonry improves the mind and heart,
Pray why conceal from us the charming art!

And, as for *secrecy*, we ne'er reveal
What virtuous prudence teaches to conceal;

And Fame speaks true, or trust us where!
or when!

Ladies keep secrets better than the men."
This had its due effect—good luck befall,
Kind-hearted soul, he said he'd tell me all—

And though the Craft might think him much in fault,

He could not hide from me one word or thought.

He told me then of *Masonry* all he knew,
And I'm resolv'd to tell great part to you:
The token is—hush! hush! *Sincerity*—

The word is *Love*, the sign, *Fidelity*—
To tell you more I'm not at liberty,

Because my heart's the *Lock* of which he keeps the *Key*.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JANUARY, 1803.

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Embellished with, I. Colt bred by Lord Bolingbroke, from a Painting by Mr. Stubbs, engraved by Mr. Scot, in his best manner.

II. Curricie and Horses, from a Design by Sartorius the Younger, engraved by Englehart.

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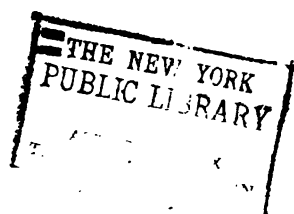
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Antideluvian, in answer to **Philostatus**, is received, and shall appear in our next.

A Fashionable Sportsman, will see his favour in the latter part of our **Feast of Wit**.

T. N's. Entertaining Communications, in our our next—their having been mislaid, prevented their appearance this month.

J. J. B. will perceive that we have availed ourselves of the principal part of his last favours.





Colt bred by Lord Bodingbrooke.

Painted by Kneller

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1803.

COLT BRED BY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

FROM A PAINTING BY MR. STUBBS.

*Engraved by Mr. SCOTT, in his
best manner.*

THE original painting from which this print is taken, is one of the most beautiful ever seen.—We no doubt shall, at some future period, obtain the name and subsequent performances of the colt. At present, we have it only in our power to state, that the original picture was given to Mr. Monnet, when he was last in England, in 1766, by Lord Bolingbroke. The horse was painted by Stubbs; the landscape, by the celebrated marine painter, Vernet; and the two figures, the dog and the sheep, by Boucher, first painter to the King of France.

FOX HUNTING.

MR. WARD'S HOUNDS.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to accommodate our friends with every recital of sport worthy their attention; we feel, a double pleasure in the present opportunity of communicating authentic particu-

lars of the late singular chase with Mr. Ward's hounds, who hunt the Daventry and Northampton district, and have for years, in the excellence of the hounds, and the celebrity of the riders, been held inferior to no one establishment in the kingdom: with sporting amateurs, the hounds, horses, and men, are too well known to need the aid of literary panegyric. On Monday, the 2d of January, soon after throwing off, with a numerous field, they unkenneled at Marston Wood, between Welford and Harborough; breaking covert favourably for the pack, they went away well at him, the scent laying breast high, over Sibbertoft, Stothorpe, Theddingworth, Laughton, Lubenham, and Foxton; where, luckily for both hounds, horses, and horsemen, he had nearly run into a coursing party. Catching sight of the greyhounds he instantly headed, and, foiling his pursuers, brought the hounds to a short check; but, by their indefatigable exertions they soon hit him off again: and upon settling to the scent, renewed their former speed, and soon ran to a view, but of short duration; for, boldly breaking which, he led them over Saddington, Smeaton, Kibworth, Fleckney, Wistow, Newton Harcourt, Glenn, Oadby, Stoughton, Great Stretton, Norton, and to Galby. Here it was for a

few minutes thought, he had a chance to beat them, for a change in the atmosphere, or the soil, so varied the scent, that the hounds gradually slackened their pace, and absolutely picked it along in cold hunting for more than an hour, over Frisby to Billesden, and under the covert side of Billesden Coplow, over Cold Newton, Skeffington, and Tilton on the Hill, where they hunted up to him in a style of persevering excellence exceeding description. Upon his being hallooed from the hedge row, they took to him with renovated vigour; and, clapping at him pretty close to his brush, he had no alternative but to run short, being too much exhausted to face a new country; when, after another burst of a quarter of an hour, most of the time in view, he was killed in the most sporting-like manner, having led a chase of four hours and a quarter, through twenty-six parishes, and derived no advantage from covert but once during the whole. The distance from Marston Wood to the furthest point the hounds reached, is in a straight line, said by the natives of the spot, to be twenty-seven miles: but the circle they ran is impartially said to be between thirty-five and forty. Bolder riding was never seen, and many never saw the end of the chase: that, however, was no disgrace. The hounds were unavoidably left at the kennel of Lord Sefton; and Colonel Ward, with the true and invincible spirit of a sportsman, placed his huntsman in a post-chaise and four, and taking a seat by the side of him, arrived at Boughton about 11 o'clock in the evening, to hunt the next day, which they did, and had another good run.

[The foregoing is from a Correspondent who can best describe

a Fox Chase of any gentleman we know. If the following are not written in the same sportsman-like manner, it is because they are acquired from other sources, and from those more accustomed to *write* than to *ride*. This, however, will not apply to the next short article, but to some of those which come after it.]

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS.

THE Duke of Grafton's hounds, as they are still called, though now resigned to Lord Southampton, met at the Hyde, Hengrave, on Monday morning, 27th ult, to a very full field, consisting of one hundred and fifty horsemen, among whom were, his Grace, the Earl of Euston, Lord Southampton, Lord Charles Fitzroy, Lord Brome, and almost all the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood. They did not find, however, till after two o'clock, near Ixworth; when, after a hard run of above two hours, and it being nearly dark, Reynard took to earth, and escaped the vigilance of his pursuers.

MR. NEWNHAM'S HOUNDS.

ON Monday, the 10th instant, a bag fox was turned out by Knight's rails, before Mr. H. Newnham's hounds, of Newtimber, Sussex. The field displayed upwards of fifty horsemen, and many of rank, to enjoy the diversion which Reynard promised to bestow. The morning, though the wind blew fresh from the North, was not altogether unfavourable; and Reynard, on being exposed to his pursuers, went off in a capital style: taking a North-east direction, he passed Mr. Drew's barn, and took over Barncombe Hill, where, inclining to the left, he soon after crossed the Honfield Road, took the whole length

length of the Downs by the Devil's Dyke, dashed through the Furze Field at Southwick, and made briskly for Mr. Bridger's plantation, where, the dogs being hard at his brush, he nearly threadled the cover, crossed by New Shoreham Church, and stood on for Erringhamshaw; but being headed by a shepherd's dog ere he could gain his point, he turned suddenly off to the left, and boldly took to the river, a short distance above Old Shoreham Bridge, the hounds following him through the water in the most spirited and handsome manner. Unfortunately the tide being at flood, the current was so strong, that Reynard's attempts to reach the opposite shore proved fruitless, the dogs surrounding him about the centre of the river, speedily terminated his life, and then left his body to the sport of the wind and tide. The sportsmen in general were highly satisfied with the morning's diversion; an hour and thirty-five minutes they had ran without check. The only regret expressed was by some intrepid riders, who at all risks had determined, if possible, to be in at the death, that circumstances would not admit of their gallantry disputing the honour of the brush.

YORKSHIRE HOUNDS.

AN extraordinary fox chase took place in the North, the middle of this month. The fox was uncovered about two miles from Doncaster, and led his pursuers to Notall, in Nottinghamshire, a distance of sixty miles. Four sportsmen were in at the death.

STAG HOUNDS.

THE latter end of December, Mr. Barwell's stag hounds roused a deer near Lumley Seat, on the bor-

ders of Sussex, and Hants, which took through Lord George Lennox's Park, towards the sea coast; and, after a chase of more than twenty-five miles, in less than two hours, was killed near Lavant. The only gentlemen in at the death were, Mr. M. Turner, and Mr. Watts, jun. of Stanstead.

HARE HUNTING.

MR. ANDREWS'S HARRIERS.

MONDAY the 27th ult. Mr Andrews's harriers, at Harlastone, in Northamptonshire, had an excellent run of three hours. There were present, besides the highly-respected proprietor of the hounds, and the customary gentlemen attendant on the hunt, Lords Camden and Corke, the Honourable Robert Spencer, and several other noble *fox-hunters*, who were so well pleased with Mr. A's staunch harriers, as to promise themselves the pleasure of frequently joining them.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HARRIERS.

ON Friday, the day before Christmas day, the Prince of Wales's harriers, at Brighton, threw off near the race stand. The field was very respectably attended, and some very excellent sport ensued. A gentleman, of the name of Cottle, a staunch sportsman, and one of the most constant attendants of the hunt, in returning home through Patcham, his horse, at a sudden blaze of light from a blacksmith's forge, started, and fell. The rider, through his spur entangling in the saddle-cloth, as the horse rose, hung dangerously suspended with his head towards the ground;

ground; but we are happy to state, received no injury, as the horse attempted not to move until his master was released from his perilous situation. The poor animal's knees were dreadfully lacerated, and, though valued at one hundred guineas, is supposed will never be fit for the field again.

On the 21st inst. the same Pack fired off at the race hill, and, after much excellent sport, killed a brace of hares. The last was started in a furze-field near the race stand, which, with astonishing speed, crossed many tremendously steep hills, making towards Rottingdean, when, suddenly turning, she recrossed the Downs, descended into the Lewes turnpike road, took a circle round the Brighton barracks, again made for the hills, and was at length overtaken by the deep-toned pack, within a few yards of the furze-field from whence the chase had commenced, after a severe run of at least twelve miles. Very few sportsmen were in at the death.

COURSING.

THE following Greyhound matches were run at Chveyley, on Tuesday the 28th ult. between two parties of gentlemen, one from the fens, the other from the neighbourhood of Newmarket.

Mr. Whiting's dog Trial, against Mr. Westhorp's bitch Fly, which was won by the former.

Mr. Merchant's dog Shark, against Mr. Reynold's dog Hector, which was won by the former.

Mr. Saberton's dog Spring, against Mr. Cooper's bitch Venus, which was won by the former.

Mr. Skeells's dog Spring, against Mr. Dobito's dog Snowball, which was won by the latter.

On Thursday se'nnight, a person in the neighbourhood of Haddenham, Cambridgeshire, was convicted before the Rev. Cæsar Morgan, Doctor in Divinity, and the Rev. William Metcalfe, Clerk, two of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Isle of Ely, of Coursing on the Lord's day, and paid the penalty of L. 10 imposed by the act of 13 Geo. III. cap. 80. for the offence, with all costs. We hope this will serve as a caution to others, and be the means of putting a stop to a custom so highly disgraceful to a Christian country.

LORD CRAVEN's meeting, at Ashdown Park, Berks, takes place the first open week in February. Unfortunately, the hares are very much diminished on this favourite ground since the dismissal of the old keeper.—The next month's meeting of the Newmarket Coursing Club is expected to afford superior sport, from the skilful manner in which the most capital dogs are classed. The renewed Swaffham Club feel themselves stout enough already to challenge a contest with any similar society in England. The ill-earned fame of the Northern race of Snowballs is nearly melted away.

NEWMARKET Coursing Meeting is fixed for Monday the 7th of February, and the five following days.

An offer has been sent to Mr. Charles Stein, the owner of the Five-shire greyhound who won the Cup at Kinross, to produce five dogs of the breed of Snowball, who should run his dog for any sum he pleased, at the next Malton Meeting, in February. The challenge has not been accepted.

MATCHES

MATCHES AGAINST TIME.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine,

SIR,

I Send you the account of a match against time, for insertion in your Sporting Magazine. I remain, Sir, Your humble servant, C. C.

Dorchester, Jan. 18, 1803.

A CHESNUT hackney mare, a descendant of Sir F. Pooles Staring Tom, the property of Mr. Triggs, of the Swan, Chichester, was lately matched against time, for a trifling wager, to go from the market-cross in the above city to the fifteen mile stone on the Portsmouth road, and back again three several times, making in the whole ninety miles, in nine hours, allowing the animal for rest and refreshment three hours. She accordingly started at five o'clock yesterday morning, and went the first thirty miles in two hours and 15 minutes: started again at nine, and performed the second thirty miles in two hours and twenty minutes: was started the third time at a quarter before two, and completed her task at five minutes before four; having been only six hours and forty-five minutes on the road; two hours and a quarter within the time assigned. A boy aged only ten years, son to Mr. Meads, of Chichester, rode the mare with great ability, and with much apparent ease.

ON Thursday the 13th, a bet was decided between — Pepper, a butcher, and — Wood, a baker, of Dover. They started on two fine horses, that had been prepared for the purpose, from the Red Cow, at Dover, for Hythe, about eleven miles distant, and were attended by a vast concourse of people. Wood's horse fell down about three quarters of a mile from Hythe, and the butcher was in about four minutes

before his antagonist. The race was performed in forty minutes, and many bets were depending.

A YOUNG tradesman of Lincoln has wagered twenty guineas, p. p. that he rides a certain mare, now in his possession, from Lincoln to Manchester, and back again, in forty-eight hours. He is to start on Wednesday the 9th of February, or pay forfeit. The odds, at present, are in his favour. Manchester is about 90 miles from Lincoln, so that he will have 180 miles to travel on the said mare in the above time. Should the roads and weather prove good, he is likely to accomplish the task.

BOXING.

TUESDAY the 18th instant was fixed upon to be a busy day among the bruisers. O'Donnell, the young Irishman, who is considered by his countrymen as the redeemer of their reputation in the boxing line, was matched to fight Henigan, a new candidate for pugilistic fame, near Dulwich, for twenty guineas aside. Tom Johnson's brother, known by the name of Jacklin, made the match on the part of Henigan. On the Monday, Jacklin and his hero were surprised by a visit from Armstrong, one of the officers from Worship-street. They were both taken before the magistrates there, who obliged them to find sureties in L.400 each to keep the peace for six months. Henigan, however, considering this restriction might prove a fatal blow to his rising genius, determined at all risks to give his opponent the meeting, and accordingly repaired to the spot, accompanied by several hundreds of his associates, who applauded his resolute spirit. O'Donnell not being acquainted with this movement,

movement, supposed the battle at an end (when his opponent was taken into custody) and therefore did not appear. The whole assemblage consequently returned fatigued and disappointed. Two other battles were also to have been fought the same day, on the same spot; but the combatants fearing an interruption from the police officers, agreed that the trial of their skill and strength should take place on the memorable spot where Belcher and Burke last fought, behind St. George's Row, near the Paddington Canal. The parties keeping their appointment, the ring was formed for them at twelve o'clock, when David, a patent-heel maker, and Smith, a shoemaker, made their bow to the spectators, and were ready to set to. Smith was quite a Goliath to David; but the little man was expected to subdue him from his superior knowledge of the art. The battle lasted three quarters of an hour, and consisted of thirty-five rounds; never was seen more hard fighting. The first five rounds were considerably in favour of little David, but Smith had the best of the remainder of the battle. David, however, had not the mortification of acknowledging himself conquered, as it so happened, that Smith gave him a blow on the side while in the act of falling; but which it was maintained by David's friends was after he had reached the ground, and was consequently a foul blow. David was then taken away.

COGAN, a painter, and Wallam, a jack-ass-lad, next entered the ring. Wallam evinced a great deal of science, but he could not stand against the powerful strength of his opponent: by his art and dexterity, he, however, spun out the battle near an hour, during which time there were thirty-seven severe rounds. Wallam was often

requested to give in; but it appears he partook a great deal of the nature of his ass; he was obstinate, and took a good deal of beating. At length he was taken away, and Cogan declared victor.

GRAND SANS PRENDRE.

THE following article appeared in the Salisbury Journal of the 17th inst. and the subsequent letter in the same Paper of the 23d.—A few evenings since, two parties playing at quadrille, at a lady's house in the Isle of Wight, it so happened, that in the course of the evening, a "*grand sans prendre*" was played at *each table*—a circumstance which very seldom occurs.

MR. PRINTER,

HAVING seen in your paper of last week that an extraordinary circumstance had happened of two ladies in the Isle of Wight, playing each a *grand sans prendre* at one house the same evening, I beg to offer to the public a circumstance still more worthy their attention; that one lady, in my presence, played at Winchester last year, the same evening, at the same table, and with the same party, two *grand sans prendres*. This very rare incident I beg may not to be omitted in your next Salisbury Journal. E. T.

SEA-DOG.

AN enormous fish, commonly called a Sea-Dog, was lately thrown upon the coast of France, about six leagues from Bologne, after combating for thirty-six hours, with a large whale, which immediately made for the coast of England. The fish, which was soon taken, was found to be thirty-one feet in length, and twenty-four in circumference.

HISTORICAL

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF NEWMARKET.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

AMONG the various *markets* with which this country abounds, there are few perhaps better known to our readers than this: at least the name must be very familiar to the sporting world. Presuming that a history of this celebrated place will not be unacceptable, I have extracted the following from a popular and interesting publication, entitled "*The Beauties of England and Wales*," which is now publishing.

Newmarket has long been celebrated in the annals of horsemanship for its extensive heath, which, in the neighbourhood of this town, has been formed into one of the finest race-courses in the kingdom. The diversion of horse-racing, though undoubtedly practised in this country at the time of the Romans, does not appear to have made any considerable progress, but rather became extinct, till the accession of James the First, who again introduced it from Scotland, where it came into vogue from the spirit and swiftness of the Spanish horses which had been wrecked in the vessels of the Armada, and thrown ashore on the coasts of Galloway. From this period it came more into fashion, and Newmarket had probably some kind of a racing establishment as early as the reign of this monarch, who erected a house here, which was destroyed in the civil wars, but was rebuilt by that distinguished patron of the turf, Charles the Second, and is still the residence of the sovereign when he visits Newmarket. The idea of improving the breed of

horses, has, in a certain degree, induced the legislature to encourage this species of gambling; and even the throne seems to patronize its continuance; for, in addition to the plates given by the nobility, the King himself gives one or two every year.

The chief part of this town is situated in Suffolk; but the whole of the race course, on whose attractive charms its support chiefly depends, is in Cambridgeshire. Most of the houses are modern, and well built; and many of them, which have been erected as residences for the nobility and private gentlemen, who attend the races, are extremely handsome. Two of the coffee-houses are very conveniently furnished for the use of the Betters, when they meet to ratify their agreements, or settle matches. Billiard and other rooms are also prepared for the reception of those gentlemen who prefer games of skill or hazard to the more boisterous diversions of the Turf; and excellent accommodations for visitors may be found in the numerous inns with which the town is provided. The races are held twice a year, in the Easter week, and in the month of October.

The houses are chiefly disposed in one long and wide street, partly erected on the gentle declivity of a hill. The town has been twice destroyed by fire: the first time in the year 1683, during the presence of Charles the Second, his Queen, and the Duke of York. The damages were estimated at L. 20,000; but the expences of rebuilding were in part defrayed by a subscription. The second fire was about the commencement of the last century. The two churches here do not contain any thing remarkable; that of St. Mary, on the north side of the street, is in Suffolk: the other, on the south, is in Cambridgeshire: but is only a chapel of ease to the mother-church

at Wood-Ditton. The inhabitants of the Suffolk division are 1307; those of the Cambridgeshire side only 485. Newmarket gave birth to Thomas Merks, bishop of Carlisle, who became famous from his steady adherence to Richard the Second, for which he was degraded to be titular bishop of Samos, &c. Several coins of Trajan, one of Faustina, and one of Maximianus Heraclius, were found near the heath about fifty years since.

ON

THE FRIVOLITY OF SELECT PARTIES, &c.

"Gaudet equis canibusque."

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE very ingenious and lively descriptions of the chase and its votaries, through the medium of your popular miscellany, having long amused and much delighted the public, I am induced to trouble you with a wish that some of your sporting correspondents would feel themselves inclined to give us a correct history of the chase in former times; and regularly deduce the modes and manners of the most eminent sportsmen, from the *Pen ewn Ddyn* of the ancient British, to the professors of the present day.

The life of Mr. Hastings is finely pourtrayed in a late publication*, and I recollect hearing my father relate the benevolent acts and open hospitality of Draper and Darley, of Selby and Salusbury, those well founded favourites of society. The great and never to be forgotten Marquis of Granby displayed the

true spirit of English liberality during his time, dining constantly on hunting days at the George Inn, Grantham, where he was known to receive most affably, amateurs of the chase from every part of the kingdom, who were desirous of improving their knowledge under the auspices of his lordship, and the practice of his old huntsman Bob Pearson. This was a general table or hunting ordinary, where his lordship presided, and where Dr. Storer, who was his secretary in Germany, as well as the Rev. Mr. Stevens, gave a sanction of propriety and decency to all men, who came to enjoy the conversation and affability of that dignified hero, who was the admiration of mankind.

Gentlemen, the spirit of Englishmen is by no means abated, but increased individually and conjunctively beyond all former examples; yet I can but lament that some evil genius, some foe to humanity has infused the odious idea, the frivolous adoption of selection and distinction. Every party must be select, every company must be distinct, and nothing will gratify a mass of animated clay possessing a title, property, or pride, a substitute for both, but a total and insensible separation from his supporters, his tenants, and his homebred natural neighbours, for the insipid assemblage and dull inanity of persons of the *haut ton*. It is impossible to be ranked in the list of fashionables, unless you are a member of the Leicester, the Warwick, or Salisbury hunt; nothing is good but at Brookes's, Boodle's, Carr's, Martindale's, or the Union; once established there, sans sense, sans feeling, sans propriety or property, you are entitled to exhibit more ridiculous consequence, and shew more importance in personal *hauteur*, than the wreath-bound de-

* Daniel's Rural Sports; and page 79 of Sporting Mag. Vol. XI.

fender of his king and country from the banks of the Nile, or the unparalleled thunder before Copenhagen.

The most superficial observation daily points out the prevalent foibles and reigning follies of the present day; classical erudition, and academical expression, seem to have been superseded by inexplicable jargon, and flighty ambiguity; the gentleman and the scholar equally "start and stand aghast" at the "monstrous change," wondering how it was made, or by what magic it was effected. The vacant stare, the empty sound, the Brutus wig, and the "infinite nothingness" of fashion, with the collateral aid of hounds and horses, constitute the excellence of life, with all the distinguishing traits of individual superiority. Little is to be heard even in the Bond Street vortex of sublimity, but the essence of duplicity, the effervescence of detraction, and the destructive deception of the Turf. "What are the odds Muff against Snuff Box?"—"I'll bet six to four Froth against Flimsey, or take two to one nobody names the winner."—The whole is nought but horse, and each man appears,

"As he had been incorp's'd and démi-natur'd

With the brave beast"—he bestrides.

If the hideous monster Faction, though so recently subdued, has again dared to lift its malignant head, it is not against the sacred person of our most gracious and beloved Sovereign that complaints are heard, or uttered—all admit there never was so good a king, all admit there never was a better man—but against opulent pride and personal consequence; against those gigantic strides of aristocratic ambition, which, disuniting itself from the great and useful body of the people, and from society at large, destroys the basis of mutual confidence, and

alienates affection. The loyalty of the nation in general, and the constitution under which we live, are equally invulnerable to the factious and abortive efforts of a few miserable and discontented individuals, whose objections and antipathies are not directly levelled at the very source of power by which we are so happily protected, but at that mass of inconsistency, who, formed into societies and clubs, abstracted from their constituents, in direct contradiction to the manners, and in open violation of the measures of their ancestors, "herd together," and never attend to, are known by, or connect themselves with, their country neighbours; those staunch friends and sporting associates of their forefathers, those examples of dignity, respect, and hospitality.

I beg to say in the language of a well known writer "I like not the fashion"—"Let it be changed," and common sense, that best criterion, will soon point out the characters best qualified to force themselves upon the public notice, catch the distinction, and obtain the plaudits of an approving world.

"For use can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out,
With wondrous potency."

The numerous and recent contested elections evince the folly, the absurdity, and political inconsistency of this unprecedented alienation. The face of the whole country, travel which way you will, presents nothing but piles of expence, useless ornaments, waste of property, and proofs of prodigality; while those ten times more worthy members of society, the gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders, those fixed inhabitants, placemen, pensioners, commissaries, and contractors, than they do of a burgomaster of Amsterdam. The labourers'

labourers' wives and afflicted rustics seek a "Lady Bountiful" in vain; and the poor patient peasantry know no more of my Lord, my Lady, or the new made knight, than what they can collect from the steward, the lawyer, the gardener, or the gamekeeper. I am afraid in this my first essay I have obtruded too much upon the room allotted to subjects of a variegated description; but, should it lay claim to your attention, and be thought worthy insertion, I shall with your permission upon a future occasion,

—"Wring their hearts, for so I shall,
If damned custom has not braz'd them
so,

That they be proof and bulwark against
sense."

I am happy to acknowledge myself
A constant reader, and
Your's most truly,
BENEVOLUS.

*Prince of Wales's Coffee-House,
Conduit Street, Dec. 18,
1802.*

INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

THE Dog has long been held out to excel every other species of the brute creation in its attachment to man. For domestic uses no animal has been found more serviceable to the human race, and its actions have so often bordered on rationality, as to render repeated incidents almost incredible. However the reader may conceive the following relation to be exaggerated, it may be relied on as a fact.

Donald Archer, a grazier near Paisley in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service the animal performed with

the utmost vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it: whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and, when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house; and, notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he could not be found.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighbouring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence as to cause him to look for a place of shelter; and not being able to perceive any house at hand, he struck out of the main road, and ran towards a wood that appeared at some distance, where he escaped the storm by skulking under the trees: it was thus he insensibly departed from the proper way he had to go, until he had actually lost himself, and knew not where he was. He travelled, however, according to the best of his judgment, though not without the fear of meeting danger from the attack of robbers, whose depredations had lately been the terror of the neighbouring country. A smoke that came from some bushes convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it was prudent to go, that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path and came to the door, knocked, and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated in a room that wore but a very indifferent aspect. Our traveller was
hardly

hardly before the fire when he was saluted with every degree of surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at so unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home; he did not, however, think proper to inquire of his host at that time how he came into his possession, as the appearance of every thing about him rendered his situation very unpleasant. By this time it was dark, the weather still continued rainy, and no opportunity presented the unfortunate grazier of pursuing his journey; his care, however, was to learn of the landlord where he was, who informed him that he was fourteen miles from Paisley, and that if he ventured out again before daylight it was almost impossible for him to find the way, as the night was so bad; but, if he chose to remain where he was, every thing should be done to render his situation comfortable. The grazier was at a loss how to behave; he did not like the house he was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and family—to go out in the wood, during the dark, and to encounter the violence of the conflicting elements, might, in all probability, turn out more fatal, than to remain where he was. He therefore resolved to wait the morning, let the event be what it would. After a short conversation with the landlord, he was conducted to a room, and left to take his repose. It is necessary to observe that, from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller revolved in his mind, the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the

manners of those about the house; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed; and, by several extraordinary gestures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror: the floor was stained with blood, that seemed to flow out of a closet which was secured by a lock, which he attempted to explore but could not open it. Not any longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches in whose society he had got, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible; and to perish in the attempt, or effect his deliverance. With this determination he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect, like the bristles of a boar, bent on destruction: he reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation, that was held by several persons, whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intention. The villainous landlord was informing them in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him, for that purpose. Alarmed, as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavours to save his life; he therefore, without hesitation, burst in amongst them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat; the rest of his gang were struck with astonishment, at so sudden an attack, while the grazier made for the

the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran, until the day light presented a house, and the main road, at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen, to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party, that were quartered upon him; the serjeant of which accompanied the grazier, in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the faithful dog, were now more than ever rendered conspicuous; for, by running before the company, and his singular behaviour, he led them to find. On entering the house, all had deserted, not a creature appeared to be on the premises; they therefore began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveller, who has since been advertised through all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fire place, with his feet, in such a manner as raised the curiosity of all present; the serjeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck, by the grazier. The wretches, in their quick retreat, had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fell victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus, was the life of a man pre-

served by the sagacity and attachment of a valuable quadruped. And the same grazier is now living at Paisley, to confirm this account; with many other instances of singular conduct, found in this extraordinary dog.

EXCELLENCE AND SUPERIORITY

OF THE

ASSES OF EGYPT.

IT is indisputable that the hottest and driest climates are most favourable to horses, since those of Arabia, Persia, Egypt, Barbary, and Spain, stand foremost in beauty and vigour. Asses likewise, of a species nearly related to them, attain the greatest excellence of figure and qualities in the same climates, which appear natural to them. In proportion to their distance from these, they degenerate, so that those of northern countries lose all resemblance to those of the south. If this degeneration be not so perceptible with regard to horses, very fine ones being to be found in the north, it is because Europeans have changed the nature of these animals in their country, by procuring mares and stallions from abroad, forming studs, crossing breeds, and lavishing the minutest attention upon them, while they have not only been careless respecting the breed of their asses, but have degraded it, by almost total neglect and unmerited contempt. Badly fed, still worse attended, oppressed by heavy burdens, and ill-treated by blows, the ass of our country is unquestionably a wretched slave. Degraded as low as possible, he serves only the meanest of men, for whom he performs every thing his impaired condition will allow. His name has become that of dullness and stupidity. Yet he is docile, gentle, patient, and temperate

temperate to excess. Did neither the horse nor the ox exist in our country, he would be held there in the highest estimation. But this is not the only instance where modest and useful simplicity, placed by the side of more brilliant and active qualities, has been rewarded by ingratitude, and excited derision.

How different this sorry and degraded animal from the asses of Egypt and Arabia, which, as well as the horses of those countries, are superior to any in the universe! Some are to be found there of great height; and these are most valued and esteemed, occasionally selling at a higher price than even horses themselves. Still, whatever be their height, their heads are well placed, their eyes are brisk, and their bodies are plump. They have elegance in their attitudes, gracefulness in their movements; nobleness and almost haughtiness in their carriage. Their foot is sure, their step is light, and their paces quick, brisk, and easy. In short, they are very pleasing to ride. All travellers have praised this fine species of animal. Peter della Vale, who was a long time in the east, relates, that the people there do not scruple to ride upon asses, that they trot wonderfully, and that he has been ready to die with laughing at the sight. For my part, I was greatly surprised at it. In Egypt, people not only ride on asses without hesitation, but, as I have already observed, they were the only animals on which Christians of any country were allowed to appear in the capital. The Mahometan merchants, and the most opulent of the inhabitants used them, and carriages being unknown in this country, ladies of the highest rank, even the wives of the beys themselves, had no other for their equipages.

I once happened to meet the whole *harem* of a bey, taking

an airing in the environs of Cairo. An equivocal figure, a eunuch, with a mean and ferocious countenance, preceded the ladies on a fine horse, covered with gold, silver, and embroidery. These ladies were mounted on asses of the highest price. Their bridles glittered with silver and gold, and a magnificent piece of tapestry covering the saddle and crupper, reached down to the ground.

The asses of Egypt have at least as much vigour as beauty. They readily perform the longest journeys. More hardy than horses, and less difficult with regard to the quality or quantity of their food, they are preferred for journeys across the desert. Most of the mussulman pilgrims, use them for the long and laborious journey to Mecca; and the chiefs of the Nubian caravans, which are sixty days in passing immense solitudes, ride upon asses, that do not appear fatigued when they arrive in Egypt.

The crust of their hoofs is defended by thin and light shoes. The saddles they wear, are shaped like pack-saddles, rounded, and heightened by a pad softly stuffed, on which the rider sits much farther back than on a horse. The stirrups, which are shaped nearly like our's, have only a slight bar at bottom the breadth of three fingers. Men ride without any housings; but for women a piece of tapestry more or less rich, and sometimes reaching to the ground, is laid over the saddle. The asses are bridled in the same manner as the horses. In the principal streets of Cairo, and in the squares, they stand for hire, ready bridled and saddled. The person who lets them, accompanies his ass, running behind to goad him on, and cry out to those who walk on foot to make way. When on a journey, the rider himself carries in his hand a little stick pointed with iron

iron, with which he pricks his beast on the withers.

When the rider alights, he has no occasion to tie up his ass. He merely pulls the rein of the bridle tight, and passes it over a ring in the fore part of the saddle, which, confining the head of the beast, is sufficient to make him remain quietly in his place.

Though the Arabs do not take quite so much pains to preserve the breed of their asses, as they do for promoting the excellence of their horses; it may be said, with truth, that asses are no where attended with so much care as in Egypt and Arabia. They are regularly rubbed down and washed; which renders their coat smooth, soft, and glossy; and their food is the same as that of horses, commonly consisting of chopped straw, barley, and small beans.

To add to the species of useful animals, or, which is the same thing, to improve them, so as to render them more useful, is to increase the advantages of public and private economy. If, without remitting our attentions to the horse, we deigned to pay a little regard to the ass, though placed by nature second in the scale, we could not fail to be gainers. For the attainment of this useful object, it would be necessary to cross the breed. Arabian or Egyptian males would improve the offspring of our females in strength and beauty; and these, by repeated crossings, would produce, with time and care, an excellent breed of animals, suited to the majority in expence, and not destitute of pleasing qualities.

The handsomest asses seen at Cairo, come from Upper Egypt and Nubia. On ascending the Nile, the influence of climate on these animals is perceptible, they being of the greatest beauty in Saïd, while, toward the Delta, they are

inferior in all respects. So true it is, that they owe their excellencies to great heat, and extreme drought. In countries, which, though very hot, are at the same time wet, they are but indifferent: for, in India, and even the southernmost parts of the peninsula, which are nearer to the equator, but likewise more humid, than Arabia, Nubia, and Thebaid, the asses are small, dull, weak, and ill-shaped.

From the excellent qualities of the Egyptian asses, it is not to be wondered, that they have been objects of luxury. The opulent vied in keeping asses of the highest price. To the Europeans settled at Cairo, this was an indemnification for their restraint on riding on horseback, to which they were condemned. But this species of luxury attracted the attention of government in 1779. It was then deemed indecorous, that foreign merchants, abominated on account of their religion, should ride upon animals superior to even those kept for the wives of the beys themselves. This was sufficient to bring upon the European merchants a forced contribution, an *axame* of four or five thousand franks, which they were obliged to pay, for having kept fine asses; and which, in the east, were at all times among the number of animals most valued. They formed part of the wealth of the ancient patriarchs, as they still do of the wandering nations in the same countries. The Egyptians alone, abominated them. To them they were the execrated emblem of the evil genius of Typhon; of that giant-monster with a hundred heads, and a hundred mouths, vomiting flame, the son of Earth and Tartarus, who had dared to wage war with the gods, and had at last been cut to pieces by Osiris, one of the deities of Egypt. The inhabitants of Coptos, in particular, so publicly

lily declared their inveterate antipathy to these animals as to throw them down from the summit of a rock; and the people of Busiris and Lycopolis, carried their superstition so far, as to refrain from blowing their trumpets, because, in their opinion, the sound resembled the braying of an ass!

AFRICAN ANIMALS.

Extracted from Barrow's Travels.

THE Spring-Bok is a gregarious animal never met with but in large herds, some of which, according to the accounts of the peasantry, will amount to the number of ten thousand. The Dutch have given a name to this beautiful creature indicative of its gait. The strength and elasticity of the muscles are so great, that, when closely pursued, he will spring at a single leap from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet. Its usual pace is that of a constant jumping or springing, with all the four legs stretched out, and off the ground at the same time, and at every spring the hair on the rump divides or sheds, and, falling back on each side, displays a surface of snowy whiteness. No dog can attempt to approach the old ones; but the young kids, which were now numerous, were frequently caught after a hard chase. Both old and young are excellent venison; and vast numbers are destroyed by the Dutch farmers, not only for the sake of the flesh, but also for the skins, of which they make sacks for holding provisions and other articles, clothing for their slaves, and, at the time of the capture by the English, for themselves also and children. The poverty and miserable condition of the colony were then so great, that all their numerous flocks and herds were insufficient to procure them decent clothing.

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"The Gems-Bok is also a very beautiful animal, and of a size much larger than the Spring-Bok. It has none of that timidity which generally marks the character of the Antelope; but, on the contrary, if closely pursued or wounded, will coolly sit down on its haunches, and keep both sportsman and dogs at bay. Its long, straight, sharp-pointed horns, used in defence by striking back with the head, make it dangerous to approach. Dogs are very frequently killed by it; and no peasant, after wounding the animal, will venture within its reach till it be dead, or its strength at least exhausted. The flesh of the Gems-Bok is reckoned to be the best venison that Africa produces.

"The Koodoo is still larger than the Gems-Bok, being about the height of a common-sized Ass, but much longer. Its strong spiral horns are three feet in length, and seem to be very ill adapted for the convenience of the animal in the thick covert which it constantly frequents. The hind part of the dusky mouse-coloured body has several clear white stripes, and, different from most of the genus, on the neck is a short mane; the flesh is dry and without flavour."

Speaking of Ostriches, he says—"On many parts of the great deserts Ostriches were seen scouring the plains and waving their black and white plumes in the wind, a signal to the Hottentots that their nests were not far distant, especially if they wheeled round the place from whence they started up: when they have no nest they make off immediately on being disturbed, with the wing-feathers close to the body. There is something in the economy of this animal different in general from that of the rest of the feathered race. It seems to be the link of union, in the great chain of nature, that connects the winged with the

A a

four-footed

four-footed tribe. Its strong-jointed legs and cloven hoofs are well adapted for speed and for defence. The wings and all its feathers are insufficient to raise it from the ground; its camel-shaped neck is covered with hair; its voice is a kind of hollow mournful lowing, and it grazes on the plain with the Quacha and Zebra. Among the very few polygamous birds that are found in a state of nature, the Ostrich is one. The male, distinguished by its glossy black feathers from the dusky grey female, is generally seen with two or three, and frequently as many as five of the latter. These females lay their eggs in one nest, to the number of ten or twelve each, which they hatch altogether, the male taking his turn of sitting on them among the rest. Between sixty and seventy eggs have been found in one nest; and if incubation has begun, a few are most commonly lying round the sides of the hole, having been thrown out by the birds on finding the nest to contain more than they could conveniently cover. The time of incubation is six weeks. For want of knowing the Ostrich to be polygamous, an error respecting this bird, has slipped into the *Systema Naturæ*, where it is said that one female lays fifty eggs.

Mr. Barrow relates a singular instance of ferocity in a female Zebra, which had been domesticated when young, but had, with age, become extremely vicious. "One of the English dragoons persisted in mounting her. She kicked and plunged, and laid herself down, but to no purpose; the man kept his seat; till, taking a leap from the high bank of the river, she threw him into the water; but, holding fast by the bridle, she had no sooner dragged him to the shore, than, walking up quietly to him, she put her head down to his face, and completely bit off his ear."

CHRISTMAS SPORTS OF THE LONDONERS.

From Strutt's Ancient Sports and Pastimes.

"AT the feast of Christmas," says Stow, "in the king's court, wherever he chanced to reside, there was appointed a *lord of misrule*, or *master of merry disports*; the same merry fellow made his appearance at the house of every nobleman and person of distinction, and among the rest the lord mayor of London and the sheriffs had severally of them their lord of misrule; ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders: this pageant potentate began his rule at All-hallow eve, and continued the same till the morrow after the Feast of the Purification; in which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masks, and mummeries."

This master of merry disports was not confined to the court, nor to the houses of the opulent, he was also elected in various parishes, where, indeed, his reign seems to have been of shorter date. A writer, who lived at the close of the sixteenth century, places this whimsical personage, with his followers, in a very degrading point of view. I shall give the passage in the author's own words, and leave the reader to comment upon them. "First of all, the wilde heades of the parish flocking together, chuse them a graund captaine of mischiefe, whom they innoble with the title of *lord of misrule*; and him they crowne with great solemnity, and adopt for their king. This *king anoynted* chooseth forth twentie, fourtie, threescore, or an hundred lustie guttes, like to himself, to waite upon his lordly majesty, and to garde his noble person. Then every

every one of these men he investeth with his liveries of greene, yellow, or some other light wanton colour, and, as though they were not gaudy enough, they bedecke themselves with scarffes, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold ringes, precious stones, and other jewels. This done, they tie aboute either legge twentie or fourtie belles, with riche handkerchiefes in their handes, and sometimes laide acrossse over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed, for the most part, of their pretie mopsies and loving Bessies. Thus all thinges set in order, then have they their hobby horses, their dragons, and other antiques, together with their bandie pipers, and thundring drummers, to strike up the devil's daunce with all. Then march this heathen company towards the church, their pypers pyping, their drummers thundring, their stumpes dauncing, their belles jynghing, their handkerchiefes fluttering aboute their heades like madde men, their hobbie horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng: and in this sorte they go to the church, though the minister be at prayer, or preaching, dauncing and singing like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise, that no man can heare his own voyce. Then the foolish people they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mount upon the formes and pewes to see these goodly pageants solemnized. Then, after this, aboute the church they goe againe and againe, and so fourthe into the churchyard, where they have commonly their sommer-halls, their bowers, arbours, and banqueting houses, set up, wherein they feast, banquet, and daunce, all that day, and peradventure all that night too; and thus these terrestrial furies spend the sabbath day. Then, for the further innobling of this ho-

nourable *lardane*, lord I should say, they have certaine papers, wherein is painted some babelerie, childish, trifling, or other of imagerie worke, and these they call my lord of misrule's badges of cognizances. These they give to every one that will give them money to maintain them in this their heathenish devilrie;—and who will not shew himselfe buxome to them, and give them money, they shall be mocked and flouted shamefully; yea, and many times carried upon a cowstaffe, and dived over heade and eares in water, or otherwise most horribly abused. And so bessotted are some, that they not only give them money, but weare their badges or cognizances in their hats or cappes openly. Another sorte of fantasticall fooles bring to these helhounds, the lord of misrule, and his accomplices, some bread, some good ale, some new cheese, some old cheese, some custardes, some cracknels, some cakes, some flauns, some tartes, some creame, some meat, some one thing, and some another."

The society belonging to Lincoln's Inn, had anciently an officer chosen at this season, who was honoured with the title of *king of Christmas-day*, because he presided in the hall upon that day. This temporary potentate had a marshal and a steward to attend upon him.

The marshal, in the absence of the monarch, was permitted to assume his state; and, upon New-Year's day, he sat as king in the hall, when the *master of the revels*, during the time of dining, supplied the marshal's place. Upon Childermas-day, they had another officer, denominated the *king of the cockneys*, who also presided on the day of his appointment, and had his inferior officers to wait upon him.

Selden asserts, and, in my opinion,

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

Easter Tuesday, April 12.

THE OATLANDS' STAKES of 50gs each, h. ft. and only 10gs forfeit if declared on or before the 14th of January.—Ditch in.—If there should be sixteen Subscribers, or more, after the 10gs forfeits are declared, the Stakes are to be divided, and two classes formed, to run on Tuesday and Wednesday in the same Meeting; and if twenty-four Subscribers, or more, after the 10gs forfeits are declared, the Stakes to be divided, and three classes formed; the first to be run for on Monday, the second on Tuesday, and the third on Wednesday, in the same Meeting.—The forfeits of 10gs are to be given to the owners of the second horses.

	<i>Ages.</i>	<i>st.</i>	<i>lb</i>
Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Rebel	6 yrs	9	6
Lord Sackville's Dick Andrews	5 yrs	9	6
Mr. F. Neale's Bobtail	aged.	9	3
Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ	5 yrs	9	2
Mr. Heming's Kill-Devil	5 yrs	9	1
Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Lucan	6 yrs	8	11
Mr. L. Saville's Cinnamon	5 yrs	8	11
Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor	4 yrs	8	11
Mr. Howorth's Popinjay	5 yrs	8	9
Mr. Howard's Chippenham	6 yrs	8	6
Mr. Dawson's Quiz	4 yrs	8	5
Sir F. Standish's Sister to Gouty	4 yrs	7	12
Mr. Bigges's Phoenix	4 yrs	7	10
Sir F. Standish's Duxbury	3 yrs	7	10
Lord Grosvenor's Squire Teazle	4 yrs	7	9
Mr. Coventry's Sir John, by Stride	3 yrs	7	6
Mr. Sitwell's Pipylin	3 yrs	7	6
General Grosvenor's Quick	5 yrs	7	5
Mr. Whaley's Informer	3 yrs	7	5
General Grosvenor's Lady Katherine	6 yrs	7	4
Mr. Ladbroke's Julia, Sister to Eleanor	3 yrs	7	3
Mr. Watson's Striver	4 yrs	6	13
Mr. Heming's Pugilist	4 yrs	6	12
Mr. Lockley's Attainment	4 yrs	6	11
Sir H. Williamson's Walton, by Sir Peter	3 yrs	6	11
Mr. Cresswell's ches. filly, by Buzzard, out of Tulip	4 yrs	6	10
Lord Clermont's Piscator	3 yrs	6	8
Mr. Howorth named Mr. Taylor's Gulliver	3 yrs	6	6
Mr. Ke llermann's Fusileer, brother to Recruit	4 yrs	6	5
Lord Grosvenor's Martha, by John Bull, out of Maid of All Work	3 yrs	6	0
Mr. Wyndham's Galloper	3 yrs	5	9
Mr. Wardell's Harefoot, by Benningbrough	3 yrs	5	7

Nominations

Nominations for the Oxford Cup.

Four-year olds, 7st. 7lb. five-year olds, 8st. 7lb. six-year olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Four miles.

Mr. J. Fane's bay mare, Eleanor, 5 yrs old
 Mr. A. Craven's ches. horse, Frolic, aged
 Mr. Bigges's ches. horse, Phoenix, 5 yrs old
 Mr. Sitwell's br. colt Pipylin, 4 yrs old
 Mr. Heming's br. horse, Kill-Devil, 6 yrs old
 Mr. Cresswell's bay horse, Surprise, 6 yrs old
 Mr. Ladbroke's br. filly, Julia, 4 yrs old
 Mr. Kellermann's br. horse Pyrrhus, 5 yrs old
 Mr. Kellermann's br. horse Fusileer, 5 yrs old
 Mr. Harrison's ch. filly, Tulip, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old
 Mr. Burton's ches. colt, Modesty, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs old

BETTING.

There was little or no betting at Tattersal's, before the forfeits for the Oatlands' were declared; since then several free Handicaps have been proposed.—It has been five to four on Quiz, against Highland-Fling.—We hear that Quiz is well.

A STATE RUINED BY THE ABOLITION OF GAMBLING.

ONE of the chief maxims of the old Venetian rulers, was to encourage gambling and prostitution, and while they pursued this plan, although their capital was the sink of vice, the republic enjoyed a perfect tranquillity, and the state flourished. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that Lord Chesterfield was the cause that the senate of Venice altered their system of immorality, by some bitter reflections his lordship introduced in one of his letters, where he peremptorily forbids his son to visit the city of Venice. This made such an impression on some of the

leading senators, that they immediately passed a severe law prohibiting every species of gambling, and ordered the police to take up all the women of easy virtue, and even to abolish masquerading. The consequence of which was, that, in a very short time, the gamblers and the husbands of Penelope commenced Jacobins, and the moment that the French troops made their appearance on the frontiers, they were invited by the multitude, and assisted in surmounting the local obstacles in landing; so that a few French grenadiers conquered the republic without the least difficulty.

GRAND

GRAND FETE.

GIVEN BY

PRINCE POTESKIN,

TO

THE LATE EMPRESS OF
RUSSIA.*From Storch's Picture of Petersburg.*

"THE plan of this entertainment, says the relater, was grand and extraordinary, like all his other plans. A whole month elapsed in preparations; artists of all denominations were constantly employed; whole shops and warehouses were emptied of their goods for furnishing what was wanted; some hundreds of persons assembled daily to work in preparing for the banquet; and each of these days was a brilliant holiday. At length the moment arrived which had kept the whole town on the stretch of expectation, from the preparatives they had seen. The promise of the Empress and the imperial family to grace this day by their presence, was given; the court, the foreign ministers, the nobility, and a great number of respectable persons of both sexes were invited. About six in the evening, the company assembled in masquerade habits. A signal being given as the Empress stepped into her carriage, the treat prepared for the populace in the square before the palace, was uncovered to the greedy multitude, who were assembled on the occasion, in prodigious numbers. Great heaps of all the several articles of cloaths, lofty pyramids of eatables, two oxen roasted whole, and an ample store of liquors, besides a couple of fountains spouting wine, were here delivered as a prey to the rapacious mob.

"The instant the Empress set

her foot in the vestibule, a solemn symphony began, the swelling notes resounding from the lofty gallery, through the grand saloon. The orchestra consisted of three hundred performers, vocal and instrumental, in enchanting vicissitudes.—In a few minutes the Empress advanced into the grand hall, followed by the whole company. Here, having taken her seat, on an elevated platform, decorated with transparent paintings, the company dispersed among the colonades, and into the boxes; on which began the second act of this extraordinary spectacle. Four-and-twenty couple of beautiful young ladies and handsome youths of noble families, among whom were the grand-dukes Alexander and Constantine, opened the dances. All were dressed in white, and only distinguished by the colour of their girdles and scarfs. The value of their ornaments was estimated at ten millions of rubles. The music to which they danced, was accompanied with singing; and the famous artist le Picq concluded the scene with a solo.

"The company now proceeded to another apartment hung with costly tapestry. Here stood an artificial elephant, his caparisons being ornamented with emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones. The Persian who attended him, struck on a bell, and this was the signal for another change.

"A curtain sprung up, and a stage magnificently decorated, appeared. Two ballets and a dramatical representation here charmed the surprised audience, in a most extraordinary manner. Full and harmonious music, interrupted by choirs of singers, most delightful dancing, an excessive profusion of pomp, and a display of all the various national dresses of the empire, in their most agreeable costume, here fascinated

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ed all the senses at once. The play being ended, the company separated, and drew off into all the apartments of the palace. A brilliant illumination now struck the amazed eye wherever it turned. The walls and columns seemed to be all on fire; large mirrors fixed in various parts, or placed as pyramids and grottos, multiplied the effect of this unusual sight, and even the whole park seemed to be strewn with sparkling stones.

"A table spread in a manner corresponding with the splendor of the festivity, now awaited the company. Six hundred persons sat down to it; and the rest were served at the sides, and among the pillars of the hall. No other vessels or implements were used but of gold or silver: in lieu of the usual tapers, the table was lighted by coloured vases, having lamps within. A prodigious number of servants, in sumptuous liveries, with the domestic officers, were employed in waiting; and, in all parts, whatever was wanted was had at a nod. Any thing, in the whole province of epicurism, might be asked for without danger of disappointment.

"The Empress, on that day, made an exception, certainly the first for many years, to her ordinary mode of living; by remaining till midnight, that she might not disturb the satisfaction of her host, and his company. On her entering again the vestibule, a choir of human voices began a hymn, the subject of which was Catharine's glory. The Empress, surprised and affected, was turning to the prince, when he, suddenly overpowered by his feelings, fell on his knee, seized her hand, and moistened it with his tears. A gloomy presentiment seemed to dart across his mind, as with a faltering voice, he, for the last time, expressed his gratitude to his generous patroness."

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THEATRICALS.

A HOUSE TO BE SOLD.

DRURY LANE.

THIS is the child of Drury Lane House, and the production of Mr. Cobb. Its secondary title is that of a Musical Piece in two acts. An accident prevented the insertion of our account of it in our Number for December.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Kelson,	Mr. Dowton.
Charles Kelson,	Mr. J. Bannister.
Belfield,	Mr. Kelly.
Hawser,	Mr. Sedgwick.
Matthew,	Mr. Suett.
Melchisedec,	Mr. Wewitzer.
Mrs. Dorville,	Mrs. Sparks.
Charlotte,	Miss De Camp.
Fanny,	Mrs. Bland.

THE FABLE.

Charles Kelson, a young officer in the navy, and his friend Belfield, a composer for the Italian opera, are travelling to Plymouth; when, within a few miles of their journey's end, they find their money run short. They walk a part of the way, but at length, overcome with fatigue and hunger, they seat themselves down on a bench, near the door of Mrs. Dorville's house, which is situated about fifteen miles from Plymouth. Mrs. Dorville's house and the grounds adjoining are to be sold; and the travellers seeing a bill posted on the house, Charles Kelson resolves to gain a dinner, and perhaps a night's lodging, by pretending to be a purchaser. The scheme succeeds; and Mrs. Dorville, delighted in the expectation of selling her house, and, mistaking Charles Kelson for his uncle, Captain Kelson, of Plymouth, invites the young adventurers to stay till the next day. They are recognized by Matthew, a Scottish ser-

bb vant

vant of Mrs. Dorville's, who had seen them walking on the road; he is, however, bribed to silence. Charles Kelson accedes to the terms proposed by the old lady for the purchase of the house, and she produces a written agreement, which he signs. It now appears, that Charlotte, the niece of Mrs. Dorville, is attached to Belfield. The two travellers are again nearly discovered by Charlotte's surprise in meeting her lover so unexpectedly. Charles Kelson's address relieves them from this embarrassment, but a more serious event threatens him in the arrival of Captain Kelson, who intends to bid for the house himself. Charles, too, begins to feel that he is involved in an alarming difficulty, by binding himself to purchase a house for five thousand pounds without a shilling in his pocket. Chance, however, extricates him from this critical situation. Melchisedec, a Jew, who has made a fortune by selling slops to sailors, has long wanted to purchase Mrs. Dorville's house at a low price. Finding that it is now sold, he offers Charles an advance on his purchase. The young sailor, finding his anxiety to buy, talks to him of planting trees, and building a wall, to obstruct the view from Melchisedec's house; and at length so far works on the Jew, that he agrees to give him eight thousand pounds for his bargain. Of this sum he pays the widow Dorville five thousand pounds, as the purchase-money, and destines the other three thousand pounds as a wedding-gift to Belfield and his constant Charlotte; the generosity of the young sailor is rewarded by his uncle, Captain Kelson, who restores him to favour, and declares him heir to his fortune.

The music is by Mr. Kelly, and the overture contains several pleas-

ing movements, which were highly applauded. The characters were admirably well supported, and excited much pleasantry.

The following is a specimen of one of the characteristic situations, and of the dialogue, from

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Where am I? Why, that's the question I ask. I'm out of my latitude, without oar or compass; in want of provisions and water; and almost foundering.

Bel. Come, Charles, cheer up; we are now near the end of our journey: no more than fifteen miles from Plymouth.

Cha. Fifteen miles! why, man, I could as soon double the Cape in a cockle-shell, as walk fifteen miles. No, no; I'll run bump ashore on the first land I can make, to prevent sinking. Ah! a seat—a shady seat. Helm a port, my boys. Here we go. [*Sits down on the garden-chair.*]

Bel. My good fellow, consider how far we have to go.

Cha. Look ye, Harry, here I am, safe at anchor, with a smooth sea, and a good bottom—in as pretty a cove as a man could wish for—and curse me, if you float me off in a hurry.

Bel. Indeed! why, then I might as well, myself, cast anchor, as you call it.

Cha. Do; and then we'll overhaul our list of grievances. Ah! you are a pretty pilot! You were always in scrapes at school—and you have been fond of scraping ever since. What a blockhead was I, to venture so many miles from London with a musician! a fellow who

who spins ballads and fandangoes for the Italian opera! whose brains are made up of quavers and crotchets, like the inside of an hand-organ.

Bel. Rather, what a fool was I, to trust myself on so long a journey with a rattling sailor, who has no brains at all, except enough for one idea—that of spending money. We had more than enough for our journey; but you, forsooth, must play the great man, and treat our fellow-travellers.

Cha. Ha! Ha! Ha! but we lived merrily.

Bel. Yes; and here we are fifteen miles from our journey's end—worn, hungry, and without a shilling left in our pockets to get us a dinner or a lodging.

Cha. All this is most lamentably true. Yet if we could but reach Plymouth, I am sure my uncle—

Bel. Your uncle! why, what hopes of him? He has cut you off with a shilling.

Cha. I don't yet despair of his favour; the old boy's heart lies in the right place.

Bel. But are you sure you have no money left?

Cha. Not a stiver; (*whistles*) I gave the last shilling to that drunken dog, who bump'd us along two miles on the road, in his vile cart, which he call'd riding.

Bel. What is to be done?

Cha. We'll ring at that bell, (*pointing to Mrs. Dorville's house*) and tell the good people of the house the whole truth—that we are thoughtless fellows, whose money fell short on our journey.

Bel. And we shall thank them for board and lodging till to-morrow! and are you so ignorant of the world as to suppose —

Cha. Suppose what? that generous feelings no longer exist in a free country? I have no fears for

the event. Thank heaven, a signal of distress is never neglected in Old England: especially when made by a sailor.

Bel. And is this all you can propose? You who so often boast, that invention is the inheritance of a seaman. Is your whole stock of plots and contrivances exhausted?

Cha. (*Who has seen the bill of "A House to be sold."*) No, no, no; I have a plot, my boy! A breeze springs up—a favourable breeze; 'tis the breath of fortune—and let us unfurl every sail to catch it. There is our haven. (*Pointing to the house.*)

Bel. In the name of wonder, what do you mean?

Cha. You see that board "This House to be Sold," with garden, coach-house, stabling, seventy acres of land.

Bel. Well!

Cha. Well! how should you like to live in this country?

Bel. Very much; but I am afraid we shall starve in it.

Cha. Does the house please you?

Bel. Certainly.

Cha. That's enough. I'll buy it.

Bel. What?

Cha. I'll buy it.

Bel. Charles! have you lost your senses?

(*Charles is going to ring at the bell; Belfield stops him.*)

Cha. Give me your hand, grumbler. From this moment our quarrel is forgotten. I have taken my resolution.

Bel. Then I'll take my leave.

Cha. Why so? An apartment shall be at your service.

Bel. My dear Charles, I entreat you to be rational; we shall get into some scrape here.

Cha. (*rings the bell*) Say no more—the gun is fir'd. Now remember, Harry, whenever I give a

wolley of white-lies, you must be ready to second me. The signal is made for action; so clear decks, and hey for victory.

Enter Mrs. DORVILLE from the gate in the railing.

Mrs. Dor. Your commands, gentlemen.

Cha. This house is to be sold, as per signal here; I should like to buy it, d'y'e see.

Mrs. Dor. I am glad to hear it Sir. The house belongs to me; and I sincerely hope it will suit you.

Bel. I doubt that very much.

[Aside,

Cha. It seems to be a tight-built thing—a famous good stern—if it is but as pretty between decks. A keen air here from the northward.

Mrs. Dor. An excellent pure air, indeed, Sir; you'll never want an appetite.

Cha. I begin to perceive it already.

Mrs. Dor. You must be fatigued, gentlemen.

Bel. Indeed, we are, Madam; the weather is so hot, and the roads so dusty.

Mrs. Dor. Yes, your boots bear witness of the dusty roads.

Cha. We came in a carriage, too; but a drunken driver induced us to prefer walking.

Mrs. Dor. And what have you done with your carriage?

Cha. Laid it up in ordinary at the next village.

Mrs. Dor. The next village is a long distance from here.

Cha. Yes; but we were advised to walk for our health; and really it produces such an appetite.

Mrs. Dor. *(ringing)* No one answers the bell yet, and I wish to offer you some refreshment.

Bel. A thousand thanks, good Madam.

Mrs. Dor. For though, perhaps, you have lately risen from table—

Cha. Very lately, to be sure. But then, at that cursed village, they give you such banyan dinners, that one should scarcely remember them, were it not for the landlord's bill.

(A servant opens the door of Mrs. Dorville's house.)

Mrs. Dor. Oh! You are come at last!—Pray walk in, gentlemen.

Cha. Accept my convoy, madam. *(Offering his hand.)*

Mrs. Dor. *(To Belfield)* What, Sir, do you remain behind?

Bel. Yes, Madam. I don't want to buy a house, I thank you.

Cha. *(Aside to Mrs. Dor.)* Oh, leave him astern—he is a queer fellow, a little crazy in the upper works, I believe.—I'll tell you all about him.

[Exit with Mrs. D. into the house.]

Bel. Whatever may be the event of Charles's scheme, I may profit by the chance which has brought me hither. By inquiry in the neighbourhood, I shall, perhaps, gain some intelligence of my charming Charlotte, and her aunt.

Enter CHARLES, from the house.

Cha. Huzza! all goes on swimmingly, Harry. The house is agreeable, the old lady in a good humour; and then, the young lady, for I saw her picture up stairs—Such a pair of eyes!

Bel. But to what does all this lead?

Cha. Poor, short-sighted gentleman!—Can't you guess? Thanks to my white lies, I am taken for a very rich man, who wishes to purchase the house. Its advantages

are

are anxiously pointed out to me—the old lady is desirous of our farther acquaintance—a little repast is already prepared in the state room.

Bel. A repast!

Cha. Yes, you hungry son of A-pollo!—You will have something to eat. After dinner, we shall talk farther of our bargain.—It becomes late—night draws on—hammocks are offered to us.

Bel. Which we accept——

Cha. Certainly. At supper, I agree to give my answer in a few days, and to-morrow we set sail for Plymouth. And thus, thanks to a sailor's invention, we get a good supper, a night's lodging, and even buy the house, if such be our good will and pleasure.

Bel. This is all very good, so far. But, I know you, Charles; you will certainly make some blunder yet, and spoil all.

Cha. Never fear me; the old woman and I have been manœuvring like two privateers under false colours, trying to gain the wind. I think I have now completely got to windward of her, and let me alone to keep the advantage.

Bel. But consider—thus to impose upon the credulity of this poor woman.

Cha. I will make her ample amends for whatever kindness she may shew us. Believe me, Harry, I will never degrade, by a dishonourable action, this uniform, sacred to the cause of my king and country.

HAWSER (calling without.)

Haw. Yo ho! Lieutenant Kelson, a hoy!

Cha. Sounds! 'tis some old shipmate of mine. The deuce take his kind remembrance.

Enter HAWSER.

Haw. What my worthy young commander! Heaven, bless your

honour, is it you? Why Lieutenant Kelson——

Cha. Ah, Jack Hawser! I see, a sailor is like a needle touched by a loadstone—he is always attracted by a brother wherever he finds him.

Bel. Here comes the old lady.

Cha. Make sail a head, then, and take her in tow to the supper-room.

[Exit Belfield into the house.]

Jack, you are a good fellow, and I wish with all my soul it were in my power to offer you any thing. To-morrow, perhaps, I may be in better trim; but at this present speaking, I have not a shot in the locker.

Haw. Why the truth of the matter is, that I have received a wondrous deal of prize-money, and I want to lay it out to the best advantage—that is, to make myself comfortable.

Cha. Go on—make sail Jack.

Haw. Now, d'y'e see, I don't know any thing would make me more comfortable than to think that your honour would bemean yourself, as a body may say, so far, as to borrow a lot of poor Jack Hawser's prize-money.

Cha. My honest fellow, (*Shakes hands with him*) my hand must thank you, for my tongue cannot. Be assured, I do not now need your assistance—so I leave you to all the enjoyments of prize money. Seven in a coach—a blind fidler—blue ribbons—and elbows out at window—huzza!

[Exit into the house.]

Haw. Ha! ha! ha! Just as he used to be—an honest, merry-hearted fellow.—Egad, tho', he made us all do our duty on board—But what then? He shewed us a good example, did his duty himself, and the whole ship's company loved him the better for it. I wish, tho', he had touched the prize money.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM

THE TALE OF MYSTERY.

COVENT GARDEN.

IN our Magazine for November, page 74, we gave an account of the plot, machinery, &c. of this popular and affecting drama. And, from the following specimen, we presume it will appear that, even in the closet, the interest of the piece is sensibly preserved.—

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SELINA and FIAMETTA.

Sel. You seem hurried Fiametta?

Fiam. Hurried, truly! Yes, yes; and you'll be hurried too.

Sel. I?

Fiam. Fine news!

Sel. Of what kind?

Fiam. A very bad kind. The Count Romaldi—

Sel. (*alarmed*) What of him?

Fiam. Is coming.

Sel. When?

Fiam. This evening.

Sel. Heavens! What can he want?

Fiam. Want? He wants mischief. We all know he wants you to marry his son, because you're a rich heiress.

Sel. Surely, my uncle will never consent?

Fiam. Your uncle, and all Savoy, fear him.

Bona. (*calling without*) Fiametta!

Fiam. I am here, Sir.

Bona. But I want you here.

Fiam. Lord, Sir, I am busy.

Sel. Go, run to my uncle.

Fiam. It's a shame he should not think of marrying you to his own son; when he knows how dearly you love each other.

Sel. It is the excellence of my dear uncle's heart, that disdains the appearance of self-interest.

Fiam. So, rather than be blamed himself, he'll make you and I and every body miserable? But I'll talk to him!

Bona. (*without*) Fiametta, I say!

Fiam. Coming! (*going*) He shall hear of it. I'm in a proper cue. He knows I'm right, and I'll not not spare him. [*Exit talking.*]

(*Hunting Music.*)

Enter STEPHANO, with his fowling-piece, net, and game.

Sel. Why are you so late, Stephano? I had a thousand alarms.

Steph. Forgive me, dear Selina. The pursuit of game led me too far among the mountains.

Sel. Do you know—

Steph. What?

Sel. I almost dread to tell you. Count Romaldi is coming.

Steph. Romaldi!

Sel. I shudder, when I recollect the selfishness of his views, and the violence of his character.

Steph. Add, the wickedness of his heart.

(*Music: to express chattering contention.*)

Enter BONAMO and FIAMETTA.

Fiam. I tell you again, Sir, it is uncharitable, it is cruel, it is hard-hearted in you, to give any such orders

Bona. And I tell you they shall be obeyed. Have not I a right to do as I please in my own house.

Fiam. No, Sir; you have no right to do wrong any-where.

Steph. What is the dispute, Sir?

Fiam. He has ordered me to turn the poor Fancisco out of doors; because, forsooth, the house is not large enough to hold this Count Romaldi.

Sel.

Sel. Think, my dear uncle, how grateful and kind is his heart!

Steph. And that he is a man of misfortune.

Bona. Folly and misfortune are twins: nobody can tell one from the other. He has got footing here; and you seem all determined he shall keep it.

Sel. I own, I am interested in his favour. His manners are so mild!

Steph. His eye so expressive!

Sel. His behaviour so proper!

Fiam. I'll be bound, he is of genteel parentage!

Bona. Who told you so?

Fiam. Not he, himself, for certain; because poor creature he is dumb. But only observe his sorrowful looks. What it is I don't know, but there is something on his mind so—

Bona. You are a fool!

Fiam. Fool, or not, I have served you faithfully these three-and-twenty years; so you may turn me out of doors at last, if you please.

Bona. I?

Fiam. Yes; for, if you turn Francisco out, I'll never enter them again.

Bona. You certainly know more, concerning this man?

Fiam. Since it must be told, I do.

Bona. Then speak.

Fiam. It is quite a tragedy!

Bona. Indeed! Let us hear.

Fiam. It is now seven or eight years ago, when, you having sent me to Chambery, I was coming home. It was almost dark; every thing was still; I was winding along the dale, and the rocks were all as it were turning black. Of a sudden, I heard cries! A man was murdering! I shook from head to foot! Presently, the cries died away; and I beheld two bloody men, with their daggers in their hands, stealing off under the crags at the foot of the

mill. I stood like a stone: for I was frightened out of my wits! So I thought I heard groans; and, appeared as I was, I had the sense to think they must come from the poor murdered creature. So I listened, and followed my ears, and presently I saw this very man—

Sel. Francisco?

Fiam. Weltering in his blood! To be sure I screamed and called loud enough: for, what could I do by myself? So presently my cries was heard; and honest Michelli the miller, with his man, came running

Bona. I now remember the tale: The poor man recovered; and every body praised Michelli.

Fiam. So they ought; he is an honest good soul! What, then, Sir, can you suppose I thought, when, about a week ago, I again saw Francisco's apparition standing before me; making signs that he was famished with hunger and thirst. I knew him at once; and he soon bethought himself of me. If you had seen his clasped hands, and his thankful looks, and his dumb notes, and his signs of joy, at having found me!—While I have a morsel, he shall never want. I'll hire him a cottage; I'll wait upon him; I'll work for him: so turn him out of doors, if you have the heart.

Steph. Fiametta, you wrong my father.

Bona. I'll hear his story from himself.

Fiam. He can't speak.

Bona. But he can write.

Fiam. I warrant him. I'm sure he's a gentleman.

Bona. Bring him here: if he prove himself an honest man, I am his friend.

Fiam. I know that, or you should be no master of mine. [*Exit,*

Steph. His kind attentions to Selina are singular,

Sel.

Sel. Every morning, I find him waiting for me, with fresh-gathered flowers; which he offers with such modest yet affectionate looks.

FIAMETTA returns with *FRANCISCO*; the latter, poor in appearance, but clean; with a reserved placid and dignified air.

Bona. Come near, friend. You understand his gestures, *Fiametta*; so stay where you are.

Fiam. I intend it.

Bona. (to himself) He has a manly form! a benevolent eye! (aloud) Sit down, Sir. Leave us my children.

(*Francisco suddenly rises, as Stephano and Selma offer to go, brings them back, and intreats they may remain.*)

Bona. Since he desires it, stay—There is pen, ink, and paper: when you cannot answer by signs, write; but be strict to the truth.

Fran. (with dignity points to heaven and his heart.)

Bona. Who are you?

(*Francisco writes; and Stephano, standing behind him, takes up the paper and reads the answers.*)

Fran. "A noble Roman!"

Bona. Your family!—

Fran. (gives a sudden sign of Forbear! and writes) "must not be known."

Bona. Why?

Fran. "It is disgraced."

Bona. By you?

Fran. (gesticulates).

Fiam. (interpreting) No, no, no!

Bona. Who made you dumb?

Fran. "The Algerines."

Bona. How came you in their power?

Fran. "By treachery."

Bona. Do you know the traitors?

Fran. (gesticulates).

Fiam. (eagerly) He does! he does!

Bona. Who are they?

Fran. "The same who stabbed me among the rocks." (A general expression of horror.)

Bona. Name them.

Fran. (gesticulates violently, denoting painful recollection; then writes) "never!"

Bona. Are they known by me?

Fiam. (interpreting) They are! they are!

Bona. Are they rich?

Fran. "Rich and powerful."

Bona. Astonishing! Your refusal to name them gives strange suspicions. I must know more: tell me all, or quit my house.

(*Music to express pain and disorder.*)

Enter *PIERO*.

Pier. Count Romaldi, Sir,

Fran. (Starts up, struck with alarm).

Steph. So soon!

Bona. Shew him up.

Pier. He's here. (Similar music.)

ROMALDI suddenly enters, as *Francisco* is attempting to pass the door: they start back at the sight of each other. *Romaldi* recovers himself; and *Francisco* in an agony of mind, leaves the room.

Bona. What is all this!—Where is he gone?—Call him back. *Fiametta*!

[*Exeunt Fiametta and Stephano; both regarding Romaldi with dislike.*]

Rom (with forced ease.) At length my good friend, I am here. I have long promised myself the pleasure

of

of seeing you. Your hand. How hearty you look! And your lovely niece! Her father's picture!

Bona. Rather her mother's.

Rom. My son will adore her. In two days I expect him here. I have serious business to communicate.

Sel. (to her uncle) Permit me to retire, Sir.

Bona. (tenderly) Go, my child; go.

Sel. (aside) Grant, oh merciful heaven, I may not fall the sacrifice of avarice!

[Exit,

Bona. And now your pleasure, Count?

Rom. Nay, I imagine, you can guess my errand. You know my friendship for my son; who, let me tell you, is your great admirer. The care you have bestowed upon your niece, her education, mind, and manners, and the faithful guardian you have been, both of her wealth and person, well deserve praise.

Bona. If I have done my duty, I am greatly fortunate.

Rom. She is a lovely young lady; and you are not ignorant of my son's passion: to which your duty toward your niece must make you a friend. I therefore come, with open frankness, to propose their union.

Bona. And I, with equal candor, must tell you, I can give no answer.

Rom. (haughtily affecting surprise) No answer!

Bona. Your rank and wealth make the proposal flattering: but there is a question still more serious.

Rom. (in the same tone) What can that be?

Bona. One which my niece only can resolve.

Rom. Inexperience like hers should have no opinion.

Bona. How, my Lord! Drag the bride, by force, to that solemn altar, where, in the face of heaven, she is to declare her choice is free?

Rom. Mere ceremonies.

Bona. Ceremonies! Bethink yourself; lest marriage become a farce, libertinism a thing to laugh at, and adultery itself a finable offence!

Rom. Ay, ay: you are a moralist; a conscientious man. Your son is reported to have designs on Selina.

Bona. My Lord!

Rom. No anger: I speak as a friend. Her fortune is tempting: but you disdain to be influenced. The wealth and rank of our family—

Bona. Surpass mine. True; still my niece, I say, must be consulted.

Rom. Indeed! (sternly) Then my alliance, it seems, is refused?

Bona. By no means: I have neither the right to refuse nor to accept. If Selina—

Re-enter SELINA with a letter.

Sel. (presenting it to Bonamo) From the unfortunate Francisco.

Rom. What, that strange fellow I met as I came in?

Sel. (aside) he knows his name!

Rom. I forgot to ask you how he got admittance here?

Sel. (with marked displeasure) I should hope, my Lord, there would always be some charitable door open to the unfortunate!

Rom. (with courteous resentment) I addressed your uncle, lovely lady.

Bona. When you came he was relating his adventures, which have been strange.

Rom. (retaining himself) And are you, my friend, simple enough to believe such tales?

Sel. What tales, my Lord?

Bona. The proofs are convincing! The mutilation he has suffered; the wounds he received, not a league from hence; the—

Rom. (alarmed) Did he name—?

Bona. Who? The monsters that gave

gave them?—No: but they are not unknown to him.

Rom. That—that is fortunate.

Bona. I was amazed to learn—

Rom. What?

Bona. That they are rich and powerful. But I forget: the story can have no interest for you.

Rom. (*eagerly*) You mistake:

I—(*recollecting himself*) my feelings are as keen as yours.

Bona. But what has he written?

(*offers to open the letter*)

Rom. If you will take my advice, you will not read. Doubtless, he has more complaints, more tales, more favours to request. Be kind and hospitable; but do not be a dupe.

Bona. Of which, I own, there is danger.

Rom. (*seizing the letter which Bona carelessly holds*) Then let me guard you against it.

Sel. (*after continually watching and suspecting Romaldi, snatches the letter back; while he, remarking her suspicions, is confused*) This letter, my Lord, was given in charge to me: I promised to bring an answer; and I respectfully intreat my uncle will read it.

Bona. Well, well. (*reads*) "Friend of humanity, should I remain, the peace of your family might be disturbed. I therefore go; but earnestly intreat you will neither think me capable of falsehood nor ingratitude—Wherever I am, my wishes and my heart will be here.—Farewell." He shall not go.

Rom. Why not? he owns the peace of your family may be disturbed.

Bona. Fly, Selina; tell him I require, I request him to sleep here to-night, that I may speak with him to-morrow.

Rom. (*aside*) That must not be.

Sel. Thanks, my dear uncle! you have made me happy.

Exit in haste.

(*Confused music.*)

THE NEW PANTOMIME

AT
DRURY LANE.

AS usual, in Christmas holidays, new entertainments of the mimic cast were introduced at both the theatres.

After the play of George Barnwell, at Drury Lane, Dec. 27, a new Pantomime, called "Love and Magic," or "Harlequin's Holiday," was performed for the first time.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Harlequin.....	Mr. Byrne
Harlequin Miniature..	Master Byrne
Mago, the Magician..	Mr. De Camp
Pantaloon.....	Mr. Male
Pero.....	Mr. Cipriana
Scaramouch.....	Mr. Gibbon
Gipsy King.....	Mr. Collins
Undertaker.....	Mr. Purser
Barber.....	M. Hollingsworth
Counsellors.....	{ Mess. Sparks & Maddocks
Client.....	Mr. Rhodes
Tycho, the Clown....	Mr. Grimaldi
Columbine.....	Miss B. Menage
The Sprite.....	Miss Tyrer
Pantalina.....	Mr. Bayzand
Ursula, the Dwarf....	Master Blanchard
Landlady.....	Mrs. Coats
Venus.....	Miss Hicks
The Graces.....	{ Miss Bristow Miss Isora
Cupid.....	Miss Douglas
Hymen.....	Miss Saunders

THE STORY.

The first scene gives a view of a magician's study. The Magician is seated on his throne, attended by two dæmons; the back scene represents a prison, in which Harlequin, Columbine, and the other pantomimic characters are confined in chains. The Magician, after a short exhortation, confides the care of the captives to Tycho, and enjoins him not to sleep, or the magic lamps will expire, and the charm will cease. The influence of Somnus, however, overcomes Tycho; two ravens descend, seize his wand in their claws, and ascend. The next scene, which is uncommonly beautiful,

beautiful, exhibits Venus, the protectress of Harlequin, descending from the clouds, who relieves him and his associates from "durance vile," and presents him with a magic cestus, by the virtues of which he is to overcome all his enemies. In her splendid car she is attended by the three Graces, and her accustomed attributes. The bustle of the pantomime now commences. The father of Columbine is tempted by a chest of gold, to induce her to espouse the enemy of Harlequin. The latter, however, defeats their projects, and while the chest is placed at the door, by his magical efforts, a column of gold arises from the interior of the chest, on which he ascends, and gains admittance into one of the windows of Pantaloon's house. He next makes his escape with Columbine, and after a countless variety of whimsical adventures, loses his wand and cestus, and becomes again in the power of the Magician. His protectress still adheres to his interests, and relieves him from his difficulties. The Magician is at length overcome, and is hurled by his imps into the infernal regions. The scene then changes to a beautiful view of the temple of Venus; the head of a Sphinx is broke by the advice of a guardian sprite, Cupids appear, and Harlequin and Columbine are united.

This piece boasts a considerable portion of novelty, while it contains much of the whimsicality and pleasantries of the old school. Most of the changes are marked with all requisite humour and ridicule, and the effect of course is sufficiently happy. Among those deserving particular notice, are, the elegant descent of the ravens, and their subsequent ascension with the magic wand. Harlequin's sword formed out of one of the arrows of Cupid; the tombs in which Harlequin and Columbine are inclosed, transformed into sofas; the Lord Mayor's

barge into a Vauxhall barge; the little Alderman into a turtle; Hammersley's banking house into Kelly's saloon, Pall-mall; a finger-post into a boat in full sail; Pantaloon's house into a pastry cook's, and next into a barber's shop; a starch waggon into a prison; and the change from the Giant's columns into the palace of Venus. Besides these, there are a number of other excellent tricks, whimsical in their effect, and ingenious in their contrivance. In the preparations of this pantomime for representation, the managers have displayed a liberality highly commendable, and we have no doubt of its success amply rewarding the attention they have bestowed upon the piece. Of the performance, too much cannot be said in commendation. Byrne, as Harlequin, exerted himself with great success; and his admirable little son in the infant Harlequin, after being released from the Gipsy Boiler, displayed talents of the first order, and was prodigiously admired; nor were the applauses less properly bestowed on the Columbine of the agile and elegant Miss Menage, and the dance with Harlequin. Miss Hicks personated Venus, and certainly, the delicious goddess could not have a more captivating representative. She sung the recitative and her song, with grace and effect. Grimaldi is a most excellent clown. The variety of his gestures, the neatness of his drollery, and his attention to the business of the scene, never suffered abatement. For the dresses, and principal invention of the tricks, we are indebted to the refined taste, and unrivalled ingenuity of Mr. Johnston, and the scenery does great credit to Mr. Greenwood. The last scene, the temple of Venus, is uncommonly brilliant and beautiful.—The music is of a most pleasing and effective description.—For a specimen of the poetry, see our poetical department.

THE NEW PANTOMIME

AT

COVENT GARDEN.

AFTER the performance of the Tragedy of Jane Shore, at this theatre, Dec. 27, the new Pantomime of "Harlequin's Habeas," or "The Hall of Spectres," was brought forward.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Harlequin	Mr. Bologna, Jun.
John Doe, Father to } Columbine	Mr. L. Bologna
Richard Roe, Colum- } bine's Lover	Mr. Klanert
Turnkey	Mr. Bologna
Lounger	Mr. King
Quango	Mr. Menage
Spectre in Don Juan ..	Mr. Beverley
Ghost of Gaffer Thumb	Mr. Harley
Lunn's Ghost	Mr. Powers
Fongwhang, with song	Mr. Dubois
Castle Spectre	Mrs. St. Ledger
Bleeding Nun	Mrs. Watts
Columbine, daughter } to John Doe	Mrs. Wibrow
Genie of the Sword ..	Miss Wheatley
Genius of Enchantment,	Mr. Darley

The Pantomime opens with a finely executed scene, by Holloman, of the inside of John Doe's house, whose daughter, Columbine, is discovered embroidering a map of France. She is interrupted by the entrance of her father, who introduces Richard Roe, an antiquated lover, as her future husband, but who is rejected by the lady. A dashing Buck is next brought on, in custody, at the suit of his taylor; he sends for bail; a Sailor, from India, attended by a Chinese, enters to his relief. The Sailor offers his whole store, which is insufficient to relieve his friend, when the Chinese, understanding the nature of the embarrassment from the Sailor, offers the Bailiff a case of curious China silk; but, when the business is about to be accommodated, the ungrateful sprig of Bond-street takes an opportunity to decamp with the silk and money, and the poor Sailor

is left in "durance vile" for having answered for his supposed friend. —The Bailiff's daughter, struck with the generosity of the Sailor, endeavours to procure his escape, but is prevented by the vigilance of her father's turnkey. The Sailor, in a paroxism of anger and despair, strikes the ground with one of the rollers from which the silk had been wound, which proves to be a talisman of great power, and which had lain long neglected in China. The Genius of the Sword instantly appears, who tells the Sailor of the virtues of the talisman, and that he and ten thousand spirits own its sway, and are ready to aid its master in the hour of misfortune. The Genius then desires him to pursue his faithless friend to France; the Sailor thanks the Genius, who disappears. Columbine timidly approaches the sword; the Sailor gives it to her. She is delighted with it; but disliking the Sailor's dress, makes the first trial of its magic virtue, and changes him to Harlequin, and pointing at her own dress, gives him the sword, with which he changes her to Columbine. —After dancing round each other, in mutual congratulation, they run towards the door, which opens, and John Doe, Richard Roe, and Redtail enter with constables. Harlequin escapes by leaping through a framed copy of the *Habeas Corpus Act*, which changes to "*non est inventus*." Columbine being locked up, the Father, Lover, and Clown go off in pursuit of Harlequin. Harlequin, in the next scene, having, by the virtue of his sword, released Columbine, and found his friend, the Chinese, they set out for Dartford, on their way to France, followed by the pursuers, and after several adventurous escapes, arrive at Dover, closely pursued. Just as they are ready to embark for France, Columbine is seized by her Father, forced

forced into a boat, and carried off. A storm commences, and Columbine, whilst struggling with her father, falls into the sea, and disappears. Harlequin resorts to the effect of the sword, the Genius appears, and bids him not despair, but instantly seek for Columbine in the Hall of Spectres, and, like Orpheus, attempt to bring her back; which he effects.—The second act proceeds in a tour through part of France, with a succession of escapes and adventures occurring, through a great variety of scenes, finely executed, and, which the play bills amply enumerate. These are abundantly enlivened with a great variety of mechanical tricks and changes, among which are a puppet shew on Rochester bridge turned into a prison; the words *Habeas Corpus* in the bailiff's house, after Harlequin has effected his escape, into those of *Non est Inventus*; four pots of porter emptied and refilled by the magic of Harlequin's sword; a number of fruitmen, with baskets on their backs, transformed into gigantic *poissardes*; a hay cart into an elegant cottage, the gates of which are soon after changed to prisons; a direction post into a windmill, and a chair into an immense ladder. In the course of the scene of bustle, a balloon, with a parachute attached to it, ascends from the stage into the circle of the house; the latter drops into the pit, and the former, with much regularity, returns to the stage. Much ingenuity is displayed throughout, and the liberality of the manager, in the scenic and decorative departments, was never more conspicuously demonstrated. The scenery is altogether of the most charming description, and does much credit to the talents of the several artists, Whitmore, Richards, Phillips, Creswell, and Hologan, the latter of whom, particularly, in his view of *Dartford by Moon-*

light, has afforded a most gratifying instance of the perfection of the art. The machinery is ingenious and well contrived, and when worked with greater facility, will produce a still better effect. The performers all acquitted themselves with much credit, and the piece promises to become a general favourite. The music, which is by Reeve and Moorehead is very pleasing. For a specimen of the songs see our poetical department.

GAME LAWS VINDICATED.

MR. EDITOR,

THE gentleman who signs *PHILOSTATUS* in your last number, and therein complains of the poor being deprived of killing game; seems, in my opinion, to have carried his argument much too far; or, that his humanity for them, has carried him beyond his argument. I believe that the lay of the land, at this day, allows every person to kill any sort of animal or fowl, that is *frere nature*, unless the same is prohibited by some legislative act, and sure the gentleman will not deny the right the king, lords, and commons have, to enact such laws as in their wisdom, they deem necessary for the good of the community; for in this light, we ought, I think, to look upon those enactments which have been made for the protection of the game. Because, as he says, Nimrod and Esau had free liberty of the chase, does it from thence follow, that every labouring man shall, at this day, be permitted to do so? Has Philostatus considered the pernicious effects his reasoning may have on the lower class of mankind, who, in general, are too fond of forsaking an honest and laborious living, for that of a very precarious one, coupled with idleness? Was such permission to be encouraged, it

it would infallibly bring ruin to multitudes of poor families in this kingdom, and a sad relaxation of every stimulus to industry.

It ought also to be considered, that the legislature has not been so very partial in this respect to the higher orders of mankind, as Philostatus insinuates; for, by one act of parliament, no person that hath not L.100 per annum, or L.150 per annum, in right of his wife, shall kill some kind of game, under the penalty of L.5; and, by a late statute, he must take out an *annual certificate* which costs him L.3 : 4 : 0 or he will incur a much heavier penalty.

Now, can it be fairly said, that government has passed an act, or acts, whereby the land owners should monopolize, in an arbitrary way, the whole of the game to themselves? Do not those gentlemen and others who take out those certificates, contribute to the aid and assistance of government? And is not that money applied in common with other taxes, for the protection of all his Majesty's subjects rich and poor? and if so, then I must aver that, the poor are much more benefited, than if they were allowed to idle after the game themselves.

Let Philostatus only observe the situation of common poachers, and he will find them, without, I believe, a single exception, a dissolute and abandoned set of men, who destroy more game in one night than the fair sportsman will do in a week; yet, with all this success of the poacher you will find him most commonly in the alehouse, whilst his wife and children are starving for bread at home.

The above arguments to the assertions of Philostatus, are but a few of the many, which may be adduced, to shew that the game laws are not partial, oppressive, impolitic, tyrannical, or unconstitutional.

A FAIR SPORTSMAN.

A DIPLOMATIC BOXER.

WICQUEFORT, in his memoirs on the functions of ambassadors and public ministers, relates, that in the reign of Lewis XIV. while the Grand Vizier was giving audience to the French ambassador, being offended by the repeated boasts of his excellency, respecting the high power of his monarch, gave the ambassador such a heavy blow on the face with his fist, that he broke two of his teeth. His excellency was immediately sent to prison, as usual, and when the Grand Monarque became acquainted with the gross insult received by his minister, he was prudently advised by Cardinal Mazarine to take no notice of it.—If the Turks should ever regain the grounds of their past arrogance, their conduct would exactly be the same as before.

FOX-HUNTING,

IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

MR. EDITOR,

ALMOST all gentlemen fox-hunters being doubtless readers of the *Sporting Magazine*, it will, I imagine, contribute to their amusement, to apprise them of the style and expence of their favourite diversion almost five hundred years ago; and the account of the Comptroller of the Wardrobe of King Edward I. anno domini 1299, and 1300, will afford them much information.

This account, with prefatory observations, and a glossary subjoined, was printed not long since at the charge of the Society of Antiquaries; and the four ingenious and learned members who were desired to superintend the transcribing and publishing this curious manuscript, executed their commission with fewer mistakes than could well have been expected in so difficult

difficult a task. A translation of the articles which relate to fox-hunting is inclosed.

P. 308.—Paid to William de Foxhunte, the King's huntsman of foxes in divers forests and Parks, for his own wages, and the wages of his two boys; and to care of the dogs from November 20th to the 19th of November following, for 366 days, it being leap year, to each per day two-pence — £.9 3 0

Paid to the same for the keep of twelve fox-dogs belonging to the King for the same time, each dog per day, a halfpenny — 9 3 0

Paid to the same, the expence of a horse to carry the nets from Nov. 20th, to the last day of April, 163 days, three-pence per day 2 0 9

Paid the same, the expence of the horse from Sept. 1st, on which day the hunting season, after the dead-season to the 19th of November, 80 days, three-pence per day — 1 0 0

P. 103.—Paid to William d' Blatherwyck, huntsman of the King's fox-dogs for shoes for himself and two boys, to each of them two shillings and four-pence. 0 7 0

P. 317.—Paid to the same for his habit during the present year — 0 13 4

Paid to the same for habits for his two boys, ten shillings each 1 0 0

Total — £.23 7 1

If these sums are multiplied by fifteen, there will be nearly the due allowance made for the difference in the value of money between that and the present, and consequently the whole of the King's annual expence, under this article, amounted to somewhat more than three hundred and fifty pounds six shillings and three-pence of our money.

Nor was this by any means a trivial charge, if it be considered upon how small a scale this part of his Majesty's establishment was formed; for it consisted of only the huntsman, two boys, twelve dogs, and one horse to carry the toils.

Such a hunt, though honoured by the title of Royal, would be ridiculed by the subscribers to a modern fox-hunt. The cry of a dozen dogs could make but a slight impression upon the ears of persons accustomed to the burst of twenty-five couple, and more, of hounds; which is apt to excite so great an ebullition of joy, as seems for a time to deprive them of their senses, and stimulate them to "O'er the hedge high-bound into the perilous flood, bear fearless; and, of the rapid instinct full, rush down the dangerous steep."—This choice of glorious perils was not, however, indulged to their ancestors, since it appears from the entries, that they were pedestrian hunters.

Mortua seisona, as here used, are words that merit our attention. To the generality of people the warm and fertile months of May, June, July, and August, are enlivening and cheerful, though by fox-hunters of former days it was deemed a *dead season* of the year. And, from some expressions that have occasionally dropped from sportsmen of this class, with whom I have the pleasure of conversing, I am inclined to suspect that the epithet *dead*, when prefixed to summer,

is

is, in their opinion, pertinent and emphatic.

The same phrase brings to my mind, a glaring anachronism advanced by Mr. Addison, in one of the entertaining papers he is supposed to have written, whilst he is visiting Sir Roger de Coverly; who, we are told, hunted almost every day in the first fortnight in July: an idea surely as incongruous, and, to a farmer, as horrid, as Sterling's hot buttered rolls in that month was to Lord Ogleby. The conclusion I draw from this lapse of the pen is, that Coverly Hall was situated at either Chelsea or Islington, and that Mr. Spectator was not ambling upon the chaplain's easy pad, but walking over the Five Fields, or the Spa-fields, when he had in view the imaginary doubles of the hare; and perhaps in this my trailing I may have been so often at a fault, as to betray my having no right to the signature of

A FOX-HUNTER.

THE
EARLIEST ENGLISH BOOK
ON
HUNTING.

"**A**BOUT the year 1481," says Mr. Wharton, "Julian Barnes, more properly Berners, sister of Richard Lord Berners, and prioress of the nunnery of Sopewell, wrote three English tracts on hunting, hawking, and armory, or heraldry, which were soon afterwards printed in the neighbouring monastery of St. Alban's. This very scarce book, printed in various inks, was in the late Mr. West's library."

From another edition of this book, printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1496, Mr. Herbert has given some

entertaining extracts. The treatise on hunting is introduced thus: "Lykewyse as in the boke of hawkyng aforeseyde are wrytten and noted the termys of playours belonging to gentylmen, havynge deleyte therein, in the same manere this boke followynge shewyth to such gentyll persones the manere of huntynge for all manere of bestys."

"The names of dyvers manere houndes:

"Thyse ben the names of houndes. Fyrst there is a grehounde; a bastard; a mengrell; a mastiff; a lemor; a spanyel; raches kennetys; butchers houndes; dunhyll dogges; tryndeltaylles and prykeryd currys; and smale ladyes popees, that bere away the flees and dyvers smale fawtes."

"A grehounde should be headed lyke a snake, and neckyd like a drake; sotyd like a catte, tayllyd lyke a ratte; syded lyke a teme; and chyned like a heme.

"The proprietees of a good horse:

"A good horse sholde have xv good proprietees and condycions. That is to wyte, thre of a man, thre of a woman, thre of a foxe, thre of a haare, and thre of an asse. Of a man, bolde, prowde, and hardye. Of a woman, fayre-brested, fayre of heere, and easy to move. Of a foxe, a fayr taylle, short ceres, with a good trotte. Of an haare, agrete eye, a drye heed, and well rennyng. Of an asse, a bygge chynn, a flat legge, and a good houe (hoof)."

But the moral and prudential maxims of Dame Julian are more remarkable, and it is probably in imitation of her, that books of sports of later times have been interspersed with such remarks. The following are some of them:

"Aryse erly; serve God dewtly, and the world besily. Do thy werke wysely—geve thyn almesse secretly; goo by the waye sadly.

badly *. Answered the people demurely; goo to thy meet appetedyly; sytte theareat dyscretly; of thy tongue be not to lyberally; aryse therefrom temperatly. Goo to thy souper soberly, and to thy bed merely; be in thyne Inne jocundly; please thy love duley, and slepe surely."

"Who that makyth † in Chryst-mas a dogge to his larder, and in Marche a sowe to his gardyn, and in May a fole of a wyse mannys counsell, he shall never have good lardyr, fayre gardyne, nor well kepte counsell."

"Ferre from thy kynnesmen caste the; wrath not thy neighbours next the; in a good corn countree threste the, and sytte down Robyn and reste the."

"Two wyves in one hous, two cattys and one mous,
Two dogges and one bone; thysc never accorde in one."

"If a man lack leche ‡, or medicyne, he shall make thre thynges his leche and medicyne. The fyrst of them is a mery thought. The second is labour not outrageous. The thyrde is dyete mesurable. Fyrst that yfa man wyll ever more be in mery thoughtes and have a glad spyryte, he must eschewe all contraryous company, and all places of debate where he myghte have any occasions of melancholy; and yf he woll have a labour not outrageous, he must thenne ordeynne him to his hertys ease and pleasaunce, wythout studye, pensynesse, or traveyle, a mery occupacyon, whyche may rejoyce his herte, and in which his spyrytes may have a mery delyte. And yf he woll be dyeted mesurably, he must eschewe all places of ryotte, whyche is cause of surfette and syknesse. And he must drawe him to places of swete ayre

and hungry. And ete nourishable meetes and dyffiable also."

Of friendship she writes as follows:

"A faythfull frende wolde I fayne fynde,
To fynde him there he myghte be founde;
But now is the worlde wext so unkyade
That frenship is fallen to the grounde.

Now a frende I have founde,
That I woll nother banne, ne curse,
But of all frendes in felde, or tounce,
Ever gramercy myn own purse.
It fell by me upon a tyme,
As it hath by many one mo §,
My horse, my nete, my shepe, my swyne,
And all my goodes, they fell me fro;
I went to my frendes and told them so,
And home again they badde me trusse;
I said again, when I was wo,
Ever gramercy myn own purse!
Therefore I rede you, syres all,
To assay your frendes, or you have nede,
For and you come down and have a fall,
Full fewe of theym for you woll grede ||.
Therefore assay them everychone
Bothe the better and the worse;
Our Lorde, that shope bothe sonne and
moone,
Send us spendynge in our purse."

CRIM. CON.

LINGHAM V. HUNT.

On Friday, December 24, 1802.

THIS cause was tried in the court of King's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, and a Special Jury, at Guildhall. It was brought by Mr. Lingham, a wine-merchant, of Tower-street, against his neighbour Mr. Hunt, of the same profession, and residing in the same street, for *Crim. Con.* Mr. Lingham married a very beautiful young lady, named Miss Dixon, in 1800; her mother lives on Tower-hill, she was nineteen when

* Without ostentation. † Taketh. ‡ Physic. Physician.

§ More.

|| Lament. Feel.

married, and has one child. Mr. Hunt was a visiting friend of the plaintiff; he lost his wife last summer in childbed. Mrs. Lingham went frequently to his house to see his child; her frequent visits, and going out with Mr. Hunt, gave no ground of alarm to Mr. Lingham, until the 8th of July last, when returning home, he found his wife was not there; remaining in the utmost anxiety and suspense, he, the next day, received the following letter from Mr. Hunt:—

“ Sir,—with sorrow great, how can I inform you, that you have *miserably misplaced in me your confidence*. Your wife cannot return without your forgiveness, and that I think is impossible. See, however, directly, my poor brother, who, as well as Eliza (Mrs. Lingham), yourself, and me, must go distracted. Still your's, JOSEPH HUNT.

Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Lingham had taken a post-chaise, and went to the Green Man, at Barnet, where they slept, and staid two days: they have since lived together.

The plaintiff's cause was managed by Mr. Garrow, who made out his case with great ability, and the most unquestionable evidence.

Mr. Erskine, on the part of the defendant, endeavoured to shew, that the plaintiff had neglected his wife, and exposed her to the seduction of Mr. Hunt, and therefore was not entitled to heavy damages. It was stated, that Mrs. Lingham had been frequently with Mr. Hunt, at his house, alone, and had gone out with him to the play; and one time in a post chaise; when Mr. Lingham, instead of going with them, had taken another course, to amuse himself in fishing! but above all, on the night of the illuminations for the Peace, a large party of

friends had gone to the west end of the town to witness them. Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lingham with other gentlemen, each escorted a lady; Mrs. Lingham held by Mr. Hunt's arm, and some how or other they parted from the rest of the company in the crowd, near Mr. Hope's, in Cavendish Square, and did not return till late. It was given in evidence, to prove Mr. Lingham's indifference to his wife's character, that she should unguardedly say, on her return, “ we,” meaning Mr. Hunt and herself, “ have fared better than you; we have had a good supper and wine at a tavern;” and that Mr. Lingham treated this expression only with raillery and *badinage*. It however came out, on further investigation, and the better recollection of Mr. Hunt's brother, that Mrs. Lingham and Mr. Hunt had only been to a *pastry cook's*, in Spring Gardens, and not a *tavern*. This, and its being proved that a young gentleman, nine years of age, was with Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Lingham when they first went out in a post-chaise, led the Chief Justice to consider Mr. Hunt's defence as rather an aggravation than a palliation of his crime; and the jury being of the same opinion, they gave the plaintiff all the damages he called for, which were *five thousand pounds!*

Mr. Erskine, in supporting his charge against Mr. Lingham, of having neglected his wife, sought for a precedent, not from Lord Coke, or any of the Old Lawyers, but from *Adam* himself, who, the Divine Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, makes to say,

“ I too was to blame in admiring that
virtue,
“ Which I thought nothing evil could
approach;
“ But now I see my fault, and now I feel
“ Thou art my just accuser.

MORE

MORE OF THE OATLANDS' STAKES.

IN the preceding page, 190 of the present Number, we named the entries for the Oatlands' Stakes, and should have had forecast enough to have waited till after the 14th, and included the whole in one article. The remarks contained in page 190 have justified the event.

Out of thirty-two horses, only five have declared forfeit; the remaining twenty-seven are classed as follows:

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.—1803.

Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. D. I.

MONDAY.—The First Class.

	<i>Ages.</i>	<i>st.</i>	<i>lb</i>
Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ	5 yrs	9	2
Mr. Delme Radcliffe's Lucan	6 yrs	8	11
Mr. L. Saville's Cinnamon	5 yrs	8	11
Mr. Sitwell's Pipylin	3 yrs	7	6
General Grosvenor's Quick	5 yrs	7	5
Mr. Ladbroke's Julia	3 yrs	7	3
Lord Clermont's Piscator	3 yrs	6	8
Mr. Wyndham's Galloper	3 yrs	5	9
Mr. Wardell's Harefoot	3 yrs	5	7

TUESDAY.—The Second Class.

Mr. F. Neale's Bobtail	aged.	9	3
Mr. Heming's Kill-Devil	5 yrs	9	1
Mr. Dawson's Quiz	4 yrs	8	5
Sir F. Standish's Sister to Gouty	4 yrs	7	12
Lord Grosvenor's Squire Teazle	4 yrs	7	9
Mr. Coventry's Sir John	3 yrs	7	6
Mr. Cresswell's Tulip filly	4 yrs	6	10
Mr. Howorth named Mr. Taylor's Gulliver	3 yrs	6	6
Mr. Kellermann's Fusileer	4 yrs	6	5

WEDNESDAY.—The Third Class.

Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor	4 yrs	8	11
Mr. Howorth's Popinjay	4 yrs	8	9
Mr. Howard's Chippenham	6 yrs	8	6
Mr. Bigges's Phoenix	4 yrs	7	10
Sir F. Standish's Duxbury	3 yrs	7	10
Mr. Watson's Striver	4 yrs	6	13
Mr. Lockley's Attainment	4 yrs	6	11
Sir H. Williamson's Walton	3 yrs	6	11
Lord Grosvenor's Margery	3 yrs	6	0

Much Betting is expected at Tattersall's Subscription-Room.

A Country Coachman's Epistle to the Editor.

LARNED EDDETUR,

I Lives as coachman at 'Squire —, in this county, Master takes yure monthly book; but we read *um* first in the *zarvant's* hall, who all sends their complaints to *yow* by me, in the lump, as follows: last week a nephew of master's, a fine *yaunker* from London, *cummed* here avising; to be sure he *druved* in quite natural, as a coachman born, as one may say—but when he got out of his curricule, I could not help *lauffing* at *im*—hir hair was cropt like little Tim's our postillion—he had on a jerkin coat, like the *yonk* Squire's, who is just breached, that shewed all his *shoighs*!—All the house has been thrown in a *quandary* by *im*, and his *zarvants*—cook Nan had lost the pudding cloth, and it was found in his *varlet's* cravat—the curate's walking cane was *smuched* and cut to pieces to make pocket walking sticks for *um*.—He takes great pleasure in making our stable boys go to fighting, one is quite blinded already, and t'other has lost three fore teeth and a grinder, but he says there's no *xience* shewn without a broken bone or two. Would you think it, this fine *gemman* has *coched* all the kitchen and stable oaths that ever was *hurd*, and has got all our scullery dams, and hayloft blasts, quite *glib*, and I fancies my horses grow *rusty*, since they hears other folks curse *um* as heartily as as me and little Tim, so pray, Zur, say if free-born English *zarvants* has not a right to keep their oaths to themselves, and if the law give *gemmeu* a license to curse and *zwear* like grooms and scullions?

From yours to command Larned Zur,

PENNIS DOUBLEREINS.

*From my Harness-room,
Hampshire, Dec. 20, 1803.*

MUSICAL SWINDLER.

THE following *coup de main* was played off at a shop in Oxford-street, not long since:—A well-dressed man, apparently a foreigner, went into a woollen-drapers shop, in the afternoon; he had a green bag in his hand, which he laid on the counter with great care, and asked for some kerseymere for a waistcoat and breeches; he affected great hurry, and had a boy, like a servant or errand lad with him. The kerseymere being cut off, he gave it to the boy, saying, "Bid the taylor lose no time; I must have it to-morrow night for my Lord's concert; I cannot go without it's done—if I do not I shall lose twenty guineas. The boy went off in a hurry with the purchase; the draper asked the gentleman if he did not want lining, trimmings, &c.? The answer was, "Yes; I forgot that; God bless me! I must go to the taylor now myself with them." He then talked of the concert he was engaged for; mentioned the violin in his green bag, for which my Lord had offered him forty guineas, and which he had refused. He next felt for his purse, in order to pay the draper's bill; affected great surprize, but recollected he must have left it at the music-shop, where he had been to buy a sonata: it was certainly safe—he had been no where else: and if the gentleman (the draper) would give him leave to hang his violin on the vacant nail he saw in a nitch behind the counter, he would leave it till he returned with the money; but may be he might not come till next morning, as it was probable he might stay late at my Lord's, where he was going to rehearse with some amateurs. The draper consented; a splendid violin was drawn out of the bag and hung up with great care, the musical gentleman

tleman observing it was lucky he had another at home, for which he should want the bag; a sonata was in the bag, which he took with him. About two hours after, another person came for some small article, and cheapened a piece of cloth for a coat, but did not buy it; seeing the violin, he asked if it was to be sold; the answer was, "no; the owner would not sell it for forty guineas." "It must be a good one, said the stranger, permit me to see it." He took it, tried it, and was in raptures, "It's a charming instrument, Sir; I'll give you twenty guineas." "Sir, it is not mine; I cannot sell it." "I'll give thirty, Sir; do let me have it"—and he took out his purse. "I cannot," said the draper again. "Let me finger it a little more; Sir, you must contrive to get it for me—thirty-five guineas, Sir, Oh, by G—, that's a divine tone! I'll give the forty guineas, Sir, and pay you commission for buying it; and I'll call to-morrow morning." "I shall do my endeavour, Sir,"—The draper now thought he should make a hit; the commission probably on both sides, too, was not to be neglected. Early next morning came the owner of the violin to pay for his kerseymere, and take his instrument. "Will you sell your violin, Sir?" "No, Sir: Do you play?" "No, but I have a mind to make a present, and you say this is a good one. Will you take twenty guineas for it?" "I tell you, Sir, I have refused forty." "Come, I'll give you thirty." "No, Sir, I should affront my Lord if any body else was to get it." "Come, come, you say you have another." "Aye, that is true, and as like this one as can be." "Well, I will give you thirty-four guineas, and no more." "Why, to be sure, I would not

like to let my Lord know that I wanted money, if I did even want it; so as you seem to like it, if you will give me the kerseymere into the bargain, you may have it; my Lord does not know one from the other." The thirty-four guineas was paid. The draper has got a violin which the pretended purchaser will most assuredly never call for.

*Sporting with Ghosts and Sharks in
the Red Sea.*

IN giving an account of his voyage on the Red Sea, from the port of Loheia to Masuah, Mr. Bruce mentions an instance of the superstition of the *Rais* (the master of the vessel on which he was on board) and his sailors: 'An Abyssinian,' says he, 'who had died on board, and who had been buried upon our coming out from Loheia bay, had been seen upon the bolt-spirit for two nights, and had terrified the sailors very much; even the *Rais* had been not a little alarmed; and, though he could not directly say that he had seen him, yet, after I was in bed on the 7th, he complained seriously to me of the bad consequences it would produce if a gale of wind were to rise, and the ghost were to keep his place there, and desired me to come forward and speak to him. 'My good *Rais*,' said I, 'I am exceedingly tired, and my head aches much with the sun, which hath been violent to-day. You know the Abyssinian paid for his passage, and, if he do not overload the ship, (and I apprehend he should be lighter than when we took him on board) I do not think, that in justice or equity, either you or I can hinder the ghost from continuing his voyage to Abyssinia, as we cannot

not judge what serious business he may have there.' The Rais began to bless himself that he did not know any thing of his affairs.— 'Then,' said I, 'if you do not find he makes the vessel too heavy before, do not molest him; because, certainly if he were to come into any other part of the ship, or were to insist to sit in the middle of you (in the disposition that you all are) he would be a greater inconvenience to you than in his present post.' The Rais began again to bless himself, repeating a verse of the Koran; 'bismilla sheitan rejem,' in the name of God keep the devil far from me. 'Now, Rais' said I, 'if he do us no harm, you will let him ride upon the boltsprit till he is tired, or till he comes to Masuah; for I swear to you, unless he hurts or troubles us, I do not think I have any obligation to get out of my bed to molest him, only see that he carries nothing off with him.

'The Rais now seemed to be exceedingly offended, and said, for his part he did not care for his life more than any other man on board; if it were not from fear of a gale of wind, he might ride on the boltsprit and be d—n'd; but that he had always heard learned people could speak to ghosts. 'Will you be so good, Rais,' said I, 'to step forward, and tell him, that I am going to drink coffee, and should be glad if he would walk into the cabin, and say any thing he has to communicate to me, if he is a Christian, and if not, to Mahomet Gibberti.' The Rais went out, but, as my servant told me, he would neither go himself, nor could get any person to go to the ghost for him. He came back, however, to drink coffee with me. I was very ill, and apprehensive of what the French call a *Coup de Soleil*. 'Go, said I to the Rais, to Mahomet Gibberti, who was lying just before us, tell him

that I am a Christian, and have no jurisdiction over ghosts in these seas.'

'A moor, called *Yasine*, well known to me afterward, now came forward, and told me, that Mahomet Gibberti had been very bad ever since we sailed, with sea-sickness, and begged that I would not laugh at the spirit, or speak so familiarly of him, because it might very possibly be the devil, who often appeared in these parts. The moor also desired I would send Gibberti some coffee, and order my servant to boil him some rice with fresh water from Foosht; for hitherto our fish and our rice had been boiled in sea water, which I constantly preferred. This bad news of my friend Mahomet banished all merriment, I gave therefore the necessary orders to my servant to wait upon him, and at the same time recommended to *Yasine* to go forward with the Koran in his hand, and read all night, or till we should get to Zimmer, and then, or in the morning, bring me an account of what he had seen.

'On the 10th, at seven in the morning, I first saw Jibbel Teir, till then it had been covered with a mist. I ordered the pilot to bear down directly upon it. All this forenoon our vessel had been surrounded with a prodigious number of sharks. They were of the hammer-headed kind, and two large ones seemed to vie with each other which should come nearest our vessel. The Rais had fitted a large harpoon with a long line for the large fish in the channel, and I went to the boltsprit to wait for one of the sharks, after having begged the Rais, first to examine if all were tight there, and if the ghost had done it no harm by sitting so many nights upon it. He shook his head, laughing, and said, 'The sharks seek something more substantial

substantial than ghosts.' 'If I am not mistaken, Rais,' said I, 'this ghost seeks something more substantial too, and you shall see the end of it.'

'I struck the largest shark about a foot from the head with such force, that the whole iron was buried in his body. He shuddered, as a person does when cold, and shook the shaft of the harpoon out of the socket, the weapon being made so on purpose; the shaft fell across, kept fixt to the line, and served as a float to bring him up when he dived, and impeded him when he swam. No salmon fisher ever saw finer sport with a fish and a rod. He had thirty fathom of line out, and we had thirty fathom more ready to give him. He never dived, but sailed round the vessel like a ship, always keeping part of his back above water. The Rais, who directed us, begged we would not pull him, but give him as much more line as he wanted; and indeed we saw it was the weight of the line that galled him, for he went round the vessel without seeking to go farther from us. At last he came nearer, upon our gathering up the line, and upon gently pulling it after, we brought him along-side, till we fastened a strong boat-hook in his throat: a man swung upon a cord that was now let down, to cut his tail, while hanging on the ship's side; but he was, if not absolutely dead, without the power of doing harm. He was eleven feet seven inches from his snout to his tail, and nearly four feet round in the thickest part of him. He had in him a dolphin very lately swallowed, and about half a yard of blue cloth. He was the largest, the Rais said, he had ever seen, either in the Red Sea or the Indian Ocean.

'We were standing on with a fresh breeze, and all our sails full,

when I saw, a little before sun set, a white fringed wave of the well-known figure of a breaker. I cried to the Rais for God's sake to shorten sail, for I saw a breaker ahead, straight in our way. He said there was no such thing; that I had mistaken it, for it was a seagull. About seven in the evening we struck upon a reef of coral rocks. Arabs are cowards in all sudden dangers, which they consider as particular directions or mandates of providence, and therefore not to be avoided. Few uncultivated minds indeed have any calmness, or immediate resource in themselves when in unexpected danger. The Arab sailors were immediately for taking the boat, and sailing to the islands the boy had seen. The Abyssinians were for cutting up the planks and wood of the inside of the vessel, and making a raft.

'A violent dispute ensued, and after that a battle, when night overtook us, still fast upon the rock. The Rais and Yasine, however, calmed the riot, when I begged the passengers would hear me. I told them, 'You all know, or should know, that the boat is mine, as I bought it with my money, for the safety and accommodation of myself and servants; you know, likewise, that I and my men are all well armed, while you are naked; therefore do not imagine that we will suffer any of you to enter that boat, and save your lives at the expence of ours. On this vessel of the Rais is your dependence, in it you are to be saved or to perish; therefore all hands to work, and get the vessel off, while it is calm; if she had been materially damaged, she had been sunk before now.' They all seemed on this to take courage, and said, they hoped I would not leave them. I told them, if they would be men, I would not leave

leave them while there was a bit of the vessel together.

'The boat was immediately launched, and one of my servants, the Rais, and two sailors, were put on board. They were soon upon the bank, where the two sailors got out, who cut their feet at first upon the white coral, but afterward got firmer footing. They attempted to push the ship backward, but she would not move. Poles and handspikes were tried in order to stir her, but these were not long enough. In a word, there was no appearance of getting her off before morning, when we knew the wind would rise; and it was to be feared she would then be dashed to pieces. Mahomet Gibberti, and Yasine, had been reading the Koran aloud ever since the vessel struck. I said to them in passing, 'Sirs, would it not be as wise for you to leave your books till you get ashore, and lend a hand to the people?' Mahomet answered, 'that he was so weak and sick, that he could not stand.' But Yasine did not slight the rebuke, he stripped himself naked, went forward on the vessel, and then threw himself into the sea. He, first, very judiciously, felt what room there was for standing, and found the bank was of considerable breadth, and that we were stuck upon the point of it: that it rounded, slanting away afterward, and seemed very deep at the sides, so the people, standing on the right of it, could not reach the vessel to push it, only those upon the point. The Rais and Yasine now cried for poles and handspikes, which were given them; two more men let themselves down by the side, and stood upon the bank. I then desired the Rais to get out a line, come astern, with the boat, and draw her in the same direction that they pushed.

'As soon as the boat could be towed a-stern, a great cry was set

up, that she began to move. A little after, a gentle wind just made itself felt from the east, and the cry from the Rais was, hoist the fore-sail and put it a-back. This being immediately done, and a gentle breeze filling the fore-sail at the time, they all pushed, and the vessel slid gently off, free from the shoal. I cannot say I partook of the joy so suddenly as the others did. I had always some fears a plank might have been started; but we saw the advantage of a vessel being sewed, rather than nailed together; as she not only was unhurt, but made very little water. The people were all exceedingly tired, and nobody thought they could enough praise the courage and readiness of Yasine. From that day he grew into consideration with me, which increased ever after, till my departure from Abyssinia.

'There was a circumstance, during the hurry of this transaction, that gave us all reason to be surprised. The ghost was supposed to be again seen on the boltsprit, as if pushing the vessel ashore; and as this was breaking covenant with me, as a passenger, I thought it was time some notice should be taken of him, since the Rais had referred it entirely to me. I inquired who the persons were that had seen him. Two moors of Hamazen were the first that perceived him, and afterward a great part of the crew had been brought to believe the reality of this vision. I called them forward to examine them before the Rais, and Mahomet Gibberti, and they declared that, during the night, they had seen him go and come several times; once, he was pushing against the boltsprit, another time he was pulling upon the rope, as if he had an anchor ashore; after this he had a very long pole, or stick, in his hand, but it seemed heavy and stiff, as if it had been made of iron, and

and when the vessel began to move, he turned into a small blue flame, ran along the gunnel on the larboard side of the ship, and, upon the vessel going off, he disappeared. 'Now,' said I, 'it is plain, by this change of shape, that he has left us for ever, let us therefore see whether he has done us any harm or not. Have any of you any baggage stowed forward?' The strangers answered, 'Yes, it is all there.'— 'Then,' said I, 'go forward, and see if every man has got his own.' They all did this without loss of time, when a great noise and confusion ensued; every one was plundered of something, stibium, nails, brass wire, incense, and beads; in short, all the precious part of their little stores was stolen.

'All the passengers were now in the utmost despair, and began to charge the sailors. 'I appeal to you, Yasmine and Mahomet Gibberti,' said I, 'whether these two moors who saw him oftenest, and were most intimate with him, have not a chance of knowing where the things are hid; for in my country, where ghosts are very frequent, they are always assisted in the thefts they are guilty of, by those that see and converse with them. I suppose therefore it is the same with Mahometan ghosts.' The very same,' said Mahomet Gibberti and Yasmine, 'as far as ever we heard.' 'Then go, Yasmine, with the Rais, and examine that part of the ship where the moors slept, while I keep them here; and take two sailors with you, that know the secret places.' Before the search began, however, one of them told Yasmine where every thing was, and accordingly all was found and restored. I would not have the reader imagine, that I here mean to value myself, either upon any supernatural knowledge, or extreme sagacity, in supposing that it was a piece of roguery from the
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beginning, of which I never doubted. But while Yasmine and the sailors were busy pushing off the vessel, and I astern at an observation, Mahomet Gibberti's servant, sitting by his master, saw one of the moors go to the repository of the baggage, and, after staying a little, come out with a box and package in his hand. This he told his master, who informed me, and the ghost finding his associates discovered, never was seen any more.

A CURIOUS CASE

AT

FOUR-HANDED CRIBBAGE,

Wherein not any of the four parties can hold a single point in hand, and yet the dealers shall win the game the first shew.

LET A. and B. deal against C. and D. each person to hold a three, four, six, or seven, with any tenth card, and each to lay out their tenth card for the crib: D. then cuts the cards for the turn-up, which proving to be a knave, A. and B. mark two points.—It being C's. first play, he leads with pitching his four, which B. pairs, and marks two points; D. then plays his four, and marks six points, for a pair-royal; A. then plays his four, making a double pair royal, for which he scores twelve points. C. then plays again with his three, which is paired by B. who marks two points more; D. plays his three, and marks six for a pair-royal; and A. then comes in with his three, which, making a double pair-royal, and the end hole likewise, he marks for such thirteen points. C. then plays off again with his seven, which B. pairs, and marks two points; D. plays his seven, and marks six points; and A. playing his seven, makes a double pair-royal, for which, and the end hole,

He he

he marks thirteen points more. Here again C. plays his six, which is paired by B. who scores two points; D. plays his six, and marks six points; and A. who is the last player, makes a double pair-royal with his six, for which, and the end hole, he marks thirteen points: which, with the various other points played by A. and B. complete the game, or sixty-one points, while C. and D. have only been able to play twenty-four points. Thus the game is won by A. and B. without holding a single point.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Construction of Stables, Choice of a Lady's Pad, Breaking of Horses, &c. &c.

From T. H. Morland's Treatise, entitled, Every Man his own Judge, &c.

(Continued from Page 153.)

EVERY gentleman who is fond of a horse, and wishes to be well carried, should be particular in having a lofty and warm stable; the stalls full two yards wide, with very little descent; and the rack and manger placed high: for in a stall of that width, a horse has an opportunity of lying at ease, and stretching out his legs like a greyhound before the fire, which he frequently will do, when he has sufficient room. In warm weather it is easy to admit a necessary quantity of fresh air, by means of a lattice window, and a sliding shutter in the inside thereof.

A careful, sober, and industrious groom is the next consideration: for unless a horse is well dressed, and regularly fed and exercised, he

cannot be expected to perform to your satisfaction. The best grooms are those trained up from their youth in the racing stables, for they are regularly taught the method of dressing, feeding, exercising, &c. Many of them do not succeed as jockies, yet are well qualified to serve in the capacity of grooms; I therefore wish every gentleman who is particular in training his hunters, to provide himself with a servant of that description. Make choice of the most open and airy situation for exercising your hunters, as some heath, or common.

Mr. Taplin very justly observes, that it is impossible for any man living, who has made these creatures, their wants, gratifications, perfections, and attachments, the object of his contemplation, not to feel the greatest mortification, when chance or choice brings him to a survey of the stables in London, with all their horrid inconveniences. Horses in general produced from stables of this description, all bear the appearance of temporary invalids, from living, or rather existing in a scene of almost total darkness, and unnatural heat and want of air; they approach the light with reluctance, and every new object with additional apprehension. They walk, or rather totter, out of the stable, in a state of debilitation, or stiffness of the extremities, as if threatened with universal lameness. The legs are swelled from the knees and hocks downwards, to the utmost expansion of the integument.

The stiffness of the joints, the swelling of the legs, the severity of the cracks, the frequency of the thrush, the contraction of the hocks, and the difficulty of respiration, are evidently the resulting effects of destructive situation, and erroneous management.

If such a horse is put into strong exercise, he soon proves himself inadequate to either a long or expeditious journey; for whether the body is over-burthened with weak and flatulent food and water at setting out; jaded with early fatigue, to which he has not been accustomed; or debilitated with the stable discipline I have described; the effect is nearly the same. If his journey is of any duration, or his exertions of any great magnitude, it is no uncommon thing to find he has fallen sick, lame, or tired upon the road; and, under the worst of curses, a bad character, is frequently sold to the first bidder, under whose systematic care, and rational mode of management, a few months perhaps make him as good and valuable a horse as any in the kingdom.

Cleanliness is so indisputably necessary to health and invigoration, that it is a matter of surprise how any person, who takes the least delight in horses, can wilfully neglect a matter of such importance. In short, the strictest attention should be paid to cleanliness, the quality of hay, corn, and water, regularity in feeding, dressing, and exercise, if my reader wishes to have his horse in good condition, and adequate to the fatigues of a long journey, or the more violent exertions of the chase.

The art of riding, Mr. Morland thinks should be a part of education which no genteel person should neglect. And respecting the ladies, he thinks that when an elegant woman is properly instructed in the art, and mounted on a beautiful, tractable, lively, and good tempered animal, regularly trained for her particular use, she cannot appear to greater advantage: her dress and air give her an additional degree of dignity, which heightens

every charm, and never fails to excite universal admiration.

A lady's pad cannot be made too gentle and tractable; for her balance is the only means she has of keeping her seat on horseback; which if she once loses, it is ten to one she comes to the ground: I therefore hope ladies will be very particular, what sort of horses they mount. It is a very nice matter to break a lady's pad properly, for they cannot be made too steady and delicate in the mouth.

Mr. Taplin, in the second volume of the *Gentleman's Stable Directory*, (whose skill, experience, and improvements in the system of farriery, render him deserving of the highest encomiums) relates a story which corroborates the opinion I have formed upon horse-breakers in general: I shall therefore give it exactly as he relates it:—

"In the very early part of life, I became a temporary slave to custom, and credulously bestowed my premium of three guineas, (exclusive of the keep) to have a colt rendered every thing *that was bad*, by the most popular distributor of equestrian discipline in the neighbourhood of my residence; when, after an absence of six weeks, the time fixed on as necessary to complete his education, and render him a paragon of perfection, he was returned *socaparrisoned, bitted, cavisoned, martingaled, and cruppered*, that he seemed admirably decorated for the immediate adventures of a knight errant, the field day charger of a general officer, or ready accutered for the champion of England to make his public entrance into Westminster hall. My instructions were to ride him for some time *in his tackle* though he was as *well broke, as steady, temperate, and safe*, as any horse in the kingdom. My first excursion however,

however, convinced me of the honour and probity of this scientific operator, for the colt was in possession of every vice, without a single perfection in his favour, except a wonderful alacrity in *stopping*, which he had the kindness to do, unsolicited, at every *public house* upon the different roads for some miles round, to all which he had been rotationally led, and daily placed for many hours in the stable of one or the other, while his indefatigable tutor was, like *friend Razor*, in the Upholsterer, constantly getting drunk for the good of his country!"

I cannot conclude without mentioning a very great error in the present mode of saddling horses, which has lately prevailed among ignorant stable boys, hostlers, &c. (for they cannot with any propriety be called grooms) by placing the saddle too far backward on the fillets, where the animal is much less able to support the rider's weight: and it is done with a view I suppose to make the fore-hand appear longer, a reason not sufficient to counterbalance the painful sensations occasioned thereby. The forepart of the saddle should be placed a little behind the shoulder blades, that being its proper place, and the strongest part of the back; the girths will then come round the chest; for it is both injurious and highly improper to gird the poor creature round the belly.

The bridle should be held in your left hand, dropping your third finger between the reins, bringing them round the first and second, and holding them between the root of the first finger and the thumb.

The whip should be held in your right hand: you should sit upright,

and gracefully, with your elbows always close to your sides, for you will thereby have more strength to support and govern your horse.

A Weymouth bridle, with bit, and bradoon, is in my opinion, preferable to any other sort for the road; but for the diversion of hunting, you should always use a plain snaffle, as the former would check your horse too much at a leap.

The author concludes with modestly recommending the frequent perusal of his treatise, adding, if my reader pays proper attention to my instructions and advice, he will be a full match for the gentlemen of the whip, (the dealers) and may venture to purchase a horse out of their hands, with as little danger of being cheated, as if a thousand evidences attended to warrant his good properties upon oath.

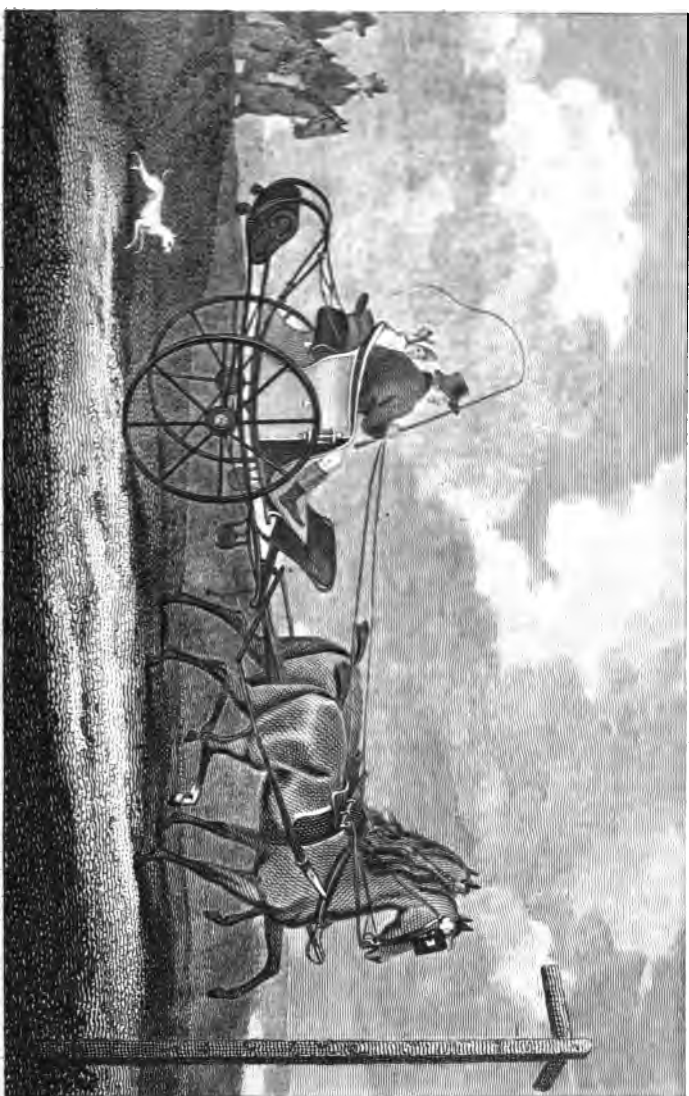
I also strongly recommend Mr. Taplin's *Gentleman's Stable Directory*, as the most improved System of Farriery; deserving the study and attention of every gentleman and farmer curious in horses.

CURRICLE AND HORSES.

From a Design by SARTORIOUS the Younger,

Engraved by ENGLEHART.

THIS subject affords little for remark, we shall therefore only say, and in which our readers we hope will concur, that the horses are well drawn, and with just action; that they are *spirited*, and so is the Engraving.



The Currier?

Pub. 1848, 1850, by J. W. Currier, New York, 1850.

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FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A POACHER, who was lately carried before a magistrate, upon a charge of unlawfully killing game in a nobleman's park, where he was caught in the fact, being asked what he had to say in his defence, and what proof he could bring to support it? replied, "An please your worship, I know and confess that I was found in his lordship's park, as the witness has told you; but I can bring the whole parish to prove that for these thirty years it has been my *manner*."

EMERY, in the character of Robert Grange, a Country Bumpkin, in the New Play of Delays and Blunders, tells the audience, that he was once examined in court at the assizes, when, on a little black-faced man in a wig and a gown asking him a question, he answered, "Why look'e Mr. Councillor, you are paid for giving *your opinion*, and I am not such a fool as to give you mine for nothing."—On being questioned, if he was not called or known by the name of the *thieving poacher*? "Yes," says he, "I am, by such *chaps as you*, but not by gentlemen."

Mr. CHERRY, the new Comedian at Drury-Lane Theatre, whose christian name is Andrew, is called by his intimate friends the Little Merry Andrew: he was written to a few years ago, with an offer of a very capital engagement, by a manager who had not acted altogether

on the square by him in the course of a former connection; to which he wrote the following humorous answer:

Sir—Though a little *black muzzard* like mine has been exhibited upon your boards to the satisfaction of the public, yet as I was cursedly *bit* by you, when you gobbled the *fruits* of your performer's labours, I have made up my mind that you never shall make "*two bites of—a Cherry!*"

"WHAT lazy fellows bricklayer's labourers are!" said a loitering Irish footman to his master. "How do you know?" was the reply. "Because," answered the Irishman, "when you bid me run with a card to Lady —, I *stood* and watched one of them, and he was half an hour in going up a ladder!"

IMITATED FROM SHAKESPEARE,
IN THE MORNING HERALD.

LORD F.—LEV.

—"I did expect that these NIMRODS of the *Pichley* chace had been trained to nobler dareings!—Mark how they stoppe at a vaulting leape, to calculate whether the pleasures of this worlde, or the nexte, are best worth seeking. These laddes might have rose in their stirrappes, had they not been born with the neckes of green-girles, that require so much womanlie caution to preserve them!"

Page 37.—GENTLE.
A PERSON

A PERSON a few days since having met with an acquaintance, a printer, asked him if it was true that a Mr. F. had put a *period* to his existence? "No," said Mr. Typo, "he only put a *comma* to it, for he is in a fair way of recovery."

SUETT meeting Bannister a few mornings since, said, "I intend dining with you soon, on eggs and bacon.—What day shall I come Jack?" To which the other replied, "Why, if you will have that dish, you must come on a *Fry-day*."

A MAN of Dover, going out in a merchant vessel, and rather suspicious of his wife's conduct, delivered her up to a bachelor friend of his, with this remark, "You want a housekeeper, Tom, to manage your prize-money, of which I got none. I am going to sea, take my Bessy: she is a notable sober body, though a little given to lose her helm; she is heartily at your service, because you are an old messmate; and I know, if you take her in tow, you will keep a sharp look out, both on my account and your own."

A MAN a few days since, bestowed a great deal of abusive language on a woman, in the presence of a Magistrate. The Justice asked her, if the man was her *husband*? "You may know he is," said she, "from the *politeness* of his *language* to me!"

A FANATICAL preacher quarrelled with his friend on Christmas Eve—"If I were *Abel*," said the parson, "I would *Cain* you."—"I don't care A *dam* for you," exclaimed the other, "your religion is a mere *Job*."

A MAN, smoking his *pipe* in an alehouse, boasted of the jokes he

had played off upon his companions—"If you make a *Butt* of me," said a fellow in the corner, "I shall take the liberty of giving you a *Punch-con*."

A LADY of sixty, and a young woman of seventeen, lately presented themselves with their paramours at Gretna Green. "Hold, hold," said the *Matrimonial Vulcan* to the Virgin, "you are young, and can wait a little; I see your *Grand-mother* is impatient, let me put on her *fetters first*."

A MAN of Ramsgate, very much addicted to drinking, of the name of Glass, having had several times the misfortune to tumble down and break his head, observed, that he really believed his whole frame was as brittle as *glass* itself; "you are right," said a fellow, standing on the pier, "for you resemble that commodity in more respects than one, being made for the same honourable purposes, to be filled by a *sot*, and then broken."

FATHER LIFITAN, the Jesuit, in his History of South America, says, that there is a country in that quarter in which are to be found *hares* who have *four legs on their back*, as well as the same number on their *belly*, and when tired of running on one set, they turn and run on the other!

AN Advertisement relative to a Provincial Assembly states:

Married Ladies, for the night	o	5	o
Unmarried, ditto, transferable			
to Gentlemen	—	o	a 6

"CAN you recommend to me a something," exclaimed a *ruby nosed* votary of Bacchus, to Fisher, of the Brighton Library, "that will be of service to a man of my complexion?"—"With a great deal of pleasure,

pleasure, Sir," replied the auctioneer, bowing, and instantly presented to him a *cork-screw*.

ASSES MILK.—Two brothers, not much distinguished for brilliancy, observed to Charles Bannister, that, on account of their health, they were going into the country to drink *Asses milk*.—"Save yourselves the expence," said Charles, "and *suck one another*."

A SINGULAR advertisement taken a short time since, from a Pennsylvania Paper.—"A complete coachman to be disposed of, who has three years and a half to serve. He is an excellent driver either postilion or on the box, is perfectly acquainted with the office of an hostler, huntsman, or waiter. He is healthy, strong, and honest. The only reason for his being *sold* is, because he will get drunk now and then, though not frequently. Inquire of the Printer."

THE following curious instructions for a sign-board were sent to a painter in Shrewsbury, under date August 13, 1802:—"You are to draw the Shrawsbury coach with six men on the roov, and two on the box—and chaise with two horses after the coach—also my name—spirits, porter and ale—also I intend entertain a man an a horse—also my buissness wch as follow—that is farring (farriery)—please to draw the flaims and lanchetts, and that I shall nick and crop—and waiter for horses—I beg you'd do it as you think proper yourself—and do it as I mentioned above."

A *facetious* farmer, of Yorkshire, who had a mind to be *witty*, at the expence of *decorum*, lately received a *rebuff*, which was taken with as much good humour as it was given :

A lady had been walking with him over her farm, and shewing him her sheep and other stock ; on their return, just as they were entering the house, the lady exclaimed—"Dear me, you have not seen my *calf*, Sir,"—"No, Ma'am," said the farmer, "I never saw higher than your ancle." The lady, of course, felt herself rather confused at this unexpected sally, but soon recollecting herself, observed—"that she should never see a *calf* again without thinking of *him*."

A FASHIONABLE SPORTSMAN AND HIS FRIEND.

Dick. Lend me a horse, my friend Bob, for to-morrow—

Pray, which of them all will you lend ?
It's cursed unpleasant, you know well, to borrow :

But I'm *easy* with you, my good Friend.

Bob. 'Pon honour, with pleasure I would—but—indeed—

Which would you prefer, then ?—

Dick. ————— The Gray,

Bob. Poor *dévil*, he's badly, and quite off his feed !

We'd a d—mn—ble run the last day.

Dick. The Black—

Bob. He's blister'd.

Dick. The Brown—

Bob. He is fir'd.

Dick. The Bay—

Bob. She's a stumbling bitch ;

You should not have *her*, Dick, unless I desir'd

To see you laid dead in a ditch.

Dick. Pray, which shall I have, then—

Brown, Muzzle, or Crop ?

Bob. I *lend* none, if truth I must tell :

I've no licence, I own, but my stable's a shop—

I ride all my horses—to *sell*.

HOW TO GET ON.

ARRAH, what now, my honey, and would you be told,

The way to ride forward more dashing and bold ?

O, give your Nag plenty of *Vincent and Crowder* ;

And yourself a full measure of best *leaping powder* * !

* Dram.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ABOUT the middle of the present month, the lovely Duchess of St. Alban's received a severe fall from her horse, going to see Sir Gilbert Heathcote's hounds find their fox. We are happy to hear the surgeons are of opinion her Grace is not dangerously hurt, though it is probable the effects of the accident will be felt for some time.

THE York Herald of the 22d instant, says, "soon after the frost is gone, we are informed Colonel Thornton, with that true spirit of sporting, which he is so well known to possess, intends treating the gentlemen of the country, with stag, deer, and wolf hunting, on the High Wolds of this county.

THE same paper adds, a few days ago, Colonel Thornton, in his usual spirited manner, gave a grand coursing day, and, after much sport, a dinner, to above 100 soldiers of the York, in commemoration of the honourable and good conduct of that regiment, while under the command of his father, and afterwards of himself.

THE following observations were likewise copied from the York Herald. Veterinary.—It is matter of wonder as well as regret, that there should not be established in every great town some pupil of the Veterinary College, that the diseases of that useful and noble animal, the horse, may be treated with some degree of knowledge. At present, the ignorance of farriers is

not less proverbial than barbarous; and, with many of the *common blacksmiths*, the usual mode of shoeing is to cut the foot to fit the shoe, instead of making the shoe fit the foot—while they *pare* away the *frog* (the sensible part of the foot) with the same indifference as the nail or horney part of it.

SIR Charles Davers has a large *bear*, so tame as to attend him when he goes a shooting, without being muzzled: bruin frequently strolls through the covers by himself at night; which was no sooner known round the country, than the poachers immediately forsook their haunts in a kind of complimentary fear of this new kind of gamekeeper, who takes out no other licence than what he derives from his own stubborn authority.

AT a meeting of the members of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hunt, held at Linlithgow on the 10th instant, they elected, for the present year—The Earl of Hoptoun, Preses—the Hon. Colonel Alex. Hope, M. P. and Jas. Bruce of Kinnaird, Esq. Councillors—Mr. Boyd, Treasurer and Secretary.

A REMARKABLE accident happened lately to a fine colt in the grounds of Mr. Burtonwood, at Hendon, Middlesex. By some means he got his head between the bars of a harrow, which had been so placed as to lean against the stump of a tree, and thus encumbered, the terrified and distressed animal

animal continued furiously running about for more than an hour, no person daring to attempt relieving him on account of the projecting iron spikes of the harrow; at length he fell through fatigue, and by the shocks he received in consequence of the harrow striking against gates, fences, &c. he was so much hurt, it was thought proper to kill him.

LATELY died at Newmarket, aged 26, Mr. John Singleton, jockey. He was caressed by all noblemen and gentlemen who employed him, and his death is sincerely lamented by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

GAME LAWS.—Lord Kenyon, in a case which was left undecided, was of opinion, that on an information against an unqualified person, for sporting, the informer was called upon to prove *that the delinquent had no qualification*. But it seems the decided opinion of the bench at present, that the informer is not called upon to prove a negative; but that it is sufficient for them to lay the information, and that the offender must prove that he is qualified to sport—by having a *clear income* of L.100 a year.

THE above decision has embarrassed that numerous class of *qualified gentlemen*, who set up a legal right to sport, on the ground of having a qualification derived from being merely *nominal* proprietors of an estate of L.100 per annum, though such estates are mortgaged for nearly their value. The courts have now ruled, and, as just observed, that the *onus* of proving any one *not* qualified, does not lie upon the informer, but that the person, whose qualification is questioned by an information, must prove its *validity* to the *clear* amount of L.100 per annum, or be subject to conviction. Hence landlords *lending* estates, and taking a mortgage for

its security, though it may qualify for a seat in the House of Commons, will not entitle a man to *course* a hare, or *shoot* at a partridge!

Two dashing young sportsmen, said to be of most respectable families, came to the Angel Inn, in Bury, a few days since, fully equipped with double-barrelled guns, dogs, &c. and very unhand-somely went to the Hyde, and other preserved covers in that neighbourhood; where, in defiance of game-keepers, they shot all the pheasants and hares that came in their way; and afterwards had the audacity to blow a horn as they passed through the villages.—It is said these young men proceeded to the eastward of the county, where they committed like depredations on several manors distinguished for an abundance of game.

THOMAS William Coke, Esq. Sir John Shelley, and T. Sheridan, Esq. went a few days since to Houghton, on a shooting party, for their friend Lord Cholmondeley, now at Paris. In one day they killed with their three guns, 29 hares, 32 rabbits, 48 pheasants, 26 partridges, and 30 woodcocks.

THE dashing young sportsmen, who so conspicuously amused themselves in Norfolk and Suffolk, in bringing down the *game*, were not Sir J. Shelley and Mr. T. Sheridan, but Mr. Hare, Mr. Bearcroft, Mr. G. Coventry, and Mr. Cochevan Waller.

HIS Excellency General Andreossi has presented to his Majesty superb views, elegantly engraved and coloured, of all the royal chases or hunting grounds of the late Kings of France, from an early period.

By our last letters from Paris it appears, that one or two of our

Ff

English

English gentlemen, whose *legs* began to wear rather a *sable hue* in their own country, have met with their match in the more scientific circles of deep play in that dexterous capital; even Mr. C. with all his address, is said to have paid 4,000 guineas British for a banquet that he gave about ten evenings since to a predatory corps of *Gallic Punters*.

A MATCH was lately run over Ayr race course, for 100 guineas a side, between Mr. Don's Applegarth, by Stride, and Mr. Oswald's chesnut colt, by Star, carrying 11 stone each, one three mile heat, which was won easily by the former.

ON one of the days of Lady Salisbury's hunt, last month, a curious circumstance occurred.—A covey of partridges were sprung, and almost instantaneously a hawk was observed to be in chace, and was seen to strike the uppermost bird, when one of the gentlemen, with more attention and curiosity than the rest, followed the hawk and its prey for more than three miles, the hawk continually resting and rising according to its ability and strength, till at last through fatigue it resigned its prey to the pursuer.—The partridge weighed 16 ounces. It had received no farther injury than from the gripe of the hawk at the bottom of the neck.

A REMARKABLE instance of female intrepidity occurred a short time ago in America. The account was received from the City of Washington. Samuel Dille, living on Wills Creek, a branch of the Muskingum, and his wife, went in search of two steers which had strayed from them. Having proceeded some distance from the house, they heard the distant tingling of cow-bells, when Mr. Dille, supposing them to be

the bells of his steers, immediately followed in the direction whence the sound came, leaving Mrs. Dille with the horses and his gun in charge. In his absence the dog traced two young bears into a tree, one of which Mrs. Dille shot, and, re-loading her gun, wounded the other, so that it fell from the tree. The dog seizing it, its cries brought the old bear to its relief. But the heroine, in nowise dismayed, having again loaded her piece, had just dispatched the dam, when her husband, alarmed at the report of the gun, returned.

A NEW exhibition took place on Sunday, the 23d instant, in the Park, which attracted many gazers. It was a chariot rolling along Rotten Row, without horses. From the entrance at the Piccadilly gate, to the ascent near the river, the vehicle rolled along tolerably well. The inventor sat in the carriage, and by means of a windlass kept it in motion; but when they got to the rising ground it was found necessary to give extra assistance; several persons applied their shoulders to the wheels, and by that means all was again set to rights; but by a mistake in the management of the reins, the carriage came in contact with one with horses, in which was seated a lady, when unfortunately, the perch, the dicky-box, and part of the mechanism, were broke to pieces, and thus, for a time at least, are defeated the objects of the speculation.

ABOUT the middle of the present month, James Herriott, gamekeeper to George Shiffner, Esq of Comb Place, near Lewes, in Sussex, discovered in our river, a small distance above Barcomb Mill, tightly jammed between a willow stump and the shore, a dead pike, of an extraordinary size. It measured in length, from eye to fork, four

four feet, was one foot thick across the back, and weighed, in its wasted state, 40lbs. Its confined situation is attributed to the rapidity of the current during the late flood, when, to stem the torrent, it is supposed this enormous fresh-water fish, sought a lodgment, from which it could not afterwards extricate itself, and consequently there remained until it was literally starved to death.

DURING the present month, were landed out of the Tobago French West Indianman, for Tobago, put into Plymouth through stress of weather, from Bourdeaux, several animals of different descriptions, viz. a French trooper's horse, which was in a French regiment of cavalry at the famous battle of Marengo, in Italy; nine large Spanish mules and asses; and two blood ponies, intended as presents. They are in the London Inn stables, together with a most beautiful Spanish ram, from Buenos Ayres; his fleece is of that soft kind of wool called Spanish wool, and no doubt, if properly managed, will improve the breed of sheep in this country. He is finely proportioned, full of dignity, has four horns, and, when angry, butts in a grand style.

ON Thursday the 13th instant, there was a match at pigeon shooting, in a field near Egham, when a lad, of the name of Hearn, about thirteen years of age, after running some distance, in order to pick up one of the pigeons, which was shot and fell out of the prescribed bounds, just as he was in the act of stooping to lay hold of it, he dropped down, and instantly expired. What renders this circumstance rather interesting, is, that a sister to the above lad, on being intimidated at a person's calling to her, about three years since, dropped down and expired equally sudden,

in an adjoining field to where her brother breathed his last.

A DREADFUL accident happened on the 30th of November in the Menagerie of the Garden of Plants, at Paris. A person who was viewing the wild beasts, put his hand between the bars, and patted the tyger upon the head; the animal received his caresses with great gentleness, and licked his hand. Encouraged by this, the unfortunate man thought he might use the same familiarity with the lion; but the ferocious beast seized him by the arm, and tore it in so dreadful a manner, as to render immediate amputation necessary.

A CAUTION.—A few days since, a person who had been shooting, having left his gun, which was loaded, in the house of Dr. Bennet, vicar of Chapel-en-le-Frith, a servant girl, unconscious of its being charged, in a sportive manner presented it at another girl, and instantly shot her dead! The unfortunate but unintentional author of this fatal accident, has been in a melancholy state ever since. To prevent similar misfortunes, we wish to recommend to the incautious to avoid the wanton handling of firearms, however certain they may be that such arms are not loaded. An observance of this recommendation can do no harm, whilst a deviation from it may occasion the death of numbers. And should any previous quarrel between the parties be brought forward, the laws of the country may bring the unhappy survivor to an ignominious death.

ANOTHER melancholy accident happened, about the same time, arising from the thoughtless, and too frequently fatal practice of carrying home loaded guns, and not taking proper care of them. A person of Worcester, on his return from shooting, deposited his gun,

Ff 2

charged,

charged, in an adjoining room, where the children of several neighbours were assembled in the evening, on a Christmas party; when a youth playfully took up the gun, and levelled it at a daughter of Mr. Williams, in Broad-street, who was of the party; the contents of which she in part received in her breast and arm; fortunately the arm being held up in fear, the principal part of the charge went under it, and shattered the back of a chair.

DRIFFIELD, Yorkshire.—A few days ago a very melancholy accident happened on Mr. Boyes's warren, near this place. A bricklayer's labourer, in returning from his work, having unfortunately lost his way, got into a man-trap that was placed for the purpose of defending the warren from poachers: notwithstanding his groans, he remained there for many hours before he was found by one of the warreners who was going his round. When conveyed to Driffield, his thigh was so lacerated by the trap, that he died in consequence. This unfortunate accident should operate as a caution, as many persons have been obliged to set man-traps in their plantations for the purpose of securing them from poachers, who may thus unexpectedly meet their death.

THE rabbit warren of Mr. Little, of Blyborough, near Kirton, having been frequently robbed, two of the warreners were ordered to watch, on the night of Wednesday the 22d ult. when, about midnight, hearing a man coming towards them, to the tipes where the rabbits were then taking, they laid down for sometime on the ground, watching him: It was very dark, but on his coming nearer to them they got up, and one of them, Joseph Lidget, after asking him what he was about, collared him: The villain imme-

diately plunged a sword which he had brought with him into Lidget's left breast, who just exclaimed, "*you have killed me,*" fell down, and expired immediately. The other warrener, who had a gun, then came up, and finding Lidget dead, left the body in the warren, and guarded the villain to the warren-house, threatening to shoot him, if he offered to escape. When they came to the house, the man made a spring from him, just as the warrener was opening the door;—he recovered the gun as the man was turning the corner of the house, about ten yards from him, and fired; he then ran a considerable way after him, but could not overtake him. On the Thursday morning a surgeon of Kirton was sent for to Snitterby, to dress the arm of a labourer, at his father's house, for a gunshot wound. He soon heard of the horrid murder that had been committed the night before, the escape of the man, and his being shot after, so as to leave no doubt of his being the person; he accordingly gave information, when a party went to secure him, and brought him before the coroner, by whom he was committed to Lincoln Castle, for the wilful murder of Joseph Lidget, by the name of Thomas Wilson. His right arm, in turning short round the corner, had received nearly the whole of the charge: On the Saturday morning, when examined by the surgeon of the gaol, it was found to be in so dangerous a state, a mortification having begun and rapidly advancing, as to leave no chance for his life, without amputating the limb. This he was informed of; he quietly made up his mind to undergo the operation, which took place as soon as possible, and he is now (the fifth day since) in a very promising way of recovery. Wilson is a slim youth, and only 21 years of age.

POETRY,

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONGS, &c.

FROM

*The Pantomime of "Love and Magic; or
Harlequin's Holiday."*

SONG.—MISS HICKS.

BEHOLD this fair Cestus, a gift all
divine,
Its colours a lesson to all, which im-
parts

Those virtues that, practis'd, will ever
intwine,
In bonds never failing, all true lovers
hearts.

This yellow, of jealousy bids you be-
ware;

This blue is of courage an emblem,
and truth;

White bids you love Columbine, virtu-
ous and fair;

And red, shews, the sweet yielding
blushes of youth.

LITTLE BESS,

THE BALLAD SINGER.—

MRS. BLAND.

COME 'round and buy, come buy,
come buy

A song of Little Bess;

To please your taste, I'll do my best,
'Tis all I can profess.

Sweet maids, to you I'll sing True Blue,
And so your lads shall prove;

To love-sick swains I'll sing sad strains
Of those that died for love.

Then brisk again my song shall be,

To cheer the friends who follow me,

Poor Little Bess the Ballad Singer.

Come 'round and buy, come buy, come
buy;

Assist poor Little Bess;

The home to cheer of parents dear,
Who droop beneath distress.

So shall you prove propitious love,
And boast a friend sincere;

That balm shall find, of human kind,
A sympathizing tear.

Then brisk again my song shall be,
To cheer the friends who follow me,

Poor Little Bess the Ballad Singer.

GIPSY KING.—MR. COLLINS.

COME round me, and hear
What delicate cheer

For your dinner this day have I stole;
Lay hold of my sack,

And I'll quickly unpack,

And give an account of the whole.

'Squire Clod, rude and bluff,

Swore the miller he'd cuff,

And while he a quarrel was picking,

"I'm for peace friends," quoth I,

So dextrous and sly,

I popt in my bag this nice chicken.

To a vint'ner's I went,

For there I had scent,

When his wife had a little drop in,

That it was no hard task,

To steal this choice cask

Of Gin—and to my bag to pop in.

At the parson's, says I,

My luck I will try,

And soon stole his holiday wig;

Still on industry bent,

To his styte quickly went,

Where I snaffled this little tythe pig.

From

From the Pantomime of "Harlequin's Habas; or, the Hall of Spectres."

AIR.—MR. WHEATLEY.

HENCE, my brave, my generous tar!
 Since now no duty calls to war:
 In France pursue the faithless friend,
 Who basely could thy trust betray,
 While I thy magic sword obey,
 And prompt assistance lend.

GLEE.—HOP-PICKERS.

YE Kentish Yeomen, here behold,
 Your gardens ripen into gold;
 Where, plac'd in many a lengthen'd
 row,
 From pole to pole the clusters grow.
 And we, tho' born to hours of toil,
 With pleasure till the fruitful soil;
 And work, to make our neighbours
 happy,
 With porter, ale, and stout brown
 sappy.
 Stout brown!
 Brown stout!
 Porter, ale, and stout brown nappy.

NEW

PARODY OF SHAKESPEARE.

BETWEEN the winning of a serious
 rubber,
 And the odd trick at nine, all the inter-
 im is
 Close as a pointer, hush as dead of night;
 The genius and the recollection
 Are then in council; and the experi-
 enc'd player,
 Like one that treads on ice, fears, ev'ry
 round,
 His partner's next wrong card will lose
 the game.

ANOTHER.

BETWEEN the reading of this Ma-
 gazine
 And its arrival, all the interim is
 Like a keen appetite set down to table:—
 Wet from the press, scarce air'd, th'
 ivory instrument
 Opens the pleasing leaves: and the keen
 sportsman,
 Like some fond child that lacks a span-
 new play-thing,
 Runs o'er the whole contents with
 wond'ring eye. J. J. B.

SONGS, &c.

FROM

FAMILY QUARRELS,

FOXGLOVE,

SINCE the first dawn of reason that
 beam'd on my mind,
 And taught me how favour'd by for-
 tune my lot;
 To share that good fortune, I still was
 inclin'd,
 And impart, to who wanted, what I
 wanted not.
 'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's
 praise,
 When a man feels distress, like a man
 to relieve him,
 And my motto, tho' simple, means
 more than it says;
 "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a
 bottle to give him."

The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
 Or by poverty bow'd, though of evils
 the least,
 The smile of a friend may invite to con-
 tent,
 And we all know content is an ex-
 cellent feast.
 'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's
 praise,
 When a man feels distress, like a man
 to relieve him;
 And my motto, tho' simple, means
 more than it says,
 "May we ne'er want a friend, nor a
 bottle to give him."

SIR PEPPERCORN.

GAFFER Grist, Gaffer's Son, and
 his little Jack-ass,
 Trotting along the road,
 Through a gossiping straggling village
 must pass,
 Before they could reach their abode.
 Master Johnny rode Jacky, which old
 Gaffer led,
 The villagers thought the boy mon-
 strous ill-bred,
 So they made honest Gaffer get up in
 his stead,
 Trotting along the road.

They didn't go far, ere they heard peo-
 ple talk,
 Trotting along the road,
 As how it was stupid for either to walk,
 Before they could reach their abode.
 So

So they both rode, when, proud of his
horse and his pelf,
A farmer cries "down! would you kill
the poor elf,
If you was an ass, would you like it
yourself?"
Trotting along the road.

Next they carried the Jack-ass, who
never said nay,
Trotting along the road,
But all changes endur'd, like the Vicar
of *Bray*,
Before he would quit his abode.
Yet e'en this wou'dn't please ev'ry ill-
natur'd tyke,
And, therefore this moral must forcibly
strike,
We should manage our Jack-asses just
as we like,
While trotting along the road.

CHAUNT—PROTEUS.

FIRST, dere vash Miss Devy, pretty
Miss Devy, oh vat a Miss Devy was
she!

Her eyes vere such pretty little rollers,
dey soon got de better of me.
She vas all over so charming, and love-
ly, and killing,
She cut ma heart in two, all de world as
so it vas a bad shilling.

Oh vat a charming girl.
So nothing hinder'd our marriage, but
only tink, such a girl shou'd deceive ye,
She came to me von morning, and, says
she, my dear Mr. Aaron, don't let it
grieve ye,
But I vash married yesterday, to some-
body else, and dere vash an end of
Miss Devy.

Oh vat a naughty Miss Devy.

Den dere vash Miss Rachel, taper Miss
Rachel, so tall from de head to de feet,
You may go from St. Paul's to Long Acre
before such a lady you'll meet.
Her fader sold vatches and rings, and
had a mighty pretty shop of it,
And de first time I saw her little pretty
face behind the counter, I fell in love
a-top of it.

Oh de charming girl.
So I made her all de love dat I cou'd,
and her heart vashn't made of ice,
For like a stick of Dutch shealing vax,
it melted in a trice,
And dere vas noting to do, but buy de
ring out of her fader's shop—but ve
cou'dn't agree about de price.

Oh vat a gawky Miss Rachel.

Den dere vash Miss Moses, jolly Miss
Moses, vat a Miss Moses was she!
I believe dat dere's very few ladies, vit
such lips, and such noses you'll sec,
Her broder vash mighty rich, and got
money in de shtocks,
He vashn't so vulgar to get it by trade,
but taught de great people to spar and
to box.

Oh vat a charming girl!
So Miss Moses took lessons of her bro-
der, how to use de pretty little fist of
her own,
And I vash obliged to leave off ma visits
at dat end of de town,
For tho' married people may spar a lit-
tle, I shou'dn't like a wife to knock
ma down.

Oh what a tumping Miss Moses.

FAVOURITE HUNTING SONGS.

From Nimrod's Songs of the Chace.

SONG.

A WAY ye brave fox-hunting race,
Away, away to a bourn chace;
Let Ashton Park alone to day,
For here will be the Royal play;
See yonder's the covert, to horse lets
be going,
Throw, throw off the finder's then, ho-
nest *Will Owen*.
Away ye brave, &c.

Unkennel quick, yon blaky ground,
They'll have a touch for fifty pound;
Hark, hark to *Soundwell*, that's a noble
dog,

Cross him my jolly lads, heux, heux
the drag:

The fox has broke covert, let none lag
behind,

We've had an entapresse, she runs up
the wind;

Off with the chace hounds, ho:

Now, now the sportsmen shew

Let *Lillywhore* and *Cesar* run,

Tossfoot and *Ruler*,

Capper and *Cooler*,

Pompey and *Gallant*, low 'em on.

Spur, switch, and then away, o'er
hedges, and ditches

Without fear of necks, or galling your
breeches;

Blow a retreat, blow, blow, tantivee,
tivec, tivec, tivec,

If she runs down the wind she may
chance to deceive ye.

A recheat, a recheat, tvice, tvice, tvice,
 tvice,
 Fox on't we're baulk'd, for by my soul,
 The vixen's just now earth'd, see here's
 the hole :
 Put in the tarriers—faith 'tis so,
 She's crept at least five yards below ;
 They're working—hark !—and lay at
 her so well,
 They'll make her bolt, tho' 'twere as
 deep as hell :
 'Tis done, 'tis done, she's snapp'd, she's
 kill'd,
 Hollo brave boys then from the field,
 And jolly huntsman blow poor Reynard's knell,

SONG.

TANTIVEE, tvice, tvice, tvice,
 high and low,
 Hark ! how the merry, merry horn does
 blow,
 As thro' the lanes and meadows we go,
 As puss has run over the down ;
 When Ringwood and Rockwood, and
 Jowler and Spring,
 And Thunder and Wonder made all the
 woods ring,
 And horsemen and footmen, hey ding,
 a ding, ding,
 Who envies the pleasure and state of
 a crown.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow
 jolly boys,
 Keep in with the beagles now whilst
 the scent lies,
 The fiery fac'd God is just ready to rise,
 Whose beams all our pleasure controls ;
 Whilst over the mountains and vallies
 we roll,
 And Wat's fatal knell in each hollow
 we toll ;
 And in the next cottage top off a full
 bowl,
 What pleasure like hunting can cherish
 the soul.

SONG.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into
 my room,
 I put on my clothes and call'd for my
 groom ;
 Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the
 hounds,
 Who, lively and mettlesome, frisk'd
 o'er the grounds ;
 The horses were saddled, fleet Dapple
 and Grey,
 Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound
 hark ! away !

It was now by the clock about four in
 morn,
 When we all gallop'd off to the sound
 of the horn ;
 Dick Garter, Will Tabble, and Tom at
 the Goose,
 When all on a sudden out starts mistress
 Puss ;
 Men, horses, and dogs, not a moment
 would stay,
 And Echo was hear'd to cry, hark !
 hark ! away !

The chase was a fine one, she took over
 the plain,
 Which she doubled, and doubled, again
 and again ;
 Till at length she took cover, return'd
 out of breath,
 And I and Will Whistle were in at the
 death ;
 There, in triumph of joy. I the hare
 did display,
 And I call'd to the horns, my boys,
 hark ! hark ! away !

SONG.

AT the sound of the horn,
 We rise in the morn,
 And 'waken the woods as we thunder
 along :
 Yoix, yoix, tally O,
 After Reynard we go,
 While echo on echo we double the song.

Not the steeds of the sun
 Our brave coursers out-run,
 O'er the mound, horse and hound, see is
 bound in full cry ;
 Like Phœbus we rise
 To the height of the skies,
 And, careless of danger, five bars we defy.
 We 'waken the woods, &c.

At eve, Sir, we rush,
 And are close to his brush ;
 Already he dies—see him panting for
 breath.
 Each feat and defeat,
 We renew and repeat,
 Regardless of life, so we're in at the
 death.
 We 'waken the woods, &c.

With a bottle at night,
 We proclaim the delight,
 Much Trimbush we praise, and the deeds
 that were done :
 And yoix, tally O,
 The next morning we go,
 With Phœbus to end, as we mount with
 the sun.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.
FOR FEBRUARY, 1803.

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II. *A Slight but Masterly Etching of Crack and Sir Edward, in the Farce of "The Turnpike Gate," from a Drawing by Mr. Collins,*

LONDON;

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J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;

AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman who has written to us from Birmingham, upon the subject of a Poem, is very obliging, and may depend upon the most candid use of the Communication he has promised.

Some eccentric Communications from J. J. B. and several other Correspondents, are unavoidably deferred, for want of room, and an arrival early in the Month.

Our old Correspondent A. B. is informed, that the Letters to M. M. are rather too metaphysical to *amuse* our Readers.

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR FEBRUARY, 1803.

PORTRAIT OF PIPELING,

Engraved by Mr. Scott,

FROM A

*Painting by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of
Nottingham.*

PIPELING is a capital three-year old colt, and the property of Sitwell Sitwell, Esq. M. P. He was got by Sir Peter, out of Rally, by Trumpator. Rally is the dam likewise of Hyale, given in our Magazine for January 1802.

RIGHT OF THE ROAD.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING been present at a trial of some singularity, before Lord Alvanley, in the Court of Common Pleas, on Monday the 14th instant, I avail myself of the first opportunity to trouble you with an accurate state of the evidence, as delivered in Court; the verdict of the Jury; and lastly, with your permission, a few remarks upon both; as they in the result seems materially to affect the rule of right, as established by

the judicious experience of the late Lord Mansfield, and by which the person, horse, and carriage of every traveller upon the road, was intended and supposed to be in future protected.

EMEDEN W. MAUDUIT.

THE plaintiff in this cause, is said to be a respectable conveyancer in Furnival's Inn, and the defendant, a gentleman of large fortune and extensive liberality, inhabiting Newcastle house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In some afternoon of August last, the plaintiff, Capt. Head, late of the Worcester militia; and Capt. Buck, late of the East Kent, set off about six o'clock from Furnival's Inn, on an excursion to Bannstead; having dined together previous to their setting out; the plaintiff and his servant lad in one chair or gig, his two friends in the other. The evidence of the three last, went to prove their travelling not more than nine or ten miles an hour; that just before their entrance into Mitcham, nine miles from London, they observed, at the distance of nearly or fully an hundred yards, a chariot on their side the road; that, continuing their travelling pace, and not observing the coachman to deviate at all from the

G g 2 side

side and track he had taken, till within twenty yards of them, both master and servant vociferated loudly, when, and not till then, the coachman began very slowly, reluctantly, and sulkily, to bear his horses heads over some central gravel, to his *near* and *proper* side of the road; but this he did in such cool, deliberate, and psalm-singing time, that, although the plaintiff's near wheel was proved to have come upon the edge of the causeway, on his own side, yet his off-wheel came in contact with the off-wheel of the chariot, which overturned the chair, broke the body to pieces, disunited the splinter-bar from the carriage, and snapt both shafts in the middle; with which, and the splinter-bar, the horse ran away: and after continuing his career in fright till almost exhausted, he threw himself against the window of an inn, from thence to the sign-post, where he fell, by which he was completely ruined; and in opposition to every professional endeavour for his recovery, died in three weeks. Mr. Embden sustained some slight bruises, in no way alarming; but, for the loss of his horse, and the injury to his chaise, he brought the present action against Mr. Mauduit, the owner of the chariot, which was then empty, upon its return from Sutton, where it had been with a Mr. Hague, proceeding on his journey to visit Mr. Mauduit, then at Brighton.

The junior master of the Mitcham stages, who happened to drive up with his coach immediately after the accident, proceeded with others to measure the width of the road, and gave evidence in Court, that the carriage road was twenty-one feet wide from causeway to causeway; that the track of the off or outer wheel of the plaintiff, was only six feet from the foot path on his own side, and that he had not

an inch to spare, while the distance the defendant's coachman had for his chariot, was twenty-one feet. Thus far on the part of the plaintiff when the evidence closed.—Upon the part of the defence, a pantomimic and variegated collection of witnesses appeared to "suppose the plaintiff and his friends had drank wine after dinner;" "that they drove very furiously;" and that, "if they had been in the carriage road, and had not got out of the way, they must have been killed." This sort of speculative evidence rendered the trial tedious in progress, and uncertain in the event; and the Court, which was crowded for near five hours, was anxiously alive for the verdict, which was at length pronounced in favour of the defendant.

With this verdict, gentlemen, I have nothing to do, or with those between whom it was tried; but I must solicit permission from you, who, I conclude, occasionally ride or drive as well as your neighbours, to offer a few remarks to my brother sportsmen, upon a subject in which I conceive the life, or personal safety of every spirited individual, is so materially concerned. It is the fate of some men to be dull in intellectual comprehension; some horses to be slow in action; would-be-orators to be tardy in speech; and for some to prefer porter, while others drink wine: envy amongst the lower classes, is generally a passion predominant against the superior order; and perhaps the petty chapmen of Mitcham, conceive no man, except a madman, is entitled to go a more gentleman-like-pace, than their own taxed-cart. I believe, it will be readily admitted by you, as it is by the law of the road, and the law of custom, that by each keeping to his, or their near side of the road, for mutual advantage and mutual safety, the
lives

lives of thousands are daily insured ; and if it was not for this prudent precaution, eternal destruction must inevitably ensue, and all regular intercourse, safety, and convenience be at an end. Now, gentlemen, I conceive, that my side of the road being thus equitably chalked out, both by the law of the road, and the law of custom, I am, so long as I use it with discretion, as much entitled to it, as I am to a freehold estate, or a sum in the funds, which no man presumes to dispute. If it is universally admitted I have a side of the road pointed out, and I keep it, I conclude, none but a fool or a madman, dare dictate to me as an Englishman possessing the principle of free-agency, and, like Falstaff, having a fixed antipathy to compulsion, what pace I ought to go. Somniferous sermonizers, like Pope's rustic hero, who "whistled as he went for want of thought;" those slow goers and tedious detailers, feel all the cynical rigidity of a methodist, at seeing a fellow-creature, blest with good health and high spirits, much happier than themselves. Of this, I had ample proof a short time since, when the Editor, alias Conductor, of a celebrated Periodical Publication, and so it must be when the person alluded to rides in his chariot, exultingly said, "he thought every man a fool who ever followed a hound:" upon which I concluded he had never read, or did not recollect the metaphorical inculcation of Lord Chesterfield to his son, of "never mentioning a rope in a family where one had been hanged;" at any rate, I am satisfied, he may enjoy the pedantic pageantry of his chariot and trappings, while I can move in unison with the musical melody of the hounds. Returning to the reflections naturally arising upon the uncertainty of the law—the coachman admitted, he saw the two chairs

coming, as he said, "furiously, between fifty and a hundred yards before him;" and upon a question being put to him from the Court, "Why he did not then sooner begin to get on his own side of the road?" could make no answer.—Now, gentlemen, I do not know whether you are at all acquainted with the internal habits of coachmen, but for my own part, I do not conceive any one of the whole fraternity very remarkable for abstinence; or that many keep themselves cool and steady with toast and water. I could not resist the temptation even in court, of ruminating upon the possibilities of the case; that any man driving from London to Sutton, roasting upon the coach box in the month of August, must have accumulated a little dust in the mouth and nostrils, which possibly required washing away; and as gentlemen of the whip are not remarkable for self-denial, and the beer upon the roads is made very powerful by the interposing art of the brewer, in *Coculus Indicus*, and other ingredients equally insatiating. I conceived the coachman, having staid at Sutton four hours, might probably have been looking at somebody drinking, and the distant effluvia of the liquor, from its soporific property, might have made him drowsy and nodding, or a little muzzy; from which natural reverie he did not recover himself till it was too late to remedy the mistake. Great stress was laid upon the circumstance of the plaintiff's not pulling up in time to prevent the accident; but those who are accustomed to ride or drive good or blood horses, and this had both run and won at Tunbridge, will know such are not in a moment to be stopt in their career: exclusive of which, every man who adheres to his own side of the road, can hardly be supposed servile enough

to

to pull up his horse every five or ten minutes to accommodate each yaw-hoot inexperienced fool, who may be disposed to obstruct his progress, of which there never are any wanting in the environs of the metropolis. I could with pleasure have enlarged more upon the subject, but fearful I have obtruded too much upon the room of your entertaining Miscellany, I beg to solicit an occasional corner in future, and to prove myself hereafter, your obliged Friend,

ROGER DE COVERLEY, jun.

Temple, Feb. 21, 1803.

HORSE CAUSE.

Original for the Sporting Magazine.

BURGESS V. SPENCER.

Court of King's Bench, Feb. 16.

THE opening of this case by Mr. Gibbs, proved the plaintiff to have paid the defendant, in June last, L.115 for a pair of horses warranted sound, and quiet in harness: one of them, however, soon after proving defective, was exchanged, with the defendant paying him a further sum of L.20. This horse, within three days, was observed by all who saw him to labour under some internal defect, and nearly a total suppression of urine. The horse was first shewn to Mr. Layton, then to Mr. Taplin, who both pronounced him internally defective; the latter recommending a return of the horse to Mr. Spencer, with a friendly expostulation and mutual accommodation to each other. The evidence produced on the part of the plain-

tiff proved the return of the horse; that Mr. Spencer was present, called one of his men to receive him, and pull off his saddle and bridle, which was then put into the plaintiff's carriage; that Mr. Spencer said, at parting, he should have some young horses from the country in two or three days, if Mr. Burgess would look in. The plaintiff, however, was taken ill the next day, and confined for a month. After his recovery, he applied not for another horse, but for the purchase-money, L.75:10. This the defendant resisted, having sent the horse to a livery stable on the 6th of October last, the day he was returned, as he supposed, at the plaintiff's expence, upon a presumption the plaintiff was obliged to take another in exchange. Very little more than half the evidence was gone through, when the case became exceedingly clear. Messrs. Erskine and Garrow, who were for the defendant, philosophically folded up their briefs, and a verdict was announced for the plaintiff.

SPORTING LITERATURE, ENGRAVINGS, &c.

WE are happy to announce the publication of this second Volume of *Rural Sports*, by W. B. Daniel.—The delay of the publication until the present period, we understand, is not to be attributed to the author, but to causes which we hear are to come under discussion by way of arbitration.

MR. TAPLIN, we are informed, has nearly completed two handsome octavo volumes of a *Sporting Dictionary or Lexicon*. This work is anxiously looked for by the sporting world.

A MOST

A most splendid work, in royal quarto, is about to make its appearance, to be entitled, *The Sportsman's Cabinet, or, A Delineation of the Canine Race:* consisting of engravings, and letter-press descriptions of the various species of dogs. The paintings are original, from life, by P. Reinagle, Esq. R. A. and are to be engraved, in the stroke manner, by Mr. John Scott; by whom the plates to Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports were executed. It is, we understand, to be comprised in about twenty numbers; the first of which will appear on the 1st of April next.

COPY OF A
LETTER FROM NEWMARKET.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,
I HOPE it will not be too late to insert in this month's Magazine, that our Coursing Meeting commences on the 21st instant, and that nearly thirty brace of greyhounds are now in the town, and a great many gentlemen, to attend the meeting, which will continue the whole of the week. Sir Samuel Fludyer, Sir C. Bunbury, Sir John Seabright, Mr. Mosely, Mr. Galway, Mr. Durand, and several other gentlemen, are here already, and numbers more expected. I shall endeavour to obtain as much intelligence as I can for your Sporting Magazine. I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient,
J. H.
Newmarket, Feb. 20, 1803.

It gives us concern to say, that we shall not be able to keep back this part of our Miscellany, to embrace the above intelligence this month, but whatever occurs at the meeting, shall have a full and faithful report in our next.

BOXING.

ON Monday, February 14, a pitched battle was fought on Wimbledon Common, for twenty guineas a side. The combatants were Smith, the boot-closer, who was beat a short time ago by young O'Donnel, after an hour's hard fighting; and Curry, a pugilist of some note, but who has not entered the lists for these last seven years. The parties set to at one o'clock, and continued the contest for nineteen rounds. The first and second rounds were in favour of Smith, who was indisputably the strongest man. The third round was well contended on both sides; but Curry hitting Smith a violent blow on his temples, knocked him down, himself falling with the force of his own blow. From that to the tenth round was nearly even betting. The eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth rounds seemed in favour of Curry, when he, unfortunately, sprained his right hand, which entirely gave the turn of the battle against him; and although he fought on with great spirit and resolution, it was evident, from the little use he could make of his crippled hand, that he must eventually give in.

He frequently, in the course of the battle, was urged to yield; but he gave two reasons for his refusal: first, that it was necessary he should prove his *bottom*; and in the next place, satisfy his friends that he had made the best of a bad business. At the conclusion of the nineteenth round, he, however, gave in, and Smith was declared victor.

No distinguished amateurs were present, except Lord Milsington and Captain Mills. Of professional *ge'nimen* there were Belcher, Berks, Jackling, Maddox, Pitton, &c.

A second battle took place between two young lads, pupils of Baldwin

Baldwin and Bentley. Much skill in sparring was displayed, particularly by the winner, a mulatto. A collection was made and divided between them.

ON Tuesday the 1st, an extraordinary battle was fought in Tothill-Fields, between a well known tallow-chandler, of Westminster, called *Dicky the Dippite*, and a certain member of the gentle craft in that neighbourhood. Maddox was second, and Caleb Baldwin bottle-holder to the former; and O'Donnel was second, and Seabrook bottle-holder to the latter. The *Dippite* displayed a surprising power of fence, and seemed well adapted to encounter a mob; for one of his blows, though apparently aimed at his antagonist, and which he was preparing to ward off, fell on the face of Baldwin, his own bottle-holder. The spectators were so delighted and astonished at this novel mode of fighting, that bets ran high, and some odds were laid, that he not only beat his opponent, but also both seconds and bottle holders; but, unfortunately his career was very short. The first and only blow he received was on his face: this, though not violent, and an exclamation of O'Donnel's, "that by G— his jaw was broke," so terrified this now celebrated pugilist, that he immediately gave in, and was carried home and put to bed.

A PUGILISTIC contest took place last week, in a field near the town of Billingborough in Lincolnshire. The bet was a guinea and a girl, and the combatants were a shepherd of Billingborough, and a

tailor named Horbling. They met pursuant to public advertisement; and the combination which constituted the wager was deemed so well worthy of attention, that the surrounding villages were all alive to the issue. After many severe rounds, and a long running fight, the shepherd was declared victor, and carried off his fair prize in triumph.

A
VOCABULARY
OF
CARVING PHRASES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

AS I do not remember that you have at any time presented to your readers, the different terms of carving made use of at all sporting tables of elegance, the following may perhaps be allowed by you to have a place.

Cut up a Turkey.
Rear a Goose.
Unlace a Hare or Rabbit.
Wing a Partridge or Quail.
Allay a Pheasant or Teal.
Dismember a Hern.
Thigh a Woodcock.
Display a Crane.
Lift a Swan.

Thus you see our Vocabulary is not to blame, if the so indiscriminately used expression of *cut up*, is unceasingly offending the ears of

All Amateurs in Carving.

FROM

RURAL SPORTS, by W. B. DANIELS.

THE HARE.

(Continued from Page 156.)

PLINY, with some degree of doubt, observes, that the flesh of the hare causes sleep, and that those eating it, look fair, lovely, and gracious for a week afterwards. This recipe is certainly more worthy of trial, from its harmless qualities, than most of the nostrums now offered to the public for improving beauty. The hinder foot of a hare worn constantly in a pocket near the part affected with rheumatism or lumbago, is said to effect a cure; but whether the hare possesses any physical properties or not, it was in ancient days preserved as an omen, and Boadicea let loose a concealed hare from her bosom, immediately before her last conflict with the Romans, which by taking (what by her soldiers was thought) a fortunate course, animated them, and they gained an easy victory. The fur is much used in the manufactory of hats, and vast importations of the skins, from Russia and Siberia, are added to the quantity produced in this country.

The many doubles which the hare artfully makes, before she seats herself at day-break, and when started and hunted, all sportsmen are more or less acquainted with; they will likewise recollect, that young hares tread heavier, and therefore leave a stronger scent than the old; that in woods the scent is stronger than in the open country; and some old huntsmen assert, that the large wood hares, naturally give a greater scent than those bred in the fields: it is, however, generally observed, that when hares feed on green corn they leave the greatest scent, and are most

eagerly pursued by the hounds; to compel the hare to run an end, and leave the circle she would otherwise repeatedly go over, it is requisite the hounds should be properly chosen for the country they are to hunt in. The beagle crossed from the dwarf fox hound, (of which, the late Mr. Houlton, of Hallingbury Place, in Essex, and Mr. Potter, of New Barns, in the Isle of Ely, had each a pack, the most complete specimens, as to size and figure, ever seen,) are the fittest for a champaign country. The dwarf fox hound suits a more inclosed one, and where a certain degree of speed is necessary, to force a hare from her foil.

The real bred harrier is well adapted where the chase is wished to be protracted, yet not extended in point of distance; and the compiler once saw at Mr. Weld's, in Lancashire, a numerous pack of hounds kept for hare-hunting, the least of which stood twenty-two inches, and the huntsman with a pole went on foot; true it is, this pack could not well be followed otherwise, as they chiefly hunted upon, or the hares they started immediately made for, the fells, which were impassable for horsemen. These hounds were kept more for their melody than speed, yet their noses were so excellent they seldom missed their object. This sort is the old English hound, described by Whitaker in his History of Manchester, as the original breed of this island, and as used by the ancient Britons in the chase of the larger kinds of game. But various as are the sorts of hounds, and heavy the expence of keeping them, yet the manner in which the following little pack was managed, by the persevering economy of their owner, merits remark. With half-a-dozen children, as many couple of hounds, and two hunters, did Mr. Osbalde-

H h ston,

great chairs had litters of kittens on them, which were not to be disturbed, he always having three or four cats attending him at dinner; and to defend such meat as he had no mind to part with, he kept order with a short white stick that lay by him.

"The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other such accoutrements. The corners of the room were full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles. An oyster table at the lower end, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons. In the upper part of the room were two small tables and a desk; on the one side of the desk was a church bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. Upon the tables were hawks' hoods, bells, &c. two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry; these he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, boxes, dice, cards, were not wanting. In the holes of the desk was store of old used tobacco-pipes.

"On one side of this end of the room, was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed; for he never exceeded in drinking, nor ever permitted it.

"On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, never wanted a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or a great apple pie, with a thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was always well supplied. His

sports furnished all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best of salt as well as other fish, he could get; and this was the day on which his neighbours of the first quality visited him.

"He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with—"my pert eyes therein a." He drank a glass or two at meals, very often syrup of gillyflowers in his sack, and always a tun glass stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was affable, but soon angry, calling his servants bastards and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes both, of the same person. He lived to be an hundred, never lost his eyesight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore years old, he rode up to the death of a stag as well as any man." A portrait of this gentleman is now at Winbourn St. Giles, Dorsetshire, the seat of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

To these accounts of the sportsmen of former times, will now be added some extraordinary efforts, which hares have made when hunted, to escape their modern pursuers; and the following instances will prove, that hares when pressed in the chase, will brave every danger, even in an element the most unfavourable to their exertions, and will also testify their stoutness as well as speed.

In February 1789, the hounds of Mr. Barnard, of Lindsell Hall, found a hare near Folsted, in Essex, which was taken alive out of a drain in a farm yard, after running upwards of twenty miles in little better than two hours.

In the same year, a match was made in Wiltshire between two hounds,

hounds, as to speed, and that they should kill a hare by themselves; the hare was started upon Stoke Down, and it was supposed that they ran near fifteen miles in three quarters of an hour, when the hare was killed by a hound that carried four pounds weight of shot.

In October 1792, a hare, after a chase of sixteen miles by the Seaford hounds, took the sea near Cuckmere, in Sussex, and swam a quarter of a mile from shore, before she was overtaken by the dogs.

Lord Ongley's harriers, in March 1798, in the course of a very hard chase of three hours, ran a hare through part of eight parishes and three counties.

For coursing, hares on marshes or Downs are the stoutest. The open country about Swaffham, in Norfolk, and the Downs in Wiltshire, are both noted, but above all the Fliston Wolds in Yorkshire; the hares are there preserved with great care for this amusement, which exhibits racing in miniature, with a living goal in lieu of a fixed one, to terminate the race: it has numerous admirers, though little of novelty in its progress or duration; it does not animate like the chase, and affords scarce any interest to the spectators, except to those individuals engaged in the stake contended for.

It is not unfrequent, in an inclosed country, for the hare to betake herself to the wood or brick drain under gateways, when overrated by the greyhound: and there was once a story published, of some would-be sportsmen, who blocked up this sort of retreat the third course, although puss had a second time beat their dogs, and sheltered herself in it, after being turned out at least two miles from the spot.

(To be continued.)

For the Sporting Magazine.

ACCOUNT

OF

A Man Executed for Sheepstealing, without the interference of the Law.

IN the year 1801, when the quarter loaf was at one shilling and ten-pence halfpenny, and a pound of good flesh could not be bought under eighteen-pence, a poor day-labouring man, named William Hathaway, had so great a desire for a bit of good mutton, that he determined to take a sheep from the park of Lord ——. For that purpose, in the dead of the night, William entered the fold belonging to the great man, and, having selected a sheep to answer his desires, bound his feet together, and put them over his forehead as the porter doth his knot, and in this way took his departure; when coming to the five-bar gate that separated the park from the high-road, he attempted to cover it with his fleecy burden: But, alas! his foot slipping in the descent, poor Hathaway fell, and the feet of the sheep shifting to his throat, he became instantly suspended, the sheep on one side and William on the other, where, no one coming to his relief, together with the struggles of the animal, he was found stone dead in the morning; and in that state was suffered to remain by the parish, till the coroner had taken an inquisition, when a jury of villagers brought in the following

VERDICT:

"Executed for sheep-stealing by Providence, without the interference of the law."

To

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I READ with a considerable degree of surprise the declamatory letter of Philostatus on the Game Laws, which I was induced to peruse, in hopes of finding something new; but though he has "called spirits from the vasty deep," to prove the antiquity of his pretensions, I was neither gratified with information nor argument. I give him full credit for his disinterested feelings on the occasion; and as he says he is a qualified person, and doubtless has an extensive manor, I devoutly wish that the frock-covered Nimrods of his neighbourhood may snare his hares, and net his partridges, that at least on his own property his philanthropic soul may enjoy the pleasure of seeing these sporting rights of man altogether unrestrained.

Philostatus has assured us that men killed game before the deluge. It may be so; but I am not aware that there is any record of these antediluvian sportsmen. It does not appear to me, that he supports his doctrine one item, by informing us, that Nimrod and Esau loved the chase; nor is there any analogy between ancient days and the present. To tell us, that in early times all men had the privilege of killing game—times when mankind in almost savage misery looked to the chase for the immediate necessities of life—surely does not prove that the same rights and habits must continue in a civilized state of society. These rights and habits exist at this moment in the wilds of America, but must cease when distinction of property and division of labour is introduced among these wandering and predatory tribes. I am sorry that my friend Philostatus allows himself to be rather severe on bro-

ther freeholders, whose courage he does not seem to estimate very highly. Like a truly honest man, he probably judges from that freeholder with whose nerves he is best acquainted: but he should not found a general rule on an exception.

I do not avow myself the champion of the Game Laws in all their latitude, and all their modifications. I must, with respect to such a combat, furnish my friend Philostatus with another timorous freeholder. But this far I will venture to assert, that to kill game cannot be an universal privilege, and that a man may be as much restrained from destroying game, as from cutting cabbage in another's garden, or turnips from another's field. These would be natural rights where private property was unknown, but must cease where it is acknowledged. I doubt if Nimrod the mighty hunter would have been more punctilious in this respect than in taking venison. Can Philostatus imagine, that as the right of killing game was primeval, and existed before property was known, that each individual who acquires land takes it with the burthen of this existing right? What must be his ideas of property? What value would he put on an estate which the gun-makers of Birmingham might traverse at pleasure—the Manchester cotton spinners, Spitalfields weavers, or the tight lads of St. Giles's? On the mere principle of right of property, without statutory penalties, distinctions, and qualifications, the privilege of killing game must rest entirely with landholders; for, assuredly, if I really have the full and exclusive right of using my land as I please, I am entitled to say to any man, as Philostatus says, *Huc non amplius est precedendum*—You shall not put a foot on my ground. So that, were all the Game Laws abolished,

abolished, the labourer and artisan, and in short every person but a proprietor of land, must inevitably be excluded from all right to kill game; for, without the landholder's permission, he cannot exercise this natural right, if such can be said to exist. I am, Sir, your constant Reader and Friend,

ANTEDILUVIAN.

January 15, 1803.

For the Sporting Magazine.

HANDFISTING.

A Custom at Langholm, in Scotland, not dissimilar to the Bundling of Perbeck, and that Custom still practised in many parts of America.

AMONG many singular customs in this district, no one is more worthy our remark, than that of Handfisting. An annual fair is held, to which the young people of both sexes resort. The unmarried look out for mates, and make their engagements by joining hands, or handfisting. The man having selected his mate, desires the spectators to notice the same, and then retires with the girl of his choice, promising faithfully to cohabit with her for a whole year. On the anniversary of Langholm fair, the parties return, and either declare themselves "willing and desirous" to become man and wife for the rest of their lives, or to terminate the connection: and this is done in presence of the assembly where it began. In the latter case, the inconstant is bound to take care of the offspring of the year of probation, and no particular slander or reflection attaches to either; no pain of severe chastisement from the elders who preside for preservation of the peace; and every pair thus separated, are mutually at liberty to make a new choice!

ALLITERATION EXTRAORDINARY.

THERE existed for a long time a violent war of pens, between Sir John Hill, the botanist and multifarious writer, and several of the wits of his day, particularly the late Samuel Foote. A well-known epigram on the dramatic efforts of Sir John, which were not of the first order, came, we believe, from the satiric quill of Foote:

"For Physic and Farces
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is!"

Lady Hill, who is lately deceased, and who was in truth an inoffensive woman, did not escape from the notice of the waggish opponent of her husband. Foote used in private to relate the following story, which, as far as the writer's recollection serves, has not been before made public, and which, it is most probable, had no other foundation than what was furnished by his own inventive talents. He supposed a *sextetto*, or family, consisting of Sir John Hill, Sir John Fielding the Police Magistrate, and the Rev. Sir W. Cheere, who were known to be on friendly terms, and their respective ladies. The gentlemen were presumed to have been left over their bottle, and the ladies to have taken their tea, and be afterwards amusing themselves with a game, fashionable at that time, called, "I love my love with a letter."

Lady Cheere, being first called upon, says, "I love my love with an N."—"Well, and why, my lady?"—"Because he is a *Knight*!"

Lady Fielding being summoned, replies, "I love my love with a G."—"Good! my lady, and why?"—"Because he is a *Justice*!"

Lady

Lady Hill, her turn being come, is invited to designate her love by the initial of his occupation, and being unwilling to surpass her friends either in wit or orthography, says, "I love my love with an F."—"And why?"—"Because he is a Physician!"

The only reason which can be suggested to fasten a little improbability on this waggish story, in these incredulous times, is, that three ladies should be found to declare in confidence to each other, that they had respectively fixed their loves—upon their husbands!

For the Sporting Magazine.

REMARKS

OR

The impropriety of destroying several Creatures falsely deemed noxious.

IN

A TOUR TO THE WEST.

"While vulgar errors drive the biped throng,
In Reason's spite the herd determine wrong;
Justice and Pity claim the chast'ning part,
But Satire clears the head, and wounds the heart."

AS I sat at breakfast, my landlord entered the room to tell me of a fine young horse he had bought the day before, and that the farrier had just trimmed and nicked him for the saddle; that he was in a stable near at hand, and if I would take a walk with him, he would shew me, for shape and make, one of the finest geldings in the county of Hants. The moment we reached the yard, the stable door flew open, and I beheld the miserable

creature in a state that made me shudder from the sole of my foot to the crown of my head. His tail had received four dismal gashes in the most tender part, and drawn upward by a weight suspending from a pulley, to remain in that state till time had healed his wounds, and the lacerated member contracted to an upright, or fashionable position. I turned in haste from the bleeding object; and, filled with reflections, hastened to my chamber, to give vent to softer feelings, and record such remarks as are no way honourable to my own species.

What a merciless monster is man! thought I. To gratify his whim or caprice nothing helpless can stand unhurt before him. The beauties of creation to him are imperfect, and, in the abundance of his imaginary consequences, he presumes to become a slanderer of unerring Nature.

Impelled by hunger, the lion seizes on his defenceless prey; and, having gratified the great call of necessity, retires content, till a similar impulse urges him to a repetition: but man, without the same motive, preys continually on all the creatures destined to breathe within the circle of his power; and, less generous than the magnanimous lion, puts them to living tortures and disgrace, but to sanctify the absurd opinions fostered by vulgar errors. With the graceful and majestic horse, the most useful of domestic animals, he is out of temper. This unfortunate quadruped is no sooner the slave of man, than he is deprived of that friendly instrument given him to whisk off the blood-sucking fly: that tail, which was intended by Providence to be pendant, for the purposes of decency, his tyrant master, by slicing its cartilaginous parts, and leaving them time to cicatrize, gives it a vertical position for

for ever. His ears, also, are thought too long; and to please the false taste of his imperious lord, the generous steed must become a crop! His generative possessions are also conceived to be a burden to him; and, to use the phrase of a celebrated naturalist, "to cherish his owner's folly, this beautiful quadruped is manufactured into a non-descript, and blotted from the Great Book of Nature."

The feathered creation cannot escape the cruel propensity. This ridiculous brat taste, the very spawn of vulgar error, is always for improving nature. With a burning needle, the unfeeling hand of man deprives the poor finch of his eyesight, under pretence that blindness will improve his vernal song, and mellow his notes for the fastidious ear of his keeper. And how the game-cock, as he is called, is trimmed of his gorgeous robes, for the battle, is too frequent before the sight of the observer to need a comment. To be brief, the follies and the evils which arise from vulgar error, or senseless prejudice, are too multifarious, and ought to be encountered, for the protection of the unoffending animal, and for the credit of human nature.

I seldom turn me from one parish to another, that some local absurdity doth not present itself to call to my cheek the blush, the burning blush! of resentment for the cruelty, or the weakness of my fellow man. I was thus moralizing, when interrupted by a battle in the inn-yard between two post-boys, so I left my noisy station for a calmer walk towards the river Itchin. As I was passing through St. Mary's church-yard, I observed, upon the door of the belfry, a very conspicuous paper, signifying that the churchwardens and overseers of that parish, for the encouragement of vermin-killers, would give six-

pence for every hedge-hog, and four-pence a dozen for all destructive small birds, with a great number of articles equally curious. As I turned from this register of folly, the next object of attraction was a venerable yew-tree, and upon its long arms a great number of these proscribed creatures were dancing by the neck to the whistle of the vernal breezes. Among so many harmless objects of persecution, I observed the poor swallow, that seeks our insulated shores to enjoy a summer of repose, and pay for the quiet he expects with his best services. Near this a great variety of small birds displayed their beautiful plumage to the sun-beams. Beside these, the painted woodpecker, the vermin-killing jay, and about half a dozen hedge-hogs—all! all! the victims of prejudice engendered by provincial absurdity, superstition, or the tales of dream-telling old women. Would to Heaven, said I to myself, I might be permitted to address the farmers on this practice; I would say to them thus—What has the industrious swallow done, to be so severely treated? Let the hand of cruelty, when it next draws the trigger of destruction, open the bleeding bosom of this humble traveller, and the eye will find the stomach of the swallow filled with those summer spiders that spread the tender grass with their filthy curtains. When we behold the kind stranger skimming just above the surface of our meadows, he is in the act of devouring those insects that disfigure and encumber the rising crop, for the benefit of the master. And, O! ye blind followers of vulgar error, what crime attaches to the merry tom-titt? Spare the pretty bluenun; for when you behold her busy about the buds and blossoms of your fruit-trees, she is carefully employed for your advantage. She is

the instrument of good in the hand of Providence, industriously seeking such profitless beings as would contaminate your sweetest hope, and spoil the beverage of your autumnal cup. Wherefore hang you the gaudy woodpecker? When you hear him strike his strong beak into the stubborn bark, he has found out an enemy to your property, and when his shrill voice echoes through the vallies, he has caught his prey, and only devouring the maggot whose offspring destroys the pride of your groves and orchards. The screaming jay is not the foe you suspect: he may sometimes take the cherry from your tree; and it is his just demand, for he kills the fetid bug, whose very touch poisons the tenderest fruit of your gardens, and whose scent, to the nostrils of delicacy, is more offensive than asafetida. But, above all, ye sons of cruelty, save the too much insulted hedge-hog; and the unmerited pence you lavish on the vermin-killer give to your parochial poor. The injustice you attribute to this useful creature is also founded in vulgar error: no one ever saw him touch the lacteal fountains of the domestic cow: there cannot be any thing found on earth of a more harmless disposition. I have long watched the economy of the hedge-hog, and find to a certainty that he has no desire for milk, apples, or any other fruit. This poor, solitary animal, the victim of proscribing parish laws, is one of your best friends. You will find him in the night, when more favoured creatures are at rest, turning up the foliage of your edibles, and clearing them of snails, beetles, worms, and other offending reptiles; and, when he has done you this service, at the appearance of the dawn, peaceably withdraws to his cover, rolls himself in his sharp suit of natural armour, and is not seen till night re-

turns, and then only to do you more good offices. O, farmers! for this you set a price upon his head; for these acts of kindness he is hung upon the churchyard-yew. Will men for ever yield to absurdities, and put out the eyes of reason? Instead of shooting the passing swallow, stringing the blue-nun, the painted woodpecker, and the chattering jay, it were better to cherish them with friendship; and, above all, that truly valuable friend to man, the hedge-hog. Go then, and believe me, it will not only attach to your credit, but warmly gratify the breast of a faithful advocate for Heaven's persecuted creatures.

I had some inclination to publish these observations in the provincial papers; but, upon application, Mr. Printer assured me they must be paid for, as he had such a press of advertisements, that no room could be spared for "speculative materials;" therefore, friend Wheble, I have put them together in this shape, for the perusal of those whose sympathizing spirits are congenial with your own, and whose contempt for vulgar errors equal that of your very humble servant,

Southampton.

T. N.

DESCRIPTION OF A FOX-CHASE.

Inserted by the particular desire of a Correspondent.

THE hour most favourable to this diversion, is certainly an early one; nor do I think I can fix it better than to say, the hounds should be at the cover at sun-rising. Let us suppose that we are arrived at the cover-side.

Now

Now let your huntsman throw in his hounds as quietly as he can, and let the two whippers-in keep wide of him on either hand, so that a single hound may not escape them; let them be attentive to his halloo, and be ready to encourage, or rate, as that directs; he will of course, draw up the wind, for reasons which I shall give, in another place. Now, if you can keep your brother sportsmen in order, and put any discretion into them, you are in luck; they more frequently do harm than good: if it be possible, persuade those who wish to halloo the fox off, to stand quiet under the cover side, and on no account to halloo him too soon: if they do, he most certainly will turn back again: could you entice them all into the cover, your sport, in all probability would not be the worse for it.

How well the hounds spread the cover! the huntsman you see is quite deserted, and his horse, who so lately had a croud at his heels, has not one attendant left. How steadily they draw! you hear not a single hound; yet none are idle. Is not this better than to be subject to continual disappointment, from the eternal babbling of unsteady hounds?

How musical their tongues!—And as they get nearer to him, how the chorus fills!—Hark! he is found.—Now, where are all your sorrows, and your cares, ye gloomy souls! or where your pains and aches, ye complaining ones! one halloo has dispelled them all. What a crash they make! and echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished traveller forsakes his road, lured by its melody; the listening ploughman now stops his plough; and every distant shepherd neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. What joy! what eagerness in every face!

Mark how he runs the cover's utmost limits, yet dares not venture forth; the hounds are still too near!—that check is lucky!—now if our friends head him not, he will soon be off—hark! they halloo: by G—d he's gone!

Now huntsman get on with the head hounds; the whipper-in will bring on the others after you: keep an attentive eye on the leading hounds, that should the scent fail them, you may know at least how far they brought it.

Mind Galloper, how he leads them!—it is difficult to distinguish which is first, they run in such a style; yet he is the foremost hound. The goodness of his nose is not less excellent than his speed: How he carries the scent! and when he loses it, see how eagerly he flings to recover it again!—There—now he's at head again!—see how they top the hedge!—now, how they mount the hill!—observe what a head they carry; and shew me, if thou canst, one shuffler or skirter amongst them all: Are they not like a parcel of brave fellows, who, when they engage in an undertaking, determine to share the fatigue, and its dangers, equally amongst them?

It was then the fox I saw, as we came down the hill; those crows directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he passed along. The hounds are now on the very spot, yet the sheep stop them not, for they dart beyond them. Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain! Galloper no longer keeps his place, Brusher takes it—see how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs! How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it—yet Victor comes up apace. He reaches him!—see what an excellent race it is between them!—it is doubtful which will reach

the cover first. How equally they run!—how eagerly they stram!—now Victor—Victor!—ah, Brusher, you are beaten; Victor first tops the hedge.—See there! see how they all take it in their strokes! the hedge cracks with their weight; so many jump at once.

Now hastes the whipper-in to the other side of the cover; he is right, unless he head the fox.

Listen!—the hounds have turned.—They are now in two parts: The fox has been headed back, and we have changed at last.—

Now, my lad, mind the huntsman's halloo, and stop to those hounds which he encourages.—He is right! that, doubtless, is the hunted fox!—Now they are off again.

Ha! a check.—Now for a moment's patience!—we press too close upon the hounds!—Huntsman, stand still; as yet they want you not.—How admirably they spread! how wide they cast! is there a single hound that does not try? if there be, never shall he hunt again. There, Trueman is on the scent—he feathers, yet still is doubtful—'tis right! how readily they join him! see those wide casting hounds, how they fly forward to recover the ground they have lost!—mind Lightning, how she dashes; and Mungo, how he works! old Frantic too, now pushes forward; she knows, as well as we, the fox is sinking.

Huntsman! at fault at last? how far did you bring the scent; have the hounds made their own cast? now make yours. You see that sheep-dog has coursed the fox;—get forward with your hounds, and make a wide cast.

Hark! that hollow is indeed a lucky one. If we can hold him on, we may yet recover him; for a fox so much distressed, must stop at last. We shall now see if they will hunt, as well as run; for there

is but little scent, and the impending cloud still makes that little less. How they enjoy the scent! see how busy they all are, and how each in his turn prevails.

Huntsman! be quiet! whilst the scent was good, you pressed on your hounds; it was well done: when they came to a check, you stood still, and interrupted them not: they were afterwards at fault; you made your cast with judgment, and lost no time. You now must let them hunt; with such a cold scent as this, you can do no good; they must do it all themselves; lift them now, and not a hound will stoop again.

Ha! a high road, at such a time as this, when the tenderest nosed hound can hardly own the scent!—another fault! that man at work, then, has headed back the fox. Huntsman! cast not your hounds now, you see they have over-run the scent; have a little patience, and let them, for once, try back.

We now must give them time: See where they bend towards yonder furze brake—I wish he may have stopped there!—mind that old hound, how he dashes o'er the furze; I think he winds him;—Now for a fresh *entap*!—Hark! they halloo!—aye, there he goes.

It is nearly over with him; had the hounds caught view he must have died. He will hardly reach the cover; see how they gain upon him at every stroke!—It is an admirable race! yet the cover saves him.

Now be quiet, and he cannot escape us, we have the wind of the hounds, and cannot be better placed:—how short he runs!—he is now in the very strongest part of the cover. What a crash! every hound is in, and every hound is running for him. That was a quick turn!—again another!—he's put to his last shift.—Now Mischief is at

at his heels, and death is not far off. —Ha! they all stop at once;—all silent, and yet no earth is open. Listen!—now they are at him again! did you hear that hound catch view? they over-ran the scent, and the fox had laid down behind them. Now, Reynard, look to yourself!—how quick they all give their tongues!—Little Dreadnought, how he works him! the terriers too, they now are squeaking at him. How close Vengeance pursues!—how terribly she presses!—it is just up with him!—Gods! what a crash they make; the whole wood resounds!—that turn was very short!—there!—now!—aye, now they have him! who-hoop!

UPON THE
MODERN DISCOVERIES

OF THE

MAMMOTH OR BEHEMOTH.

AS an acquaintance with the nature of all beasts of prey is essentially necessary to the sons of the chase, an account of the recent disquisitions into the existence and properties of this wonderful animal, the terror of ancient times, may be found a subject not unamusing even to those who are averse to reconcile and abstruse disquisitions.

Relative to the existence of this singular animal in former ages, it should be observed, almost all the learned naturalists are now agreed. By Sir Hans Sloane, Gmelin, Buffon, it is generally described; and more particularly by Mr. C. W. Peale of America: and this important discovery having rendered a minute and comprehensive acquaintance with the Mammoth more interesting than ever, it may suffice to say, that its remains have

so much resemblance with the elephant, as often to be taken for the very same. Recent investigation, however, from comparing the bones of both, has proved that the Mammoth, though something like the elephant in its general appearance, is essentially different; as its tusks and grinders are evidently of a superior size, and a carnivorous form, being five times larger than those of the elephant; besides, its back is not round like an elephant's, but sharp or ridgy, like that of a hog.

The Mammoth also seems to have been about four or five yards high, and near thirty feet long. The head, likewise long, and the front very broad. It has also a horn on each side of the head, exactly under the eyes; and these horns, it is supposed, he could move and cross at pleasure; and that in running he could extend his body to a very great degree. The surprising extension of its chest, also indicates great capacity of lungs, and consequent swiftness; which is more strongly evinced by the comparative proportion of the bones of its legs and thighs, with those of the horse. Mr. Pennant thinks it may still exist in some of the remotest parts of the vast continent of America, as yet unpenetrated by Europeans: nevertheless, it is certain that its remains have been found upon that continent only, and in the cold regions of Siberia. The Mammoth also appears to have been created to exist in the extremes of cold, just as the elephant subsists in those of heat.

Mr. C. W. Peale of America, the most successful among modern inquirers, informs us, in a printed account which he has dedicated to Sir Joseph Banks, "the world is now in possession of two undisputed skeletons of this animal, one of them lodged in the Museum at Philadelphia, and another, which he

has

has brought with him to the metropolis of England, with an intention to travel through Europe," with these valuable remains, collected by his father in the mountains and morasses of Shawangunk, near Hudson's river. Its former existence is also proved in the sublime language of Holy Writ, see Job, xl. verse 15 to the end, and whose extraordinary dimensions being now ultimately known, may justly astonish the world; and respecting its modern name, Count Strahlenberg observes in his Geography, that Mammoth is a Russian term; a corruption of the Arabic Mehemoth; signifying the same as the Behemoth of Job. The following is an outline of its dimensions:—Height over the shoulders eleven feet—hips nine feet. Length from the chin to the rump, fifteen feet. From the end of the tail, to the point of the tusk, thirty one feet. In a strait line twenty feet. Of the breast-bone four feet. Of the under jaw, eight feet ten inches. Width of the head, three feet two inches. Hips and body, five feet eight inches. Weight of bones only, one thousand pounds; and the teeth or grinders from four to nine pounds each!

Concerning the peculiarity of its existence in the northern extremities of the world only, it has been ingeniously observed, that, from the 30th degree of south latitude, to the 30th of north, are nearly the limits which nature has fixed for the existence and multiplication of the elephant to us. Proceeding thence northwardly to $36\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, we enter those assigned to the Mammoth. The farther we advance north, the more their vestiges multiply, as far as the earth has been explored in that direction; and it is as probable as otherwise, that this progression continues to the pole itself, if land extends so far. The centre of the frozen zone then may

be the acme of their vigour; as that of the torrid is of the elephant. Thus Nature seems to have drawn a belt of separation between these two tremendous animals, whose breadth indeed is not precisely known, though at present we may suppose it about $6\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of latitude; to have assigned to the elephant the regions south of these confines, and those north to the Mammoth, founding the constitution of the one in the extreme of heat, and that of the other in the extreme of cold. When the Creator has therefore separated their nature so far as the extent of the scale of animal life allowed to this planet, would permit, it seems perverse to declare it the same, from a partial resemblance of their tusks and bones. But, to whatever animal we ascribe these remains, it is certain such a one has existed in America, and that it was the largest of all terrestrial beings, of which any traces have yet appeared.

The learned Mr. J. Bryant and Mr. Edward King, confirm the former existence of this animal, particularly in Siberia; but some philosophers seem to think the extinction of its species, rather a mercy than a loss to mankind. But if it was possible that any doubt could remain of its being, the following sublime description from the ancient book of Job, must convince the most incredulous:

"Behold now Behemoth which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox. Lo now, his strength is in his loins, and his force is in the naval of his belly. He moveth his tail like a cedar: the sinews of his stones are wrapped together. His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron. He is the chief of the ways of God; he that made him can make his sword to approach unto him. Surely the mountains bring him forth food,

food, where all the beasts of the field play. He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold he drinketh up a river and hasteth not; he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan with his mouth. He taketh it with his eyes; his nose pierceth through snares."—*Job*, chap. xl. ver. 15, to the end.

Some persons, with the face of probability, have objected to its being the Mammoth which *Job* describes, because his animal is granivorous, or an eater of grass, whereas the teeth of the animal whose remains are now so plenteous, are evidently carnivorous, or framed for eating flesh. It is probable that it devoured both. However, the learned Mr. Whitaker, who has taken upon him to prove this animal the same as that described by *Job*, may have sufficiently solved all those objections; as he seems to have displayed an uncommon fund of curious information to those who are fond of researches into the arcana of natural history.

ARMS, DRESS, GAMES, &c.

OF THE

Savages in Parts of America, hitherto unexplored,

FROM

MACKENZIE'S VOYAGES.

THE author, speaking of the Indians, of the Great Peace River, says, "They are low in stature, not exceeding five feet six or seven inches; and they are of that meagre appearance which might be expected in a people whose life is one succession of difficulties in procuring subsistence. Their faces are round, with high cheek bones; and

their eyes, which are small, are of a dark brown colour: the cartilage of their nose is perforated, but without any ornaments suspended from it; their hair is of dingy black, hanging loose and in disorder over their shoulders, but irregularly cut in the front, so as not to obstruct the sight; their beards are eradicated, with the exception of a few straggling hairs, and their complexion is a swarthy yellow.

"Their dress consists of robes, made of skins of the beaver, the ground-hog, and the rein-deer, dressed in the hair, and of the moose-deer skin without it. All of them are ornamented with a fringe; while some of them have tassels hanging down the seams; those of the ground-hog, are decorated, on the fur side, with the tails of the animals, which they do not separate from them. Their garments they tie over the shoulders, and fasten them round the middle with a belt of green skin, which is as stiff as horn. Their leggins are long; and, if they were topped with a waistband, might be called trowsers: they, as well as their shoes, are made of dressed moose, elk, or rein-deer skin. The organs of generation they leave uncovered.

"The women differ little in their dress from the men, except in the addition of an apron, which is fastened round the waist, and hangs down to the knees. They are in general of a more lusty make than the other sex, and taller in proportion, but infinitely their inferiors in cleanliness. A black artificial stripe crosses the face beneath the eye, from ear to ear, which I first took for scabs, from the accumulation of dirt on it. Their hair, which is longer than that of the men, is divided from the forehead to the crown, and drawn back in long plaits behind the ears. They have also a few white beads, which they get

get where they procure their iron: they are from a line to an inch in length, and are worn in their ears, but are not of European manufacture. These, with bracelets made of horn and bone, compose all the ornaments which decorate their persons. Necklaces of the grisly or white bear's claws are worn exclusively by the men.

"Their arms consist of bows, made of cedar, six feet in length, with a short iron spike at one end, and serve occasionally as a spear. Their arrows are well made, barbed and pointed with iron, flint stone, or bone; they are feathered, and from two to two feet and an half in length. They have two kinds of spears, but both are double-edged, of well polished iron; one of them is about twelve inches long and two wide: the other, about half the width and two thirds of the length. The shafts of the first are eight feet in length, and the latter six. They have also spears made of bone. Their knives consist of pieces of iron, shaped and handled by themselves. Their axes are something like our adze, and they use them in the same manner as we employ that instrument. They were indeed furnished with iron in a manner that I could not have supposed; and plainly proved to me, that their communication with those who communicate with the inhabitants of the sea-coast cannot be very difficult: and, from their ample provision of iron weapons, the means of procuring it must be of a more distant origin than I had at first conjectured.

"They have snares, made of green skin, which they cut to the size of sturgeon twine, and twist a certain number of them together; and though, when completed, they do not exceed the thickness of a ced line, their strength is sufficient to hold a moose-deer; they are from

one and an half to two fathoms in length. Their nets and fishing-lines are made of willow-bark and nettles; those made of the latter, are finer and smoother than if made with hempen thread. Their hooks are small bones, fixed in pieces of wood split for that purpose, and tied round with fine watape, which has been particularly described in the former voyage. Their kettles are also made of watape, which is so closely woven, that they never leak; and they heat water in them by putting red-hot stones in it. There is one kind of them made of spruce-bark, which they hang over the fire, but at such a distance as to receive the heat without being within reach of the blaze; a very tedious operation. They have various dishes of wood and bark; spoons of horn and wood, and buckets; bags of leather and net work, and baskets of bark, some of which hold their fishing-tackle, while others are contrived to be carried on the back. They have a brown kind of earth in great abundance, with which they rub their cloaths, not only for ornament but utility, as it prevents the leather from becoming hard after it has been wetted. They have spruce-bark in great plenty, with which they make their canoes; an operation that does not require any great portion of skill or ingenuity, and is managed in the following manner: The bark is taken off the tree, the whole length of the intended canoe, which is commonly about eighteen feet, and is sewed with watape, at both ends; two laths are then laid, and fixed along the edge of the bark, which forms the gunwale; in these are fixed the bars, and against them bear the ribs or timbers, that are cut to the length to which the bark can be stretched; and, to give additional strength, strips of wood are laid between them;

them: to make the whole watertight, gum is abundantly employed. These vessels carry from two to five people. Canoes of a similar construction were used by the Beaver Indians within these few years; but they now very generally employ those made of the bark of the birch tree, which are by far more durable. Their paddles are about six feet long, and about one foot is occupied by the blade, which is in the shape of an heart. Previous to our departure, the natives had caught a couple of trout, of about six pounds weight, which they brought me, and I paid them with beads. They likewise gave me a net made of nettles, the skin of a moose-deer dressed, and a white horn in the shape of a spoon, which resembles the horn of the buffalo of the Copper-Mine River; but their description of the animal to which it belongs does not answer to that. My young men got two quivers of excellent arrows, a collar of white bears' claws, of a great length, horn bracelets, and other articles, for which they received an ample remuneration."

Relative to the game of *The Platter*, Mr. Mackenzie in another place says, "I was this morning threatened with a very unpleasant event, which, however, I was fortunately enabled to control. Two young Indians being engaged in one of their games, a dispute ensued, which rose to such an height, that they drew their knives; and, if I had not happened to have appeared, they would, I doubt not, have employed them to very bloody purposes. So violent was their rage, that, after I had turned them both out of the house, and severely reprimanded them, they stood in the fort for at least half an hour, looking at each other, with a most vindictive aspect, and in sullen silence."

"The game which produced this state of bitter enmity is called that of the *Platter*, from a principal article of it. The Indians play at it in the following manner:

"The instruments of it consist of a platter or dish, made of wood or bark, and six round or square, but flat pieces of metal, wood, or stone, whose sides or surfaces are of different colours. These are put into the dish; and, after being for some time shaken together, are thrown into the air, and received again in the dish, with considerable dexterity; when, by the number that are turned up of the same mark or colour, the game is regulated. If there should be equal numbers, the throw is not reckoned; if two or four, the platter changes hands."

SINGULAR RACE OF PEOPLE.

IN Spanish America there is an order of Strollers who are called *Gauderios*. Their mode of life resembles that of the Gypsies, except that they are not addicted to thieving. These vagabonds are very badly clothed, their whole dress consisting only of a coarse shirt, and a worse upper garment. These articles of dress, together with horse-furniture, serve them for bedding, and a saddle for a pillow. They stroll about with a kind of small guitars, to the sound of which they sing ballads of their own composition, or such as they have learned from others. Love is in general the subject of these songs. Thus they wander about the country, and endeavour to divert the peasants, who in return, shew their gratitude by furnishing them with victuals during their stay with them, and even giving them other horses when they lose their own. This liberality and generosity will appear

pear the less surprising, when it is considered, that in this country horses are of very little value. Great herds of them run about wild in the vast plains, and seem to belong to whoever will take the trouble of catching them. The Gauderios generally march about in parties consisting of four, and sometimes even of more. With respect to the means of procuring food, they give themselves as little concern, that when setting out on an excursion, they provide themselves only with a rope, a few balls which are fastened to the ends of the rope, and a knife. When attacked by hunger, they contrive to get one of the young cows or bulls, which run about wild, entangled in their snares. They throw the captured animal down, tie its legs together, and then cut, even before it is dead, the flesh, together with the skin, from the bone, make a few incisions in it, and thus prepared, put it to the fire; when half-roasted, it is devoured without any addition or condiment, except a little salt, when they happen to carry any with them. Some of them kill a cow merely for the purpose of obtaining the flesh between the ribs and the skin.—Others eat nothing but the tongue, which they roast on the red-hot embers. The remainder of the carcass is all left in the field, and becomes the prey of carnivorous birds and wild beasts. Others again are still more easily satisfied, taking nothing but the marrow bone, from which they cut off all the flesh, and then hold it over the fire, till the marrow becomes soft and fluid. Sometimes they practise the following singular method of cookery: having killed a cow, they take out the entrails, and, collecting all the tallow and lumps of fat, put them into the hollow carcass. They then kindle some dried cow dung, and apply it

to the tallow, that it may take fire, and penetrate into the flesh and bones. For this purpose, they close up the carcass as well as possible, so that the smoke comes out at the mouth, and another aperture made in the lower part of the belly. In this manner the cow often continues roasting a whole night, or a considerable part of the day. When it is done enough, the company place themselves around, and each cuts for himself the piece he likes best, and devours it without bread or salt. What remains is left in the field, except any of them happen to carry a portion of this favourite food to some particular friend.

LAW.

Court of Exchequer.

PENALTIES FOR GAMING.

PAINE V. SHAKESPEAR.

THIS was originally an action brought into the Court of King's Bench by a common informer, for the purpose of recovering the penalties appointed by the 9th of Queen Anne, against those who should be convicted of winning at cards, dice, or any unlawful game, a larger sum than L.10 at a sitting.

The money was in the present instance won at billiards; but the informer, supposing he had not sufficient evidence at law, filed a bill of discovery in this court, in order to oblige the defendant to answer upon oath. The defendant demurred to the bill, as not being of a nature which he was obliged to answer, inasmuch as its object was to recover penalties from himself.

This

This demurrer was now argued.

Mr. Plomer contended, that it was contrary to every principle of equity and justice to call upon a person by his own oath to subject himself to penalties; that a court of equity would never lend its assistance for such a purpose; were the question of penalties out of the case, and the loser of the money merely wanted to recover back the money he had so paid, in that case he thought it highly probable that the court would assist him; but in the present case, when a common informer came, after the period of three months mentioned in the act had expired, to call upon a court of equity to assist him in getting penalties, he trusted his bill would be dismissed.

Mr. Dancie, on the other side, said, that although it was certainly a general rule, that a person should not be bound to criminate himself, or subject himself to penalties, yet this, like every other general rule, had its exceptions; exceptions created by acts of parliament, and the constant practice of the court. He then stated, that in a variety of cases, that court had appeared to recognize the propriety of lending their assistance even to a common informer suing for penalties. (The Barons shook their heads, in a manner indicating their dissent to this proposition.) Mr. Dancie was then proceeding to state some cases where the court did not deny the principle he maintained,

When the Chief Baron said, that the court was not at those times called upon either to deny or admit. Those bills had been dismissed upon other grounds, and as this question was not then agitated, the court did not choose to volunteer in stirring it; but when it came distinctly before them, there was nothing in those cases to restrain their decision.

Mr. Dancie then repeated what he had before mentioned, that, not having the least expectation of this question being to be argued to day, he wished for some time to look into the cases and prepare himself.

The court then ordered this argument to stand over.

SPORTING WITH RARITIES.

IN this case lately brought before the Sheriff's Court, Hurst v. Halford, the plaintiff was of a profession, technically called a Nick-nackiterian; that is, a dealer in all manner of curiosities, such as Egyptian mummies, Indian implements of war, arrows dipped in the poison of the upas tree, bows, antique shields, helmets, &c. and was described as possessing the skin of the CAMELEOPARD exhibited in the Roman amphitheatre, the head of the spear used by King Arthur, and the breech of the first cannon used at the siege of Constantinople; and, in short, of almost every rarity that the most ardent virtuoso would wish to possess. The defendant was the executor of a widow lady of the name of Morgan, who, in the enjoyment of a considerable fortune, indulged her fancy, and amused herself in collecting objects of natural and artificial curiosity. She had been long in the habit of purchasing a variety of rare articles of the plaintiff; she had bought of him models of the Temple of Jerusalem and the Alexandrian Library, a specimen of the type invented by Memnon the Egyptian, and a genuine manuscript of the first play acted by Thespis and his company in a waggon. For all these she had in her lifetime paid most liberally. It appeared also, she had erected a Mausoleum, in which her deceased

Kk 2 husband

husband was laid, and she projected the depositing her own remains, when death should overtake her, by the side of him. The plaintiff was employed in fitting it up, and ornamenting it with a tessellated pavement: this was also paid for, and constituted no part of the present demand. This action was brought against the defendant, her executor, to recover the sum of L.40 for stuffing and embalming a bird of paradise, a fly-bird, an orang-outang, an ichneumon, and a cassowary. The defendant did not deny that the plaintiff had a claim on the estate of the deceased, but he had let judgment go by default, and attempted merely to cut down the amount of the demand. The plaintiff's foreman, or assistant, proved that the work had been done by the direction of Mrs. Morgan, and that the charge was extremely reasonable.

On the contrary, the defendant's Solicitor contended that the charge was most extravagant; he stated, that the museum of the deceased virtuoso had been sold by public auction; and, including the model of the Temple of Jerusalem and the Alexandrian Library, the antique type, Thespian manuscript, spear head, and every thing else she had been all her life collecting, it had not netted more than L.110. As to the stuffed monkeys and birds, which constituted the foundation of the plaintiff's claim, they scarce had defrayed the expence of carrying them away; they were absolute rubbish. The plaintiff's attorney replied, that his client's labour was not to be appreciated by what the objects of it produced at a common sale, attended, perhaps, by brokers, who were as ignorant as the stuffed animals they were purchasing.

The Under Sheriff observed, that in matters of taste, the intrinsic va-

lue of an article was not the proper medium of ascertaining the compensation due to the labour which produced it; a virtuoso frequently expended a large sum of money for what another man would kick out of his house as lumber. If Mrs. Morgan, who it was proved was a lady of fortune, wished to amuse the gloomy hours of her widowhood by stuffing apes and birds, her executor was at least bound to pay the expence she had incurred, in indulging her whimsical fancy. He saw no reason why a single shilling of the plaintiff's demand should be subtracted.—The Jury accordingly gave a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages L.40.

CURIOUS AFFRAY WITH A DOG MERCHANT.

Middlesex Sessions, January 10.

HENRY and Mary Chittick were indicted for assaulting a police officer, named Hayward, and resisting his authority. It appeared the defendants kept a dog-shop in Field-lane, to which place the prosecutor went in hopes of finding a terrier bitch, lost by a gentleman, of the name of "Fido." The bitch was discovered on the premises; but when the officer insisted on taking Mr. Chittick before a magistrate, the dog merchant damned all magistrates, and began to assail the officer. Down tumbled the bird-cages and their plummy prisoners, the parrots screamed, the monkeys chattered, and the dogs barked; a general affray took place, when the defendant at last succeeded, with the assistance of his wife and the discordant tumult of birds and beasts, to turn the of-

ficer

floer out of doors; the lady politely damning the justices, and persuading her husband to go before no such fellows; observing that he had a hundred or two pounds to spare if it was required.

The jury found the parties guilty, and the Chairman fined them Ten Pounds.

ON THE

DISUSE OF HARVEST-HOME.

Our annual feast, when earth her plenty yields,

When crown'd with boughs the last load quits the fields,

The aspect still of ancient joy puts on,

The aspect only, with the substance gone;

The self-same horn is still at our command,

But serves none now but the plebeian hand:

The home-brew'd ale, neglected and debas'd,

Is quite discarded from the realms of taste.

When unaffected freedom charm'd the soul,

The sep'rate table and the costly bowl,

Cool as the blast that checks the budding spring,

A mockery of gladness round them fling;

For oft the farmer, ere his heart approves,

Yields up the custom which he dearly loves:

Refinement forces on him like a tide,

Bold innovations down the current ride,

That bear no peace beneath the showy dress,

Nor add one tittle to his happiness.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

THE generality of mankind, in every age and nation in the world, have ever had, and will continue to have, a strong attachment to ancient customs and former habits; and they have the same attachment to long established notions and manners. This bias towards whatever has been customary, either in thinking or acting, is so powerfully prevalent in the minds of the people, that it may be said to be almost natural. The

wisest and most knowing men in various nations and ages of the world, have made complaints of this powerful, this unconquerable attachment to habit and custom. This attachment to, and veneration for, custom, have such an influence over the minds and reason of men, that, in cases where a deviation from the established mode and ancient way is evidently much better; more for the ease, convenience, and benefit of the public in general; yet will the people loudly complain of it, making the most bitter and outrageous clamour at the least infringement on their dearly beloved and idolized customs and manners.

Without question, some plausible arguments may be started in favour of the disuse of Harvest-home and Christmas feasts. It may be affirmed, that poor men, for a day or two after those feasts, are, in some degree, unfit for their daily task; that they feel very uncomfortable and disordered; their heads ache, their mouths are parched and dry, and that something of weakness and lassitude pervades their whole system. It may likewise be said, that at those seasons of merriment, quarrels sometimes ensue; that men fight and injure each other; that they are sometimes ungovernable, disturb the whole family, putting it in great confusion, fear, and apprehensions. These bad, if not fatal consequences, it must be allowed, sometimes occur at these seasons, when festivity, full eating and drinking, are tolerated and expected. But still, these are the principal arguments of moment that are, or can be advanced in favour of the disuse of Harvest-home and Christmas feasts. I shall now, on the other hand, take leave to advance several arguments and consequences that seem to result from the uses of the fore-mentioned feasts; and

and which will appear in their favour.

1st. These periodical feasts or seasons of festivity and mirth, are conducive to friendship, good will, and a good understanding, between masters, servants, and labourers. Animosities and old grudges are frequently washed away, and, as it were, drowned, at those seasons; and fellow-labourers become sociably and charitably disposed towards each other: their hearts are opened, their ideas expanded through the cordial warmth of generous eating and drinking; they speak freely their private sentiments, by which openness and freedom, men come to the knowledge of facts and the real state of things, which were before obscure and uncertain. They often acknowledge their misconceptions and errors, long-conceived enmities and lurking grudges, which are then entirely done away.

2dly, With respect to eating and drinking to excess, and the consequences of this excess to the health of poor labouring men, I shall observe, that temperance and sobriety are inestimable virtues, very highly conducive to moderation in the passions, and vigorousness in the constitution; yet a little excess in good eating and generous drinking, is so far from being injurious to the health and vigour of labouring men, that they are highly conducive to both. The full meal of good and substantial food; the copious draught of strong and generous liquor, is the most benign and amicable physic for poor labouring men. An occasional excess of this kind, carries off those serosities, that morbid matter, which naturally collect and lurk in the constitution of poor labouring men. The reason is, the poor labourer works hard, and feeds heartily on coarse food; food that is the most

simple and plain; food that contains no stimulating particles; his drink is weak, carrying with it little or no force or warmth. To such men an occasional feast is the most wholesome, the best physic, for it seldom fails of operating some way; and that far more effectual to his health and spirits than salta, jalap, or any kind of cathartic or emetic. —I grant that the man who eats and drinks to excess, feels more wretched the next morning than he who has taken a dose of real physic; but, after having taken a little nutritious aliment, he gets rid of those disagreeable feelings and wretched sensations; he becomes more sprightly and vigorous; his health and spirits are better than before. And as the redundancy of his foul and morbid humours is carried off; yet, as the excess was of the benign kind, his system is neither weakened nor impaired: but real physic absolutely weakens the poor man who fares hard.

3dly, But were there nothing in favour of those ancient feasts, Harvest-home and Christmas dinners, I would wish that both were again revived, and brought into a general and common custom; for I think it not a little hard upon servants and day-labourers, that they are never allowed to be, as it were, on a level with their masters, for whom they toil the whole year; that is, I could wish it customary for masters and servants to be free, easy, familiar, and without constraint, jovial together twice at least every year. Yet though the master and his servants be, as it were, on a level at those seasons of festivity, the master is to be principal, to govern wisely and prudently; he is to restrain indecencies, and every thing that is immoderate and improper; to establish good rules and necessary observances; to make his men acquainted with

with them, and to endeavour to instill into their minds a love, or at least a respect for reason and order: whoever does this, will be both esteemed and respected by every one who has any pretensions to reason and worthiness, and will have a sufficient influence and restraint over the perverse and unworthy to maintain order and decency; and there will be neither quarrels, fighting, nor any bad consequences happen to cast a blemish on those ancient feasts.

- Lastly, I must conclude that masters, servants, and neighbours were better friends, more sociable, more conversable, more spirited, and more healthy on account of those ancient feasts. If this supposition be true, then those feasts were promoters of happiness, health, and courage, as well as of sociability; for low spirits naturally engender fearfulness and despondency, wretchedness, and discontent, which morbid affections are highly injurious to health; they cast a damp over all the generous affections and passions of the soul, and are the most powerful enemies to all noble and laudable daring.

I shall now take the liberty of inquiring how or whence sprung the disuse of the social and exhilarating custom of giving good entertainment, and making merry at the conclusion of Harvest, and at Christmas time. In doing this, I fear I must lay the cause to a few of my fair countrywomen; for the cause or source of this disuse is, pride, nicety, or an over neatness of houses, indolence, supineness, fastidiousness, singular habits, a love of particular ways, and of keeping every thing in the uniform order and regularity of clock-work. These seem to be the principal causes of the abrogation of Harvest-home, and Christmas entertainments. Some of the

wealthy, and tolerably well educated farmers, thought it a derogation to sit with servants and labourers, in familiar, and in sociable conversation and harmless festivity; and having imbibed false notions of gentility, refinement, elegance of expression, and delicacy of sentiment, they despised the humble plain language of the poor, regarding every thing said by them as vulgar ignorance: though their observations might have manifested sound reason and good sense, and ideas of an elevated kind; yet they take offence, and are disgusted, if not wounded by their false conceptions of what is due to the poor as well as to the wealthy; of what is natural and becoming plain labouring men, and of what is really elegant, dignified, and sentimental.

Others are slaves to particular order, nicety, and cleanliness. These are ready to go over to the final abrogation of those annual feasts customary to the poor, they cannot patiently endure to have their things deranged, their rooms dirtied, or any sort of confusion or clutter. The poor man, wet, cold, and weary, must hardly dare to set in his foot; the faithful mastiff must keep due distance; lie on a lock of wet straw beside a broken fence, &c. Where the mistress of a house is infected with this troublesome nicety, and love of order, the master has but small comfort, and no real peace. Should he so far exert the prerogative, and just authority of the master, as to have his servants and day labourers at his house on Harvest-home, and at Christmas, yet he meets with so much cavil and jarring from the mistress upon that account, that, to purchase a little content and freedom from clamour, he gives up the custom which he dearly loves; he yields to the new fashion of giving a few shillings,

lings, instead of those ancient feasts; and he perhaps, as many farmers do, gives his men a breakfast, and ale, on Christmas morning, which custom is of bad, not to say pernicious consequences, since by it the poor men's heads are put into confusion—they do not think of going to bed at the early part of the day, they are unfit for any amusement or sober reflection; therefore, to pass the remainder of the day, they lounge about, go to the public house, spend their money, sometimes quarrel, riot, &c. &c. &c.

There are other farmers and their wives who are really humane and considerate, who treat their servants, labourers, and animal domestics with the kindest attention, who yet gladly give in to this custom of giving a trifling consideration, instead of the customary feasts. These people are of serious habits and temperament of constitution, who, were they to give heartily into the loud laughs and boisterous mirth of their men at those seasons, would find great benefit from it; it would relax in some degree their seriousness and rigidity, and shove back their approaching dissolution, probably for several years. To laugh heartily and without any constraint, to join in the chorus of an old song; gives exercise to the lungs; and promotes a free circulation for the animal spirits. Where there are three or four who remember the tunes and figures of an old country dance or two, why should they not stand up, and have a dance at their Christmas feast? It would warm and animate their blood; if they walk, run, straddle, jump, caper, or hobble about the figures, in or out of time, it is enough, the end is fully answered by it.

At all periodical feasts it is necessary to establish certain rules, and a president to enforce those

rules, and to see that they are kept; they broke through nor infringed upon. When Harvest-home commences at seven, or soon after, the company should part at twelve. As Christmas feasts begin about two, they should break up and depart in peace, each man to his home, at ten. A few rules for behaviour are likewise necessary—but, the poor man's learning is low, so may be his wit; as his food is coarse and plain, the same may be his language; as his labour is hard, his mirth may be allowed to be loud. I shall conclude these remarks, with my hearty wish for the revival of those feasts, Harvest-home, and Christmas dinners.

A. B.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 125.)

THE ORAN OTAN.

GEMELLI Carreri gives an instance of something very analogous to reason in these animals. He tells us that when the fruits on the mountains are exhausted, they frequently descend to the sea coast, where they feed on various species of shell-fish, but in particular on a large species of oyster, which commonly lies open on the shore: fearful, he says, of putting in their paws, lest it should close and crush them, they insert a pretty large stone within the shell, which prevents it from closing, and then drag out their prey and devour it at leisure.

Pere Carbasson brought up an Oran Otan, which became so fond of him, that wherever he went it always seemed desirous of accompanying him: whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his

his church, he was always under the necessity of shutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly quiet till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably caused to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproofed his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions: these the Ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct; and such was the arch demeanour of his animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

THE BARBARY APE.

The Barbary Ape has a face not much unlike that of a dog. Its general length is about four feet. The colour of the back is a greenish brown, and that of the belly pale yellow. The cheeks are furnished with pouches.

The forests of India, Arabia, and Africa, are the habitations of this species; and they are so common in Barbary, that trees are sometimes literally covered with them. A few are found near Gibraltar.

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In their manners they are both fierce and mischievous. They live on vegetables, and are said to assemble at times in the open plains of India, in vast troops, and if they see any of the women going to market, they immediately attack them, and take away their provisions. Tavernier, apparently alluding to this species, says, that some of the inhabitants of India have an odd mode of amusing themselves at their expence. These people place five or six baskets of rice, forty or fifty yards asunder, in an open ground near their retreat, and by every basket put a number of stout cudgels, each about two feet long: they then retire to some hiding place, not far distant, to wait the event. When the Apes observe no persons near the baskets, they soon descend in great numbers from the trees, and run towards them: they grin at each other for some time before they dare approach; sometimes they advance, then retreat, seeming much disinclined to encounter. At length the females, which are more courageous than the males, especially those that have young ones, which they carry in their arms as women do their children, venture to approach the baskets, and as they are about to thrust their heads in to eat, the males on the one side advance to hinder them. Immediately the other party comes forward, and the feud being kindled on both sides, the combatants seize the cudgels and commence a most severe fight, which always ends with the weakest being driven into the woods with broken heads and limbs. The victors, he tells us, then fall to in peace, and devour the reward of their labour.

He also informs us, that as he was himself travelling in the East Indies, in company with the Eng-

lish

lish president, a great number of large Apes were observed upon the trees around them. The president was so much amused, that he ordered his carriage to stop, and desired Tavernier to shoot one of them. The attendants, who were principally natives, and well acquainted with the manners of these animals, begged him to desist, lest those that escaped might do them some injury in revenge for the death of a companion. Being, however, still requested, he killed a female, which fell among the branches, letting her little ones, that clung to her neck, fall to the ground. In an instant all the remaining Apes, to the number of sixty or upwards, descended in fury, and, as many as could, leaped upon the president's coach, where they would soon have strangled him, had not the blinds been immediately closed, and the number of attendants so great, as, though not without difficulty, to drive them off. They however continued to run after and tease the servants for at least three miles from the place where their companion was slain.

This species of Ape agrees well with our climate, and is very common in exhibitions in this country. It walks on four in preference to two legs; and uses the same grimaces to express both anger and appetite. Its movements are brisk, its manners gross; and, when agitated by passion, it exhibits and grinds its teeth. Notwithstanding its ferocious and unaccommodating disposition, it is, by perseverance and force of discipline, generally taught to perform a few tricks, and to shew off, in some mode or other, to the spectators. Some of them will learn to dance, make gesticulations in cadence, and allow themselves peaceably to be clothed.

Buffon had a Barbary Ape se-

veral years. In summer he says it delighted to be in the open air, and even in winter it was frequently kept in a room without fire. Though long in confinement it did not become at all civilized. When food was given to it, it always filled its pouches: and when about to sleep, loved to perch on an iron or wooden bar.

In a wild state the females carry the young in their arms, and frequently leap with them considerable distances from tree to tree.

Their flesh is eaten by the wild Arabs.

THE PIGMY APE.

The Pigmy Ape is a native of Africa, the East Indies, and Ceylon. It is about the size of a fox, and generally walks upright. The face is short and flat, and the ears much resembling those of man. The general colours of the body are olive-brown above, and yellowish on the belly.

In disposition they are mild, and they may be tamed without difficulty. When angry they use threatening gestures, and always chatter when pleased. They sip their drink from the palm of the hand, mimic our smiles and frowns, and, as Linnæus says, imitate the forms of salutation used by the Caffres. They possess a retentive memory, frequently having a recollection of benefactors for several years. In their general manners they are sagacious, gay, and frolicsome.

In their native forests they associate in troops, and live principally on vegetables, grain, and fruit. Like many others of this genus, they often go in a body to attack gardens or plantations. Previous to their commencement of the plundering

dering excursion, one of the party is always sent to some eminence, to observe how far it appears safe for them to venture. If the course is clear, he gives a signal, and they all come forth and immediately proceed to business. He, however, still remains on the watch: if any one approaches he utters a loud scream, when those on the ground immediately run up the trees, and if the alarm continues, and the country is pretty well wooded, they will pursue their route, by leaping from tree to tree, all the way to the mountains. In this procedure the females are frequently burthened by three or four young ones, clinging round their necks and backs; yet, notwithstanding this apparent incumbrance, they are able to leap to a vast distance. The injury they do to the fruits and corn is beyond calculation: they gather them into heaps, tear and throw them on the ground in such quantities, that what they eat and carry off, is very trifling compared with the quantity they destroy.

They are said to live chiefly in caverns, and the natives adopt a singular mode of taking them alive. They place near these, vessels containing strong liquors, and the animals assembling to enjoy the unexpected repast, become all intoxicated, fall asleep together, and are thus easily secured.

Like most other animals, when laid hold of in a wild state, they will bite furiously in self-defence.

THE COMMON BABOON.

The Common Baboon is found in the hottest parts of Africa, and also in the island of Borneo. It is often three or four feet in height, and, in its upper parts, excessively strong and muscular. When con-

fined in a cage, they sometimes lay hold of the bars, and shake them so powerfully as to make all the spectators tremble. Towards the middle, like all the Baboons, it is very slender. Its general colour is a greyish brown; and the face, which is long, is of a tawny flesh-colour. It has cheek-pouches. The tail is very short, and round it, to a considerable distance, the posteriors are perfectly bare and callous.

The disposition of this Baboon is exceedingly ferocious; and its appearance is, at once, both grotesque and formidable. They generally go in troops, and are dangerous enemies, when collected in any number. Their attitude is seldom upright, preferring the use of four to that of two legs.

In Siam, they frequently sally forth in astonishing numbers, to attack the villages, during the time the labourers are occupied in the rice harvest, which they generally have sagacity enough to ascertain, and plunder the habitations of whatever provisions they can lay their paws on.

Fruits, corn, and roots, form their principal food, and in obtaining these they frequently commit the most violent outrages. Their great strength and the sharpness of their claws, render them formidable to dogs, who always overcome them with difficulty, except when excess in eating has rendered them, as it sometimes does, heavy and inactive. When at liberty, one of them will easily overcome two or three men, if they happen to be unprovided with weapons of defence.

The female seldom brings forth more than one young one, which she carries between her arms: but they have not been known to produce in any other than hot climates.

When in confinement they are ill-natured, savage, and scarcely

ever to be tamed, frequently grinding their teeth, fretting and chafing with the utmost fury. One that was exhibited at Edinburgh, in 1779, presented uniformly to the spectators the most threatening aspect, and attempted to seize every person who came within the reach of its chain. On these occasions he usually made a deep grunting noise, and tossed up his head almost perpetually.

This species is very fond of eggs, and one of them has been known to put eight into his cheek-pouches at once: then taking them out one by one, he broke them at the end, and deliberately swallowed their contents. In confinement they may be induced to eat meat, but not without its being cooked: they are very fond of wine or spirits. One that Mr. Pennant saw at Chester was of a most tremendous strength, and excessively fierce. Its voice was a kind of roar, not unlike that of a lion, except that it was low and somewhat inward. It went on all fours, and never stood on its hind legs, unless forced by the keeper; but would frequently sit on its rump, in a crouching manner, and drop its arms before its belly. It was an animal of great beauty, and appears to have been the same that Mr. Smellie saw at Edinburgh. Mr. Pennant says it was particularly fond of cheese; and that whenever ears of wheat were given it, it dexterously picked out the grains, one by one, with its teeth, and ate them.

Their capricious disposition leads them to the most deliberate acts of mischief. Dr. Goldsmith says he has seen one of them break a whole service of China, evidently by design, yet without appearing in the least conscious of having done a miss.

(To be continued.)

HEAR BOTH SIDES,

A NEW COMEDY,

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

*Brought forward at Drury-Lane, on
Saturday, February 1.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Fairfax	Mr. Dowton.
Transit	Mr. Bannister.
Headlong	Mr. C. Kemble.
Melford	Mr. Raymond.
Sir R. Aspen	Mr. Suet.
Steward	Mr. Wroughton.
Quillet	Mr. Cherry.
Sir Luke Lostall....	Mr. Webb.
Major Tennis	Mr. Caulfield.
Mr. Backhand	Mr. Purser.
Jones	Mr. Cooke.
Master of the Hotel.	Mr. Maddocks.
Bailiff	Mr. Wewitzer.
Follower	Mr. Rhodes.
Robert	Mr. Hollingsworth.
Gregory	Mr. Collins.
Caroline	Mrs. Pope.
Eliza	Mrs. Jordan.

H EADLONG, the hero of the piece, is a young man of a generous, liberal mind, but who has been ruined by fashionable extravagancies. His uncle, enraged at his follies, had threatened to disinherit him. While obliged to reside abroad, his friend Mr. Fairfax wrote to him that his uncle was dying, and transmitted money to enable him to return. About this time, however, Headlong falls in love with Caroline Melford, whom he sees at a masquerade in Venice, and in consequence of this adventure, his return to England is too long delayed.—The piece opens on the day of his arrival. The uncle is by this time dead, and has left Fairfax

Fairfax his sole heir, which excites the indignation of Headlong's friends. Strong suspicions are now entertained of the character of Fairfax, and all the incidents, which it would be too tedious to detail, are contrived to increase this suspicion, which is uniformly kept up to the last scene. The great object of the fable is to create suspense as to the intentions of Fairfax, and he seems alternately, and unaccountably, to persecute and protect the same individuals. At last he is exhibited in the character which the poet intends. We find that he had arrested Transit only to prevent a duel between him and Headlong; that though he resentfully refused to relieve Melford, his returning compassion had induced him the next moment to send him L. 50 for his immediate wants; and that he had consented to be the heir of Headlong's uncle, only that this youth, whom he had always loved, might enjoy a fortune which he would otherwise have lost. Thus the triumph of Fairfax is complete; he surrenders, by deed, the whole of the property to Headlong; gives also the estate of Treves, &c. to Melford; Headlong is married to Miss Melford; and Transit recovers his lost Eliza.

Many critics, probably expecting more than common excellence from the pen of Mr. Holcroft, have found themselves so much disappointed, that they have even expressed their inability to decide whether this piece deserves the name of tragedy, comedy, or farce. For our part, weighing its merits deliberately, we find them as well entitled to the best of these distinctions, as most of the productions of modern date. If the piece does not abound in novelty of character, and if there be not much novel appropriation in those which the author brings upon the stage,

the very doubtful scale in which he contrives to exhibit that of Fairfax, even to the end of the chapter, is, by more candid critics, justly allowed to render the development, as it ought to be, unexpected, poetically just, and striking. Those who censure the apparent inequalities of Fairfax's character, and insist that there are no such rapid transitions from vice to virtue, and virtue to vice, in nature, as Mr. Holcroft has exhibited them, seem to have forgotten the remark of the great English satirist:—thus,

“The rogue and fool, by fits, are fair and wise,
And e'en the best, by turns, what they despise.”

Besides, the duplicity of that character, by keeping the audience in suspense, evidently heightens the development. It must, however, be allowed, that the merits of Quillet are not so prominent as they might have been. The piece, even before the conclusion, is still admitted not to have been without its interest. The scene between the Bailiff and Transit, when Headlong makes his escape, was very well managed; and the trick played upon Transit, when he supposed that the Bailiff was outwitted by the disappearance of Headlong, whom it was understood he meant to *touch*, was loudly applauded from all parts of the house. Nothing could be a more laughable illusion, than that on Transit, when he received the writ, who told the Bailiff that the joke was over, as his name was not Headlong but Transit. “You're right,” says the Bailiff, “and you'll find that Headlong's name is not in the writ, but that of Transit!” The joke now discovered on the part of the latter, extorted the risibility of the most fastidious. All the other characters may

may be frequently found in the general range of the Drama. As to the ladies, and their hair-breadth escapes from Bailiffs and Swindlers, the less that is said about them the better. The remark that "pistols now-a-days were only used by foot-pads and blacklegs," made the stronger impression on the auditors, as there were several notorious characters in the house.

The performers deserve much praise. Dowton displayed uncommon powers in his acting and elocution. C. Kemble, Bannister, Suett, Raymond, Wroughton, Wewitzer, Cherry, and Collins, all claim the best thanks of the author; and Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Jordan played with the spirit of laudable emulation.

Bannister delivered the Prologue in his best manner. It was a needless panegyric of Garnerin, whose wonderful powers as an aeronaut, are entitled to every commendation. The best lines, and indeed the only which produced the smallest effect, were those which alluded to the opposition of Family Quarrels, at Covent-Garden Theatre, in these words—

"The scourge of wit no longer dare we use,
We dread Newspapers, Magazines, Reviews,
We dread the Christians—and we dread
—the Jews!"

The Epilogue, although supported by the fascinations of Mrs. Jordan, was too insipid to produce any favourable effect. We regretted much to see such a disagreeable task imposed upon this charming actress.

The piece underwent very few alterations on the second and third representation; but though by none vociferously praised, it has likewise escaped an opposite degree of censure.

NEW INVENTED GAME.

IT is said, that the most celebrated war of antiquity gave birth to the game of Chess. Palamedes is supposed to have invented it, during the siege of Troy, to amuse himself in his leisure time.

European tactics also deserved the invention of a new game, to divert the leisure time of our warriors.

Monsieur Helwig, Professor of Tactics at Brunswick, has invented this new game, which is called the Game of War. No less than 1617 divisions are painted on a very large table, representing, by their difference of colours, an uneven country. Fields, villages, morasses, rivers, and impracticable mountains, often vary and embarrass the operations of the game. Each general, that is, each of the players, has an army composed of infantry, heavy horse, light horse, heavy artillery, field-pieces, &c.

The motion of each piece is regulated by the nature of what it represents. A light horseman moves quicker than one of the heavy cavalry; a piece of heavy artillery, of course, does more execution than a field-piece; a superiority of fire silences the enemy; against an equality the combat is maintained with courage; each party has in its rear a strong town, which is to serve for a point of retreat, and for the principal head quarters. The taking of this fortress decides the fortune of the war; the troops advance in columns; form in battle array; every attempt is made to turn the position of the enemy; to take him in flank; to deceive him by false attacks, and to harass him by diversions. Entrenchments are made; bridges constructed and destroyed; defiles occupied or surprised; towns and villages destroyed.

ed. In short, in this game there is every operation of real war, except the plundering the conquered country.

With skilful players this game lasts for a very long time. A difficult enterprize may be decided in a day; a campaign often lasts for weeks, with various success; for the rules of this game are so severe, that any fault against tactics is punished severely, even although in a victorious army.

This game, which has produced a happy effect on the studies of the young officers who have addicted themselves to it, and which has been received with enthusiasm by all the lovers of deep calculations and extensive combinations, has lately been introduced into France, where many of the most distinguished officers have expressed their astonishment at so exact a representation of the fierce and bloody contests of real war.—O may such military pastime as this for the future be substituted for real war!

CALCULATION

OF THE

EXPENCES OF A DEER PARK.

SIR J. BANKS, impressed with an opinion that a deer-park is an expensive article of luxury, in order to ascertain the amount of his annual expenditure in that article, directed an account to be kept of the profit derived from his inclosure, setting against it the estimated rent of the land, taxes, cost of labour, people's wages, cost of maintaining poles, and temporary fences, &c. &c. and the result has been, after three years trial, that, reckoning the venison killed at the price at which it might be sold in London, he is a regular gainer by holding it in his hands.

THE CONFAB;

UPON

*Reading an Extraordinary Advertisement
for an Extraordinary Woman,*

IN THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE FOR JULY 1802.

Mr. Dickenson.

WELL, my dear Madam, have you attended to the extraordinary advertisement, which I gave you?

Mrs. Seabrook. I have, Sir, and thank you very kindly. I think it a very curious piece of literature, a strange jumble of chimerical reveries, which, it is astonishing, found entrance into the author's mind, and more astonishing that he should suffer such chimeras to come before the public eye. Such a woman I must imagine is as hard to be found as the philosopher's stone. I have no pretensions to such rare accomplishments.

Dick. No pretensions, Madam! give me leave to say, that you are all that the advertiser requires.

Seab. Pardon me, my good friend, you are too partial in your estimation of my abilities and accomplishments; for, would my husband have been agreeable to our separation, were I so valuable a woman?—and that he was agreeable, I will not pretend to deny.

Dick. That circumstance must not induce you to think poorly of yourself; for be assured, Madam, that there are men of so perverse a taste, who will not only slight, but quite dislike things that merit their approbation and esteem, as may be frequently observed in the domestics they keep, the aliment they partake of; in their apparel, in their friends, and lasting connections; and I defy some men to give any other cause why they are unhappy

in their wives, than that of a perverse and peculiar taste and temper. The same assertion will hold good with respect to many women.

Scab. I shall not dispute your judgment, but take to myself those good and rare qualities you so freely ascribe to me. But supposing the case to be exactly so, then there are surely many families that would rejoice to engage such a woman.

Dick. Without a doubt, Madam, there are; and you have only to make your wishes and situation known to the public, and applications will pour in upon you from various quarters, requesting your services.

Scab. But will it not be more advisable to put my abilities in practice for my own immediate use; that is, to think of some business and employment: so shall I preserve my freedom, and be my own sole mistress. Good principles, agreeable manners, and good nature, will gain me some friends, entitle me to esteem, and will procure me some encouragement in any neighbourhood wherever I may reside; and early rising, diligence, and good management, are in general attended with success. Yes, Sir, I shall decide in favour of liberty—be mistress of myself and fortune.

Dick. Liberty, Madam, has its charms, and is worth the seeking. But do you consider, that success in business is precarious and fatiguing, and house-keeping a certain charge? In place, you will have only to please, which your abilities and disposition will not fail to do. The person in question, whoever he is, may be of singular habits and temper, but those you will find out in a little time; and, by complying with them, and by making yourself more agreeable than any woman has been before, you will discover his weaknesses and his secrets; and, by playing your cards well, may bid de-

fiance to his authority and singularities, and not only do as you please, but make him to do so too.

Scab. Very justly observed, Sir, But shall I *tickle* with a view to *sting*? Shall I study to please with a design to enslave? Shall I be dutifully humble and submissive in order to tyrannise? No, Sir; let me be sincere, faithful, and ingenuous, void of all base and sordid arts in every station of my life; and let me preserve my freedom whilst it is in my power. But should I be necessitated to such a servitude, I will never apply where there is the appearance of mystery; for where there is a mysteriousness, we may suspect and fear that there is something amiss; something that will not stand the test of investigation. Mystery, I grant, does sometimes arise from an extraordinary degree of prudence and caution; which two virtues often lay a trap in which the parties themselves are sometimes caught: and in the extremity of prudence and caution, there is but little to merit our esteem, or to draw the affections. Therefore the extraordinary advertiser shall never meet with an extraordinary woman, in your humble servant,

ALICIA SEABROOK.

A GAME BULL.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,
IN your entertaining Miscellany for December last, you obliged us with a pleasant story of a Game Cock. Please to give insertion to one of a Game Bull, and you will oblige your constant reader,

X Y Z.

WHAT wonderful exertions men have made in all ages to attain perfection

section in their favourite studies! It is recorded of Vernet, the marine painter, that, to improve himself in his art, he took a voyage to a part of the world where dreadful tempests were most common; and that once, amidst the clash of elements, Vernet ordered himself to be bound to the main-mast of the vessel, and was absolutely seen, while others were trembling with fear, delineating, as he himself expresses it, the beauties of the storm.

The celebrated British artist, whom I am about to compliment, possessed a similar propensity, and has many times, for improvement in his study of the animal economy, braved dangers equal to the great Vernet.

Mr. Charles Catton, the cattle-painter, was at all times delighted with the spirit of that noble animal, the British Bull, inasmuch that Mr. Peter Tiffin, a butcher, of Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was requested to acquaint him, whenever he knew of a baiting. It fell out, that one morning an entertainment of this nature was to take place on the Green at Ball's Pond, near Stoke-Newington, and Tiffin accordingly came early to apprise his friend and customer of his favourite Windhammenian exercise. The butcher, who no less delighted in the sport, had several young dogs to try upon the occasion; and he, with his friend Catton, presently set off cheek-by-jole together. On their arrival at the place of action, they found the Bull tethered, and a vast assemblage of spectators. The beast was full of fire, and just such a subject as the painter delighted in. The dogs were laid on—the enraged creature received his assailants with all the indignation peculiar to his noble nature; and Mr. Catton, by elbowing the crowd, was presently in the Bull's

front, contemplating those principles in the subject most likely to improve him in his professional line. Dogs were tossed, their limbs were broken; men were thrown; the creature roared amidst his tormentors, and struggled to free himself of the rope that held him; the clamours were immense, and every face was full of expectation—when, to add to the general confusion, some low-bred rascal, the very spawn of mischief, cut the tether, and set free the gory Taurus, when Catton was in the greatest danger; and Tiffin saw his perilous situation.

"'Tis here, immortal youth, 'tis here I
must
To thy lov'd mem'ry be for ever just."

I should in this place acquaint my reader, that an opinion strongly prevails among bull-fighters, that if a man be pursued, and he cast himself flat on his face, as if dead, the enraged animal disdains to strike, but passes over him without notice. Tiffin flew to his friend, like Nisus to Euryalus, in the moment the Bull seemed making towards him with rapidity, and, casting himself in the mid-way, thought to divert the animal, and give Catton time to escape; and this he effected but to prove the fallacy of the above opinion, too strongly received; for the horn of the Bull, entering below the back-tie of his apron, little Tiffin was in a moment mounted in the air like a shuttle-cock: but his numerous friends, instantly closing behind, caught him in their arms, and saved the noble Tiffin from the bandages of Podalirius, while Catton, with only the loss of his shoes, retreated through the pond to a place of safety; and the Bull, finding that liberty our natures most delight in, made at the man that had held him in confinement; and, with flame in his eyes, and terror on

M m

his

his tongue, to the great delight of all lovers of this sublime sport, gave him a hoist in the air not of the most gentle nature.

And now the indignant monarch of the herd retreated from the place of action: and as he went, the silver foam fell in sheets from his bleeding lips, and covered his swelling dewlap; his eyes, like rekindling coal, darted new scintillations; and though he loudly murmured at the treatment of his unfeeling foes, yet fear was at the greatest distance from him, for he seemed even ready to renew the unequal combat. In this manner, he entered a neighbouring cow-keeper's farm, and mingled with his more friendly favourites.

The writer has often heard Mr. Catton declare the dangers he escaped on this occasion, and the obligations he owed his friend Tiffin; and that, though the hazard had been great, the information he acquired was more than commensurate.

This subject is still extant from his admirable pencil, and Tiffin survives to relate the adventure.

Vernet did much, Catton did more; for the one delineated the troubled elements of air and water, while the English painter, Mr. Catton, portrayed the courage and contending passions of the majestic Bull, and, through his eyes, the feelings of his insulted soul.

SECUNDUM ARTEM.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IF I remember right, *Secundum Artem* principally appertained to the preparation of medicine, and was in a great degree subservient

to the mysterious purposes of the Faculty. While destined only to their use, it was perhaps of no great mischief to the community at large; at least "dead men tell no tales." The art of incorporating oil of almonds with its heterogeneous opposite *agua pura*, by the medium of a volatile spirit, or mixing a few grains of prepared oyster shells, with an ounce of mint water and two drachms of syrup of saffron, or of wild poppies, will entitle any man to a degree of medical eminence, if he can accumulate a few pounds to obtain a Caledonian diploma, at which time he is honoured with the *Æsculapian* motto of "*Secundum Artem*" into the bargain. Appropriate as this motto was for centuries to the purposes of the Faculty only, it has at length burst its fetters, and become a volunteer to thousands of individuals who stood in need of, or was happy to call *Secundum Artem* to their assistance. Formerly arduous tasks were accomplished by personal exertion and patient perseverance; fortunes were acquired by indefatigable industry; patriotism was the only direct road to political popularity; and unsullied loyalty was the distinguishing trait by which a passage could be obtained to the foot of the throne; or the confidence of the Sovereign: but, as Gregory, in the Mock Doctor, says, when detected in his want of anatomical knowledge, respecting the heart's being on the left side—"Yes," said he, "it was so once; but the College had altered all that, and placed it on the right." So, what was formerly accomplished by honour, honesty, integrity, probity, and punctuality, is now completely executed in any way whatever, by a single *Hey, presto!* of *Secundum Artem*; and the former qualifications are very little, if at all, necessary to fashionable and honourable existence.

Proof

Proofs might be adduced in abundance—few shall suffice. A. B. C. and D. some few months since, with the extemporaneous assistance of *Secundum Artem*, established a bank; and, in a very few months more, S. A. became bankrupts. E. and F. two brothers, executing immense contracts for Government during the war, and some hints transpiring of an approaching peace, one, by the inspirative assistance of *Secundum Artem*, withdrew himself, seated in an easy chariot of independence, leaving his brother to an almost immediate state of bankruptcy, and a payment of five shillings in the pound. You must, Gentlemen, in your extensive readings, and still greater recollection, remember, the late Lord Chesterfield's animadversion upon the absolute necessity of occasional dissimulation. This qualification, real or assumed, seems nearly allied to the other, and, in conjunction, there can be no doubt but every effort of art may be attempted, and every want gratified. Under existing circumstances, and the complexion of the times, it is a palpable fact, if you see a man of strict integrity, with a diffident mien, downcast look, and ventilated coat, however largely he may have been read in other respects, he knows nothing of the fashionable *Secundum Artem*, which is the master-key of every human passion: it opens bankers' books, unlocks misers' hearts, and lays bare the flinty frigidity of a female bosom. In fact, the infinity of adventurers, who possess this philosopher's stone, obtain and enjoy all the luxuries of this life, while such honest fellows as you and me,

Fag away,
Night and day,
To procure it's comforts.

Your's,

VERITAS.

EXTRAORDINARY AND SINGULAR ATTACHMENT

IN
A BRUTE.

THE following circumstance is related in a letter, to a friend from Chateau de Venours:

"Two persons were on a short journey, and, passing through a hollow way, a dog which was with them started a badger, which he attacked, and pursued till he took shelter in a burrow under a tree. With some pains they hunted him out, and killed him. Being a very few miles from a village called Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag him there, as the Commune gave a reward for every one which was destroyed; besides, they purposed selling the skin. Badger's hair furnishes excellent scumbling brushes for painters. Not having a rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns.—They had not proceeded far, when they heard a cry of an animal in seeming distress; and stopping to see from whence it proceeded, another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, notwithstanding which, it drew near, came up to the dead animal, began to lick it, and continued its mournful cry. The men, surprised at this, desisted from offering any further injury to it, and again drew the dead one along as before—when the living badger, determining not to quit its dead companion, lay down on it, taking it gently by one ear, and in that manner was drawn into the midst of the village—nor could dogs, boys, or men induce it to quit its situation, by any means; and, to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill it, and afterwards to burn it, declaring it could be no other than a witch."

MELANCHOLY

MELANCHOLY CONSEQUENCES

OF

EXCESSIVE GAMING.

EVIDENCED IN

The Death of Captain Finlay.

FRANCIS Finlay, pursuant to his sentence for forging and uttering a Bill of Exchange, was on Wednesday, February 9, 1803, executed at the Old Bailey. He was a man of the most gentlemanly appearance and address; had been in the army, and was connected with several families of respectability and fortune. At his trial, his demeanour was not marked with that impudent levity which distinguish the Bond-street Bucks, nor tinctured with that despondency to which weak minds are generally subject in such a situation; it was a demeanor of modest diffidence, which bespoke a consciousness of his crime, without any appearance of extreme dejection at the fate to which he was to be consigned by the violated laws of his country. When his sentence was pronounced, he listened with a degree of calm resignation, becoming a man prepared to suffer deserved punishment for a crime of which he was conscious he was guilty. His appearance and behaviour having excited a general and lively interest in his fate, the following particulars of his life cannot fail of proving acceptable to the public:

Mr. Francis Finlay was a native of Boston, in Lincolnshire, where his father, being a man of credit and easy fortune, was enabled to gratify the strong ambition which he felt to give his son a polite and liberal education. Mr. Finlay passed through the rudiments of his education with *ecclat*, and executed the tasks assigned him by his masters with a promptitude and accuracy that seemed to

justify the most sanguine expectations of his delighted parents and friends. At a very early age he betrayed a strong attachment to a military life. The father, though with the greatest reluctance, at last was persuaded to indulge the ruling passion of his son, and, accordingly, at the commencement of the last war, procured him an ensign's commission in a marching regiment. This regiment was soon after ordered abroad, where his bravery and good conduct gained him the esteem and affection of his companions, and caused him to be promoted to the rank of lieutenant. When his regiment returned to England, Mr. Finlay was ordered upon the recruiting service, and from this period may be dated the commencement of that career of vice which at last rendered him amenable to the laws of his country. Idleness, that rock upon which so many have been wrecked, called forth his latent propensities with irresistible violence. Possessing an uncommon flow of animal spirits, he was extremely alive to the pleasures of society; and having contracted an intimacy with several persons of a dissipated turn of mind, he entered into all their excesses with eagerness. It may be easily imagined that his pay, as lieutenant, was very inadequate to support a life of excess and libertinism. But the force of habit became unconquerable: his commission was disposed of to recruit his finances, and to enable him a little longer to indulge a violent propensity to gaming, which he had contracted in the society of his fellow libertines. This could not hold out long, and he was at last hurried to the adoption of the most unjustifiable and desperate measures to maintain his credit with his associates.

About this period he married the daughter of a respectable shop-keeper;

keeper; but his wife's fortune was inconsiderable, and was therefore soon dissipated in his favourite pursuits. Deprived of every honest resource of supplying his ruined finances, he was, at length, in a moment of desperation, driven to the commission of the crime for which he suffered.

The jury, on account of his excellent character, and meritorious services abroad, recommended him to the mercy of the Sovereign; but forgery, being a crime of the most dangerous tendency in a commercial country, can rarely find mercy, though attended with the most extenuating circumstances. Of this Mr. Finlay was sensible, and therefore had no expectation of pardon. After his death-warrant was signed by his Majesty, the little time that intervened between that and his execution was employed in a manner the most exemplary, in preparing for that awful and ignominious crisis when he should be separated from every thing that was dear to him on this side eternity. He never attempted to palliate his crime, but displayed the deepest contrition for his guilt, and the most penitent resignation. He was attended almost constantly by the Rev. Mr. Crowther, Rector of Christ Church, Newgate-street, and, in the absence of that gentleman, by one of his fellow-prisoners, of the name of John Manly, who read to him, and joined him in prayer. A gentleman, who did not disdain to be considered as the friend of the unfortunate man, visited him daily, and assisted him with money, and other necessities.

On the morning previous to his execution, he was visited by his wife and child in prison, along with the gentleman to whom we have just now alluded, and the prisoner Manly. The scene that passed may be more easily imagined than

described. The reader may picture to himself the anguish of a wife and mother who had been nurtured in all that delicacy and tenderness that gives double acuteness to the feelings upon the eve of losing a beloved husband, by the hands of the common executioner. She is about the age of thirty-two, a woman of the most elegant manners and handsome form. The child is about eight months old. The sensations of Mr. F. were of the most agonizing sort, when he reflected upon that infatuated course of life, which had not only brought himself to an ignominious end, but had also left his beloved wife exposed to all the horrors of poverty and disgrace. Upon a promise from the gentleman beforementioned, to protect his wife and child, and screen them from the miseries of want, and the sneers of an unpitiful world, he became more composed. She lingered with him till four o'clock, when it became absolutely necessary to separate. Unable to bear the emotions of agony by which she was agitated, she fainted in her husband's arms, and was carried by two men to a hackney coach, in a state of insensibility. Even the turnkeys, "albeit unused to the melting mood," did not behold this scene unmoved.

Mr. Finlay, for a few minutes after his wife's departure, seemed to be agitated, but at the same time resigned. He walked about his cell with hurried steps, clinched his hands, turned his eyes towards Heaven, and at last, overcome by his feelings, exclaimed, "She is gone, and I shall never see her more on earth!" But soon recovering his composure, "I am now happy," he said, "and prepared to die; my friends cannot look coolly upon her; alas! she will have no friends but them."

The Rev. Mr. Crowther, as usual, passed

passed a few hours with him in earnest supplication to the Divine Mercy for the pardon of his sins, and particularly the crime for which he was to suffer.

On the morning of his execution he seemed to look forward to his fate, not only with resignation, but satisfaction. He dressed with the same neatness and attention to cleanliness as usual. He eat his breakfast with the utmost composure, at five o'clock in the morning, with his faithful friend Manly.

About six o'clock Mr. Crowther appeared, and passed an hour with him in fervent devotion. At seven o'clock he took the Sacrament, and his irons being knocked off, the

sheriff came, to whom he was delivered by the keeper of the prison. At half past eight o'clock he mounted the scaffold, with his hat and gloves on. He wore his hair cropped; half boots, grey stockings, web pantaloons, brown coat and waistcoat, with an outside coat of the same colour. He appeared calm and collected, and spoke for about a minute to the clergyman.

The executioner then stepping forward, took off his hat, unlocked his neck-handkerchief, and fastened the fatal noose. The cap being put over his eyes, after he had remained about five minutes on the scaffold, he was launched into eternity. No man ever behaved with more resignation and manly fortitude in such a situation. Thus

perished Francis Finlay, a man who was possessed of every acquirement that might have made him the ornament of society. But these

every attainments, having taken a wrong bias, proved his destruction. *"Nemo repente fit turpissimus,"* says the satirist; and the corrector of this unfortunate man furnishes one, among many proofs, that the maxim is just. From venial faults, inconsiderately indulged,

have sprang, perhaps, the greatest crimes that ever disgraced the history of mankind.

The body was cut down after it had hung the usual time, and carried to Newgate Prison. At one o'clock a hearse attended to convey it away; but upon being inspected by the sheriffs, it was found to be still warm, though it had been cut down three hours before. The sheriffs thought it their duty to keep it some time longer, on account of this extraordinary circumstance, and ordered that it should be called for at four o'clock, which was accordingly done.

The people did not assemble in such multitudes as is usual on similar occasions.

Mr. Finlay seemed to be in some degree of agony for the space of three minutes after he was turned off, during which time he held a white pocket-handkerchief in his hand, but afterwards dropped it.

ON THE
ANCIENT MORALITY
OF
THE TURF.

THE pursuits of the primitive and pure honours of the turf are of very ancient date. Such a useful and noble animal as the horse, could not but command a distinguished notice in the earliest ages, as well as engage the powers of eloquence, and poetry, in the description of his unrivalled excellencies. His swiftness, strength, and docility, must ever have been objects of the first attention and pleasure; and, consequently, few public games or diversions of ancient times were exhibited, in which this noble animal did not bear a considerable part. It would be needless to enlarge on the high antiquity of horse and chariot races, which have been celebrated

celebrated in the earliest ages of history. It may be sufficient to observe, that to encourage agility and manly vigour, as well as skill and dexterity, in the management of the fleet courser, was the laudable purport of these sportive exercises. The sturdy strength, and muscular exertions of an Olympic charioteer, exhibit a striking contrast to the spider-like form, and emaciated figure of a Newmarket jockey. The rewards of victory, also, were as plain, and simple as the Grecian games, as they were distinguishing, and honourable. A garland of palm or laurel, or parsley, or pine-leaves, served to adorn the brow of the fortunate victor, whilst his name stood a chance of being transmitted to posterity in the strains of some lofty Pindar. The rewards of modern days, are indeed, more substantial and solid, being paid in weighty gold, or its equivalent, while their fleet coursers, and their exulting proprietors, stand conspicuous in the lists of a Pond, Heber, and Weatherby.

Thus the cause of morality was by no means overlooked in the exhibition of these useful and honourable pastimes, but there was a happy union of utility, pleasure, and virtue. A spotless life, and unblameable manners, a purity of descent, by being born in wedlock, through several generations, and a series of creditable relations, were indispensable qualifications of a candidate on the Olympic turf. It is true, there is at least as much attention paid to purity, and faultlessness on the plains of Newmarket; but the application is to the blood and pedigree of the horse, not of his rider. Such were the unsullied honours of the ancient stadium, or race-ground. One must suppose, however, that in process of time, the decisions became warped, and interested, as the manners

of the age grew less scrupulous; that intrinsic merit declined with the spirit of freedom, and that the determination of the Olympic judges, as well as the answers of the Pythian oracle, could be taught to "philippine." The chariot-race, also maintained at all times a distinguished rank, amid the diversions of the Roman circus; but especially, engaged the eager attention of the people, under some of the first emperors. The charioteers were divided into four companies, distinguished by their dress; and the whole body of the citizens ranked themselves under the banners of their favourite colours, according as they wished well to the fraternity of the "red," the "white," the "azure," or the "green." Of these associations, the green was in favour at court, during the reigns of Caligula, and Nero, who were, themselves, imperial jockeys. The green therefore, it may be presumed, was generally victorious, as there could be little expectation of a disinterested decision, amid such dregs of Romulus, as were the citizens of Rome, under the last-named Emperors.

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
EQUESTRIAN UNIVERSITY,
AT
LUNENBURGH.

By Professor Olivarius, of Kiel.

OUR readers, says the professor, will doubtless be indebted to us, for making them acquainted with one of the most valuable institutions of Germany.

The Equestrian Academy of Lunenburgh, at present under the direction of his Excellency the Baron de Bulow, Director of the Estates of the Duchy of Lunenburgh, is a public

public institution of instruction and of education, that has been established above a century, in favour of young persons of quality, who devote themselves to study, to the military art, or to the administration of the forests. Neither will the simple proprietor of estates in the country, have reason to regret, continues the professor, that he has spent there some years of his juvenile age. Besides the assistances that he will find to acquire that higher sort of knowledge, which ennobles the sentiments, and renders the enjoyment of life more piquant; he will find others that will instruct him to undertake with advantage the labour of rural economy.

In the Department of Public Instruction, are included the Latin, French, English, and German languages; Morality, Geography, Ancient and Modern History, Statistics, Natural History, Physics, the Mathematics, Antiquities, the Art of Artillery and Fortifications, the Manner of constructing plans, and the Theory of the Belles Lettres.

The languages and the sciences are taught in particular halls or auditories, and by classes, so that the instruction given to the youth more advanced, differs from that which is elementary. To obviate the inconveniences which result from a too sedentary life in youth, care is taken that the gymnastic exercises, such as fencing, dancing, riding, and the art of vaulting, are performed alternately with the study of the languages and of the sciences. All these lessons are given gratis, except that of riding, for which there is a handsome riding-school; and a sufficient number of horses are constantly kept in training.

As to tuition in the Greek and Italian languages, in drawing, painting, and music, this is given by private lessons, at a moderate fee.

The pupils live all together in a

handsome, spacious, and wholesome building. They occupy, two by two, a chamber with furniture, next to which every one has his particular dormitory, provided with a bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, and a table. They are all placed under the inspection of a number of governors, who live under the same roof with them, and who endeavour to preserve, in the character of academists, a conduct as remote from that indulgence, which borders on imbecility, as from a too rigorous severity. It is in company of their governors, that the young persons take their repasts, in a spacious and well-aired refectory. The table is administered at a common charge, so that there is no reason to apprehend, that the cupidity of a single contractor, may give rise to complaints that may be just enough, perhaps, in many other institutions.

The annual pension or payment is 200 crowns of Hanover-money, reckoning the Frederick d'Or at 4½ crowns, or otherwise at 75 ducats of Holland. Moreover, every pupil pays 30 rix-dollars, as an entrance fee, the first year, and as much for the second; but for the following years, no entrance money is required. The young man admitted into the academy for this sum, has the benefit of instruction in the languages, the sciences, and the exercises above-mentioned; of the table at noon and night, of a breakfast, consisting of white bread; of lodging, with a bed and other necessary furniture, fuel, washing, and candles. As for other matters, they are waited upon by valets, of whom a sufficient number is kept by the house.

Although the annual expence cannot be precisely equal for all the academists, considering the peculiar wants of each, it may be nevertheless affirmed, that, leaving

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Crack B. Fir Edward, in the Turnpike Gate.

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out an expensive wardrobe, and a number of private lessons necessary for foreigners, to learn the German language before they can derive advantage from the public lessons, the expence will not amount, at farthest, including the board, to more than 420 Hanoverian crowns, or to 158 ducats of Holland.

The most proper times to be admitted into the Academy, are Easter, and Michaelmas, because at those periods a new course of lessons always commences. It should be observed, however, that the pupils to be admitted, should not be under 13 years of age, and that they should have acquired such a degree of preliminary knowledge, as we may ordinarily expect at that age.

CRACK, AND SIR EDWARD,

IN THE FARCE OF

THE TURNPIKE GATE.

(A Slight Etching, to face this Page.)

CRACK, like Scrub, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, in relating his various employments, tells Sir Edward, that he is second huntsman to Squire Tantivy; but perhaps, as the dialogue itself will best illustrate the Copper Plate, we shall give it below: Crack, is one of Mr. Munden's favourite characters. The farce is spoken of in our Magazine, N^o. 86, for November, 1799, Vol. XV. Page 91.

Scene in the First Act.

Enter Sir EDWARD with gun, &c.
R. H.

Sir Edw. Take out the greyhounds, and give them a course; and let the groom exercise the currie horses

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CRACK slips from behind the public-house.

Crack. Sir, I'll exercise the currie and horses, and I'll give the dogs a course.

Sir Edw. Are you there, my impudent friend?

Crack. That epithet does not suit me, Sir—I'm remarkably modest. Many pretend to do what they can't; such, as I allow, are impudent. Now, I can do every thing, and I don't pretend at all.

Sir Edw. And pray, who are you, that are so very officious?

Crack. If you wish to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me: but, Sir, I believe I am the overseer of the parish; for I visit all the ale-houses every Sabbath-day.

Sir Edw. Yes, and most other days—I saw you drunk last night.

Crack. Purely out of respect to sobriety—I told you I was the overseer. My neighbours have weak heads; and as their wives and families depend upon the labour of their hands, rather than they should neglect their duty, I sometimes drink their share, and my own too—I sav'd five from being drunk last night, and that's hard work—however, good deeds reward themselves.

Sir Edw. Upon my honour, I was not acquainted with your virtues—*(bowing)*.

Crack. No, Sir, few are—*(bows)*—or I should not blush so often as I do, by blowing the trumpet of my own praise.

Sir Edw. And pray, Sir, how do you get your living?

Crack. Sometimes one way—sometimes another: I am first ringier of the bells, and second huntsman to Old Tantivy; and though its not in my power to improve the weak heads of my neighbours, yet I often mend their faulty understandings—*(pointing to his shoes)*—ecce signum *(shewing his apron)*.

N n

Sir

Sir Edw. Any thing rather than work, ha?

Crack. Any work, Sir, to get an honest penny—Twice a week I turn pack horse; I fetch and carry all the letters, packets, and parcels, to and from the next market-town; and t'other day I stood candidate for clerk of the parish; but—

Sir Edw. The badness of your character prevented your election?

Crack. No, Sir, it was the goodness of my voice—You hear how musical it is, when I only speak. What wou'd it have been at an Amen!—(*whispering*)—The parson did'n't like to be outdone—Envy often deprives a good man of a place, as well as perquisites—(*A pause*).

(*Crack laughs, and then nods.*)

Sir Edw. What's that familiar nod for?

Crack. It's a way. I have when I give consent.

Sir Edw. Consent; to what?

Crack. That you may give me what you please above half a crown—(*they laugh*)—(*a pause*)—Oh! I'm a man of my word. I'll take care to exercise the curricule and horses.

Sir Edw. You will?—You had better take my riding coat, and whip too, and go in stile. [*Ironically.*]

Crack. Had I, Sir?—Well; I'm going to market, and can bring back your honour's letters and parcels at the same time; and in the evening we'll all be jolly. [*Going.*]

Enter SMART, Sir EDWARD'S Servant.

Sir Edw. Who is that familiar gentleman, Smart?

Smart. He's a sort of jack-of-all-trades, but chiefly a cobbler.

Crack. Well; don't sneer at the cobbler; many of your betters have made their fortunes by cobbling;

Sir I thank you; I'm glad to find you more of a gentleman than your servant, which is not always the case. I'll look to the curricule and horses, Sir, before I drink your health; I love business, and I hate a guzzler. [*Exit.*]

COURSING MEETINGS, 1803.

ASHDOWN PARK.

FIRST DAY'S SPORT.

Monday, February 14.

MR. BULLOCK'S Young Plunder beat Mr. Thornhill's Tom.

Dr. Vilett's Vapo beat Lord Craven's Bluebeard.

Mr. Goodlake's Gaylass beat Mr. Dundas's Bobtail.

Mr. Hallett's Rosemary beat Mr. Stead's Cracker.

WINNERS MATCHED.

Mr. Bullock's Young Plunder beat Mr. Goodlake's Gaylass.

Dr. Vilett's Vapo beat Mr. Hallett's Rosemary.

WINNERS MATCHED AGAIN.

Dr. Vilett's Vapo beat Mr. Bullock's Young Plunder.

Dr. Vilett won the Cup.—Mr. Bullock won the Couples.

Mr. Goodlake's Gawkey beat Mr. Thornhill's Tom.

ROCKLEY.

Friday, February 18.

FOR THE CUP.

Mr. Corcellis's Crack beat Mr. Woolrych's Willing.

Mr. Pitt's Pilgrim beat Mr. Mallett's Mars.

Mr.

Mr. Mansfield's Miss beat Mr. Pickering's Pink
Dr. Vilett's Vapo beat Mr. Long's Laurel two Courses.

WINNERS MATCHED.

Mr. Corcellis's Crack beat Dr. Vilett's Vapo.
Mr. Pitt's Pilgrim beat Mr. Mansfield's Miss.

WINNERS MATCHED AGAIN.

Mr. Corcellis's Crack beat Mr. Pitt's Pilgrim.

MATCHES.

Mr. Pitt's Pizarro beat Lord Craven's Crocus.
Mr. Davenport's Tippoo beat Mr. Pitt's Princess.
Mr. Woolrych's William beat Captain Blgrave's Bluebeard.
Captain Blgrave's Bobadil beat Mr. Woolrych's Woodcock.
Mr. Pitt's Puella beat Lord Craven's Cracker.
Mr. Davenport's Nettle beat Mr. Woolrych's Presto.
Mr. Woolrych's Wilful beat Mr. Davenport's Telescope.

SECOND DAY.

Mr. Pitt's Polonia beat Mr. Davenport's Microscope.
Mr. Woolrych's Wilking beat Mr. Davenport's Tippoo.
Mr. Pitt's Port beat Mr. Corcellis's Claret.
Mr. Woolrych's Warrior beat Mr. Davenport's Nettle.
Lord Craven's Crocus beat Dr. Vilett's Verjuice.
Mr. Woolrych's William beat Mr. Davenport's Telescope.
Mr. Woolrych's Wilful beat Mr. C. Mallet's Mars.
Mr. Corcellis's Vestris beat Capt. Blgrave's Bluebeard.
Mr. Corcellis's Celerity beat Capt. Blgrave's Bobtail.

MALTON.

Tuesday, February 15.

FIRST DAY.

In consequence of the frost and snows continuing till Saturday last, this Meeting, so numerously attended in general, had but a small assemblage of Members; and on the first day only four attended.

The Prize Cup, however, was agreed to be run for by those present, and was determined as under, after two courses:

Mr. Slingsby's black dog, Skirmish, Mr. Swinfen's breed . 1
Mr. Croft's black dog, Simon . 2
Major Topham's blue and white bitch, Countess, Howden bred 3

MATCHES—FIRST,

Major Topham's brindled bitch Venus, got by Snowball . 1
Mr. Croft's fawn coloured bitch 2

SECOND.

Mr. Slingsby's black whelp, Serpent, Mr. Mundy's breed . 1
Major Topham's Countess 2

THIRD.

Mr. Croft's blue dog, Farmer . 1
Mr. Slingsby's bl. bitch, Harpy, Mr. Swinfen's breed 2

Wednesday.—A vacant Day.

Mr. Duncombe's foxhounds threw off at Housham Woods. No private Coursing took place, but the company assembled at Malton were much gratified with the display of Colonel Thornton's *Sporting Apparatus*, on their way to Falconer's Hall on the Wolds.—A pack of staghounds, a pack of beagles, wolves, a couple of stags, two brace of pointers, and six brace of greyhounds, attended by about fourteen hunters, ten servants, French and English, and the whole closed by a *Dog-Horse*, as provision for the numerous canine appetites

tites that had gone before. Colonel Thornton and a party of friends in chaises followed in a few hours afterwards. A stag is to be turned down on the High Wolds on Saturday, for the entertainment of the company at his house and surrounding neighbourhood.

Thursday, February 17.

The Sport was expected this day to be very good, as some Cups were to be run for. The Snowball Blood, and Mr. Darley's famous bitch Dent, had separate engagements; the particulars of which we shall hope to be able to give in our next Magazine.

The sport at Falconer's Hall for the ensuing week, is, we understand, to be as follows:—On Monday, at eleven o'clock, stag-hunting commences; afterwards coursing for the matches.—Tuesday, at eleven, wolf and fox hunting, and beagling.—Wednesday, at eleven, stag-hunting and coursing.—Thursday, at ten, wolf, stag, fox hunting, and beagling; likewise coursing.—To meet every day at Falconer's Hall, where there will be a Sportsman's Breakfast provided for all the company.

OPERA-HOUSE MASQUERADE.

THIS elegant and spacious Theatre, on Thursday, February 10, exhibited a splendor and magnificence highly creditable to the managers; in fact, it was Elysium, according to Mahometan Prophecy. Such a number of beautiful women have rarely been equalled, either in point of birth, or fashion, or seductive appearance. At a quarter past twelve o'clock, this commodious Theatre, the whole of the pit being flooded over, even with the stage, was completely filled, when not less than from two to three thou-

sand persons were present; and one general spirit to please, and be pleased, seemed to animate this assembly: while the extensive concert room afforded relief to those oppressed by the crowd, or who chose to trip on the "light fantastic toe." Imagination cannot conceive, nor fancy picture, a more fascinating spectacle. The lovely, and beautiful part of creation, man's chief solace, and comfort, here presented a scene, begging all description. The boxes, in particular, were graced with loveliness, and beauty: and, although the dismal black domino, at masquerades prevails, yet a number of characters, well dressed, and many of them supported with infinite credit, were deserving of notice. A Sylvester Daggerwood was most prominent, whose exertions were received with frequent, and deserved applause; a Countryman's Wit, was excellent; an Old Lady, her Son Master Jackey, and Old Nurse, were well dressed; a Madman from Bedlam, seemed perfectly at home; an excellent Fidler, and Tamborine Player, excited universal applause; Two Fortunetelling Gypsies, understood the art of playing their cards well; and a trio of Flower Girls, were artificial Flora's; a Lamplighter, was an extinguished link in the character, whom raw spirits rendered a troublesome ghost; some Orange Girls, drove hard bargains; and a Son of Israel, was no sham Abraham; Harlequins, light in appearance, were heavy in heel; and a Quack Doctor's head, like his wit, was a brainless subject; Two Firemen, without a spark of humour, and, although belonging to the "Sun," scorched no one by their fire of genius, and moved in eclipse the whole night; a group of Chimney Sweepers kicked up a dust, and footed it merrily; a Chinese, wandered an Emigrant; and an Irish Jontlemon made himself at home amongst the Cratures;

a Commercial

a Commercial Agent, from France, was a principal Character; a Butcher was heartily quizzed by his customers, and whose knife and steel, with "What d'ye Buy!" was his substitute for wit; a Hoyden, and Romp, when wild with Spirits, were Rum Subjects; an Irish Groom axing for a Place, gave a direction, No. 8, Grosvenor Square, was one of the family. —There were Quakers, whom the Spirit did not move, but whom the flesh hankered after; Sultans, and Sultanas; an agile Negro, and fair Negresses; Barbers not worth a Puff; and Sailors perfect Land Lubbers; an Old Fidler, with spirit, and taste, equal to any Youth; and a Spaniard, whose dress was his only passport. Numbers of other Characters made up this motley throng, amongst whom, a Jubon needed no Strap to his Duty. While we give the meed of praise to Characters well sustained, we are disgusted with men disguised in women's apparel, whose nefarious system employed the eye of the diligent Townsend, and his followers, to watch their motions, and to whom much credit is due.

A most unpardonable custom prevails at public Masquerades, which we trust to see amended; that of persons coming without a Mask, Domino, or Character Dress. It surely is a libel on this sort of entertainment; and if originating in a pecuniary expence, it were better for these Gentlemen to abstain from it altogether; and we trust, if on a future occasion it should be introduced, the majority of the company will expel the intruders.

Another account says, an Harlequin being observed as particularly leaden heeled, his pockets were searched, and his heaviness was fully accounted for, when they were found to contain one of the Pic Nic Newspapers.

The Sailors were generally in-

correct in their lingo, but displayed considerable ability in the discharge of grape shot.

A Physician, admirably supported, excited much merriment, by observing to the company at supper, "that he perceived that Galvinism had opened their jaws."

The whole was ingeniously contrived, and well executed. Wit sparkled, and wine flowed; nor till seven A. M. was this favourite Temple of Heydegger wholly deserted by its joyous votaries:

The following Bill was distributed by Sylvester Daggerwood.

NOVELTY.

Royalty Theatre, Comical Garden,
Dunstable.

*Invisible Girl, Mammoth, Galvanism,
Ventriloquist, Gentlemen Actors, and
Phantasmagoria.*

THE uncommon brass of some modern playwrights, and the leading wit of others, induces Sylvester Daggerwood to use the silvery voice of intreaty and modesty to assure those who may honour him on his night that novelty and ingenuity shall be exerted to please them, which is fixed for Saturday the 11th day of June next ensuing, when at the particular and earnest desire of several persons of distinction, people of fashion and promulgated notoriety, will be given for the 1803d time, the most comical, tragical, operatical, pantomimical, farcical, and bombastical comedy in 5 Acts, written by S. Daggerwood, Esq. called, denominated, and christened,

DELAYS AND HUMBUGGING:

OR, HARLEQUIN AUTHOR.

THE principal characters as usual, the Prologue to be spoken by S. Daggerwood, and the Epilogue by Mrs. Miss's Charlottina, Roseabella, and Master Apollo Daggerwood; and it is trusted none of the gallery people will imitate the Londoners by braying in a Jack Ass stile,

stile, or by imitating any of the Swinish multitude.

At the end of the First Act, the *young, beautiful, uniaible, and interesting Invisible Girl*, (of Mr. Timothy Puff and get-on) *partronized by the Prince of Pantiles*, will exhibit her marvellous parts, and give a specimen of her uncommon powers, in singing, sneezing, snoring, and other natural accomplishments. At the end of Act the Third, that truly great, big, stupenduous beast of prey, and master of bones, the original *Mummoth*, (a fabulous name given by the Russians to some large bones found in Siberia) will be set in action by clock work, and form an extraordinary display of animated art. End of Act the Fourth, Professor Botherum will give a lecture on the celebrated and novel system of the Galvanic Art, and by the aid of the infallible fluid will reanimate a Calf's Head, a Dog's Tail, a Frog's Heart, a Monkey's Ear, and a Flea's Nose, to the inexpressible wonder of his feeling and sensitive auditors.

At the end of the Comedy, several gentlemen belonging to the navy, army, and law (for this night only) will recite from King Richard the Third, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, and other dead Hero's; affording by their classical enunciation, correct reading, and refined taste; amusement not to be equalled by Cooke, Kemble, Pope, and other actors of notoriety; to which will be added in Two Parts, the favourite Pantomime Melo Drama of

HARLEQUIN HODGE PODGE :
OR, ANIMATED PHANTASMAGORIA.

The principal characters and particulars in future bills, the music composed and selected by Jaring Medley, Esq. who will preside at the hand organ, accompanied by a full orchestra; consisting of delectable sounds, and dulcet notes of the

mirth inspiring Jew's horn, marrow bones and cleavers, and other

wind instruments, including a Salt Box Solo, by Jemmy Rotten Jaws, from Bartholomew Fair.

The repeated attempts to produce effect in animated art by blockheads, bareheads, roughheads, and lightheads, calls on Daggerwood to convince by ocular demonstration, his superior art in raising, without the aid of the Galvanic Fluid, the dying, sighing, flying, and complying spectres of original and horrible fancy, confuting the ignorant and imbecile efforts of those, who would pull down the moon could they reach it, and put out the sun, by the superior blaze of their fire of genius; his little devil will execute great deeds of wonder, and his spirits of light make darkness visible.

Between the acts Mrs. Daggerwood will give select imitations of the Boatswain's Whistle, and pipe all hands to foot away in a neat Spanish Fandango. The celebrated Ventriloquist Mr. Fitzwilliam, will shew his power in varying the human voice; and contrast the growling of a city bear with the shrill pipe of a Bond Street belle.

N. B. That broad faced virgin, Miss Luna, will not be behind a cloud, and the house will be illuminated with coloured wax.

*. Tickets may be had, and places for the boxes to be taken, at the Office in front of the Theatre, Dunstable; and at the following places, the Uproar, Round-about, and Whirligig Masquerade Shops; all the Private Mummifying Theatres, from the fashionable Pic-Nic, in Tottenham Court Road, to the delightful and not less famed Ba Ba Pen Spice Island, Whitechapel; the Dirty Child, Powder'd Beef Court, Calbage Lane; Jack's Alive, Nan's Hole, St. Martin's Le Grand; Bond Street Jemmy, Jack-a-nape's Row, Cheapside; the Naked Boy, Black May's Hole, Cold-Bath Fields; Capering Jenny, Break Neck Court, Fleet Street; Admiral Nelson, Heart-of-Oak Place, Britannia Square; and Sir Sidney Smith, Acre Crescent, Honour Plain.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A MISER'S BREWING.

A Miser once prevailed on himself to brew a little meagre beer, a tenant coming one day to pay Master Miser some rent, the churl brought to the Farmer half a pint of his October, and bade him drink it up, and then asked the blunt fellow, "if he did not think it was *well hop'd*?"—"Yes," replied the Farmer; "and if it had *hop'd* a little farther, by G—d, Master Miser, it had *hop'd* into the water!"

The first time Mr. Pitt went to Cambridge, after his election for the University, all the *clerical host* were, as might be expected, gaping for *lawn sleeves*, and other good things in the gift of their representative. Dr. —, preached before the young Premier, from the following text:—"There is a *lad* here who hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?"

Legal Measure.—"You are an excellent packer," said a *bon vivant* to a waiter—"I don't understand you, Sir," replied the attendant.—"Why you have contrived to pack a quart of wine into a *pint* decanter."

A widow lady resides at present, in the Borough of Southwark, whose first husband was a *Butcher*, the second a *Tanner*, and her last a *Shoemaker*. The first almost starved her; the second used to beat her; and the third used to make her go bare-footed!

A man who had a defect in one of his legs, was objected to by a magistrate as a substitute for a militia man, on the score of his lameness. "I know I am lame, your worship," said he; "but I offer myself to *fight*, not to *run away*."

One of our modern Philosophers, who is very vain, and pedantic, dining lately with the Earl of Guildford, and a large party, undertook to answer any question in natural philosophy.—Said his Lordship, "I will go no farther than my plate, to puzzle you: here is a *scal*: now tell me the reason why this fish, which has always lived in *salt water*, should come out *fresh*?" The laugh was completely against the *silent Philosopher*!

Christmas Games.—Lord Temple has been playing at *Bragg*, with very little success—Mr. Windham, *Hot Cockles*—Lord Grenville, and the New Opposition, *Cross Purposes*—Lord Melville, *Whist*; holds the *Honours*—Mr. Pitt, the same *Game*; *sits out*—Mr. Addington, *Pam be civil*—Mr. W—e, the *Royal*, and *Ancient Game of the Goose*—Bonaparte has tried *Commerce and Speculation*; but, finding them not to succeed, turns his attention to *Beggar my Neighbour*—The French Princes would fain *Beat the Knave out of Doors*—Hadfield, *Prisoner's Base*—Sir Joseph B—s, *All the Birds in the Air*, and all the *Fishes in the Sea*—Lady B—e, a round game.

A Poor Irishman was lately brought before a magistrate in the country as a common vagrant. The Justice asked him what brought him over to England? "A ship, your honour."—"A ship," echoed the Magistrate, "you impertinent fellow!—How do you get your living?" "By my hands, your honour, I am a *hay-maker*."—"And how long have you been out of work?" "Please your honour, our trade has been rather *dull* all the *winter*."

The Wonder.—Not very long ago, a gentleman, who loves to *speak his mind*, was sitting at the table of a bishop, surrounded by gentlemen, who do not always *speak their minds*, for they were his lordship's chaplains. The prelate gave much into the marvellous, to which the inferior clergy bowed assent.—"And I remember," cries his lordship, "when the old palace of Ely was pulled down, there was a toad found under the wall, at least eight inches across the back, and twelve in length. The toad was supposed to be an hundred years old. "*Wonderful indeed*," said the Lover of Truth, "*for it proves that in those days there were no toad eaters*."

Sir Sidney Smith wrote thus to a man who solicited his interest to obtain an important situation, which a moment's reflection might have convinced him that gentleman had no power to procure. "Sir, I am sorry I cannot oblige you; these appointments do not rest with me. The office of Prime Minister is filled to the public satisfaction, as well as the one you solicit; and the See of Canterbury is also disposed of. I fear nothing attainable in this country will suit your ideas of power—let me recommend you to go to Egypt—I have interest to get you made a *Bev*."

A young woman, who lately proposed herself as a proper person to attend and *dress* a lady of fashion, being asked for her character, answered, that she *stript* the entire family with whom she was last in service.

The Kilkenny Journal states, that a man of the name of Kenny, on his return to that city, "*fell off his horse, and broke his neck*, but *happily* received *no other damage*!"

Mr. F——, who has not the knack of telling a story, happened a few days since to be in the middle of a narration, in a coffee-house, when Dr. T——, the celebrated *accoucheur*, entered—"I am glad," said a gentleman, who was present, "Doctor, that you are come, to *deliver* my friend of this long story."

The following Anecdote, has lately afforded some amusement at Paris:—Two *ci-devant* Friars lately dined with a constitutional Bishop; one of them had been helped to a dish which was recommended by the best sauce, but which, in the course of the entertainment, was removed to some distance from him: he cut a slice off his bread, and putting it on the point of his knife, reached over to the dish, dipped his bread in the sauce, and began eating it. His brother Friar was much enraged at this violation of good breeding, and meant to rebuke him with a sly kick under the table; but instead of the leg of his brother Friar, he unfortunately hit the shin of his Bishop; who, though in great pain, coolly replied, "Indeed, Father, you ought not to kick quite so hard, it was not I that dipped my bread in the sauce."

The Cambridge Paper announces the marriage of Mr. J. P. *Rolle* to Miss *Butters*.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A LONDON FOX CHASE.—Monday, the 31st ult, at one o'clock, a fine fox was unkenneled among the ruins in the Strand, on the western side of Temple Bar. The Epping Hunt has often been admired for its curious field of sportsmen, but never was there such a strange and anomalous medley collected as upon the present occasion; masons, hodmen, labourers, hackney coachmen, applewomen, fishwomen, boys, girls, and terriers, all in full cry, joined in the pursuit. The crowd, and variety, were rather increased by a large portion of the casual passengers in that great thoroughfare, attracted to the scene by curiosity, supposing that some wonderful discovery had been made among the ruins. Poor Reynard, being an animal of strong instinct, first made for Clement's Inn, in hopes, no doubt, that a fellow feeling would there ensure him a safe asylum. He had the good fortune to gain the gate, but that was nearly the total of his success: he tried every building; he ran up stairs, and down stairs, but no friendly lawyer would afford him shelter: no hospitable door would open to receive him; he met with nothing but demurrers, rebutters, and sur-rebutters, while actions *vi et armis* every where pursued him. Finding no law in the Inn, he made a double to gain his own ground, but he had scarcely reached it, when the blow of a pickax put an end at once to his life and the

pursuit. A hodman immediately mounted his brush, and a party of masons, and labourers carried the dead body in procession to a public house, there to regale themselves after the fatigues of the day, and to celebrate the success of the chase. From whence poor Reynard came, or how it happened he should take up such strange quarters, we cannot conjecture.

MATCHES AGAINST TIME.—Wednesday morning, February 16, Mr. Lau's mare, of Hollingbourne, trotted fifteen miles, between Canterbury, and Ashford, for a wager of forty guineas, which she performed in fifty-five minutes, and fifty-six seconds, with great ease; the time she was allowed, being one hour.

A SHORT time since, the youngest son of the late Peter Stanley, commonly known by the appellation of King of the Gypsies, started from the town-pump in Dorchester, to run to the town-pump in Weymouth, for two guineas; the distance is about eight miles and a quarter, and the time allowed was an hour and two minutes, but he performed it with the greatest ease one minute and a half within the time. The person who made the bet was a young spendthrift of the neighbourhood, who, fearing he should not be able to see fair play himself, hired a horse for his favourite Cyprian to accompany the light-footed prince, but she not

Oo

having

having attended Astley's Lectures on Horsemanship, and finding it impossible long to retain her seat in the usual way, immediately crossed the saddle, and in that state entered Weymouth, at full speed, by the side of her infatuated adorer, to the no small gratification of a numerous assemblage of spectators.

DURING the frost, a match for one hundred guineas was skaited for between three gentlemen of Chatteris, in Cambridgeshire, and three of March, and won by the former: Mr. John Drake beat Mr. Samuel Green; Mr. Adam Lion, and Mr. William Green, a dead heat; Mr. Matthew Drake beat Mr. John Bains. It is supposed there were five or six thousand people present.

MR. JOHN SPICER, jun. of Lincoln, on Wednesday, the 9th inst. set off from that city to ride his mare to Manchester and back, in forty-eight hours, for a considerable wager. The distance by way of Dunham Ferry, Chesterfield, &c. is ninety miles, so that he had one hundred and eighty miles to ride, upon the same mare, in the above time. He started from the house of Mrs. Pinder, known by the sign of the Horse and Groom, at three o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the White Bear Inn, Manchester, at one, on Thursday morning. Some gentlemen were up at the Inn, who signed his certificate, and treated him with some wine, during which, a servant girl of the house held his mare at the door, for the landlady would not suffer the poor animal to go into a stable. Being thus disappointed, Mr. Spicer re-mounted, and rode to a place called Bullock's-Smithy, ten miles on this side Manchester, where he arrived between two and three o'clock the same morning, and met with civility from the landlord of the Inn, and good

accommodation for his mare, now almost exhausted with fatigue and hunger. This good treatment decided the race; the mare eat her food with cheerfulness, and they both arrived at Lincoln, in health and spirits, at one o'clock on Friday morning, travelling the 180 miles in 46 hours. Mr. Gervase Lister, of Lincoln, horsedealer, went all the way at the same time, and rode a black mare belonging to Mr. Spicer. They did not alight to walk up or down any of the hills, that being contrary to the wager.

THE latter end of last month, in consequence of a considerable bet between two gentlemen, John Wynne, a blacksmith, of Frimley, for a consideration of five guineas, undertook to run from that place to the mile-stone, near Staines, and back again, a distance of twenty-six miles, in four hours; but owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, and the badness of the roads, he was near two minutes over the stated time; by which the person who laid on him, of course lost his bet: though had it not been for the reasons before assigned, there is not a doubt but he would have performed the journey in considerable less time, as he some time ago went from Hyde Park Corner to Frimley, a distance of thirty miles, in less than four hours, and jumped several times over the mile-stone afterwards.

BETTING at Tattersall's, January 31.—First Class of the Oatlands'. Three to One against Lignum Vitæ, Four to One against Julia, and Five to One against Pipelin; Eleven to Ten the Field against Lignum Vitæ, and Julia; Five to Four the Field against Lignum Vitæ, and Pipelin.—Second Class. Seven to Two against Bobtail, and Five to One against Gulliver.—Third Class. Seven to Two against

against Eleanor, the same against Duxbury, and Five to One against Walton.—The Field against two for any of the Classes.—Betted. Five Hundred to Five that Pipelin, Gulliver, and Walton does not win the three Classes; and Five Hundred to Five against Pipelin, Quiz, Walton for the same; in both these, the favourites are debarred.

Six to Four Tuneful against Al-legranti; and Five to Four, p. p. Quiz against Highland-Fling for the Match.

BETTED.—Five Hundred to One Hundred and Ten against Lord Grey's bay colt, by Sir Peter, out of Fanny, for the Derby; and Eleven to One that he does not win the Derby and the Doncaster St. Leger Stakes; and Nine to One against Sir H. Williamson's brother to Walton, for the Derby.

OFFERED to Bet.—Sir F. Standish's brother to Stamford and the Field, against four for the Derby.

BETTING Room, Feb. 14.—Oatlands.—Betted, Twelve to Five against Lignum Vitæ, Seven to Two against Eleanor.—Even betting between Eleanor and Duxbury.—Five Hundred to Five that Julia, Quiz, and Walton, don't all win.—Three Hundred to Six and an Half that Lignum Vitæ, Gulliver, and Eleanor, don't all win.

DERBY AND OAKS.—Nothing bet.

As a proof of the very intense coldness of the season, and the consequent distress of the wild fowl, which usually inhabit the fens and the more remote northern parts of this kingdom, large droves of wild swans have been seen in the vicinity of the metropolis, a circumstance never before known; even at a village near Mitcham, there was such a flock last week, that a Mr. Dredge killed two of them at one shot with a common fowling-piece.

DURING the severe weather,

Lieut. Colonel Parker shot a hoop-er, or wild swan, in the canal of Sir Harry Parker's seat, at Mel-ford, where it had joined the tame swans. It measured seven feet four inches across when its wings were extended, and six feet four inches from beak to tail.

THE Sussex levels were visited by a greater diversity of wild fowl than the oldest gunner recollects, at any one time before, to have witnessed. The catalogue of killed exhibited swans, geese, geese-sanders, shieldrakes, ducks, wid-geons, &c. and was accompanied with many specimens of the most beautiful plumage. One of the swans, shot from six others, near Newhaven, was remarkable from its having but one foot. The other was, no doubt, taken off by some accident, and probably many years ago, as the stump presented not the least appearance of a wound, and was in colour black, like the leg.

A FEW days ago a most singular shot was fired by Colonel Thornton, at Thornville Royal. The Colonel presented his fowling-piece at 175 yards distance from the pond, the ball passed through one of the openings in the paling which surrounds the pond, winged six wild ducks, all of which were taken up, though none of them were killed.

A CURIOUS game question is to be brought on at the next Norfolk assizes, wherein, a little out of the reasonable course of expectancy, that celebrated shot, the Hon. T. Coventry, is plaintiff, and Sir Robert Harland defendant. The action is to recover damages for the seizure of a post-chaise, well lined, with hares, partridges, pheasants, &c. supposed to have been killed upon Sir Robert's manor, but seized by the baronet's gamekeeper, "with sticks! clubs! and staves! in the parish aforesaid, and county aforesaid."

aforesaid," rather questionably, on the manor of another person. Whether this post-chaise, on the highway, no live creature being found on board, like a vessel adrift on the high-seas, becomes, with its cargo, a rightful wreck, and the property of the first boarder, is the question which Mr. Coventry means to call upon a special jury of the county of Norfolk to decide; none of whom, though fair sportsmen, it is hoped, will be liable to a challenge.—The son of Lord Deerhurst, a very amiable young man, and nephew to the plaintiff, was of this extraordinary sporting party, and will probably be the principal evidence on both sides.

DURING the present month, a pack of harriers, which had merely been taken out for an airing, entered Coneyborough Park, Sussex, belonging to Thomas Kemp, Esq. and destroyed a couple of fine young bucks, and injured several others, before the interference of the huntsman could detach them from the spot.

ON the 10th instant, on an information laid before Thomas Garforth, Esq. of Steeton; one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the West Riding of York, by Stephen Tempest, Esq. of Broughton, the huntsman of the Skipton subscription hunt, was fined in the mitigated penalty of 10l. for hunting after his master left the field.

WILLIAM BEDFORD, and William Armistead, of little Ribston; Thomas Walker, and Richard Greaves, of North Deighton; and William Miller, of Spofforth, farmers, were convicted before the sitting Magistrates at Knaresbrough, on the 9th instant, in the mitigated penalty of 10l. each, for sporting within the manor of North Deighton, not having obtained certificates

for that purpose; and on the 16th instant, John Armistead, of North Deighton aforesaid, was convicted before the same Magistrates at Knaresbrough, in the penalty of 20l. for sporting within the said manor, not having obtained a certificate for that purpose.

A MAN named Arnold, at Hengrave, near Bury, was on Wednesday fined 100l. for having bought ten pheasants from a poacher.

A FEW days since, a young gentleman of the University of Oxford, going out a shooting, at the end of the Parks he put a little powder into his gun, by way of airing the barrel; after he had so done, he slung his powder flask behind him, with half a pound of powder in it, as he supposed; firing against the wind, the whole of the flask flew to him, caught the powder flask, and blew it to pieces, knocked the gentleman down, and a dog that was by his side was instantly killed by the brass top of the flask; the gentleman was not injured, except that his hair and eye brows were a little singed.

ON Sunday the 19th ult. a whale, measuring in length upwards of twenty-five feet, and supposed to exceed a ton weight, being left by the sea in a low part of a beach in St. Ives Bay, was observed by some people to make great efforts to extricate himself, and to blow up the water to an immense height. They soon after approached the fish, and with swords, and other weapons, decided its fate; and next day, dissecting it in small pieces, conveyed them with carts and horses to manure their estates.

LATELY a very beautiful bittern of the lesser kind, was shot by Mr. Poole, in the woods of the Earl of Chichester, at Stanmer, Sussex.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE GAMING TABLE.

An Epistle to the Knowing Ones.

MASTERS of Arts! on whom no
 muse of taste,
 One note of praise hath yet vouchsaf'd
 to waste,

Whether, entrench'd with cards, you sit
 till day,

And make a waiter's fortune by your play;
 Or, madly daring, or serenely nice,
 At random whirl, or dribble out the dice:
 To you I dedicate these humble lays,
 Charm'd with the softness of your win-
 ning ways.

There are who teach, but teach they
 not amiss!

That moral goodness leads the way to bliss;
 That dissipation of each various kind
 Unstrings the body, and untunes the
 mind;

That gaming chiefly stimulates to vice,
 And ruin centres in the box and dice.

Mere idle doctrine! an attempt how vain,
 Free-will to vanquish, and free acts re-
 strain!

Your active spirits mount with brighter
 rays,

And burn eccentric from the common
 blaze.

You spurn the maxims of the vulgar soul,
 That ought not high-born genius to con-
 trou.

Shall each plebeian lead a wanton life,
 Maintain a mistress, and desert his wife?
 Each petty tradesman dissipate his time,
 Get drunk, and deem sobriety a crime?
 Shall these indulge their wild licentious
 views,

In spite of reason, justice, and the muse?

And shall the man of lineage be debarr'd
 His fav'rite wish, a strumpet, or a card?
 If so, my Croesus, what avails thy worth,
 And what thy boasted privilege of birth!
 But hark! the box and rattling dice I
 hear;

That throw has lost the income of a year:
 Prudence exclaims—What madness of
 the brain!

Not so—that cast hath won it back again.
 In early days, when coz'nage was in
 vogue,

Equal the name of Gambler and of
 Rogue;

But since a taste for honesty prevails,
 And tails no more are heads, nor heads
 are tails,

Alike from censure and aspersion free,
 Each gentleman may play from ———
 to me.

What boots it that the statute law or-
 dains

Preventive penalties, preventive pains;
 In spite of law your debts are always paid;
 To debts of honour, what are debts of
 trade!

With lowly rev'rence, when tradesmen
 sue,

In time of need, for payment of their due,
 Bid the pert varlets let your debts alone,
 Troop off in dudgeon, and discharge their
 own.

Though Fame, for ever on the restless
 wing,

May waft her tale, and Satire shoot her
 sting;

Cloth'd in simplicity, you laugh to scorn
 The short-liv'd rumour of the tattling
 morn.

Let prowling wolves, and subtle foxes
 strive,

By rapine those, and these by fraud to
 thrive:

Yourselves

Yourselves more innocent by half you keep,

And mix as harmless as a flock of sheep.

On, gallant Sirs, and persevere in play,
Nor heed at night the censures of the day!

Play, only to the choicest spirits given,
Is an eighth science that exceeds the seven!

In reas'ning, far surpasses logic's reach,
And baffles grammar in the parts of speech;

Measures with more than geometric pains,
The distant spaces of the human brains;
And tho' it gives not all an Euclid's head,
Gives all an Euclid's patience in its stead.
Match'd with the certain calculations

here,
Astronomy, how vague must thine appear!

And Music, (may the ghost of Handel rest,
Nor rise in wrath my quiet to molest,)
How unimpassion'd flows thy sweetest strain,

To the dice dancing on the wooden plain!
That plain for pleasure, and for profit made,

The board of play is now a board of trade.
Here youth may learn what sages taught of old,

That noble doctrine, the contempt of gold;
May here improve the rigid Stoic's plan,
And, resolute of soul, be more than man;
With more than Grecian fortitude may learn

To root out all that vulgar low concern,
Which weak, unfashionable men, extend
To wife, to child, to parent, and to friend.

Here wary Prudence beams her watchful eye,

And equal Justice throws her even die;
With coolness Fortitude is amply stor'd,
And fair-fac'd Temperance rules the sober board.

These are the virtues which employ'd an age

To render fam'd each philosophic sage:
But, in this clime, more rapidly they thrive,

And stamp their influence at twenty-five!

Nor are these all the benefits that grow,

For play, as well as peace, makes riches flow;

And, strange to mention! to the senate gives

What oft it wants—fit representatives.
(To be concluded in our next.)

NEW PARODY.

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

I DO remember a keen Sportsman;
At yon large seat he lives, whom late I noted

On a fleet hunter, with fiery pace
Galloping o'er hedge and ditch. Large his estate,

Jocund, healthful, and ruddy were his looks.

Around his ample board stood half a dozen
Of well-fed huntsmen, grooms, and whippers-in,

In noisy, joyous glee. Around his hall
Hung Reynard's brush, stags' horns, fowling-pieces,

Fishing-rods, and other implements of sport:

Upon his shelves were plac'd Racing Calendars,

And Wheble's Sporting Magazines, well bound.

Noting his plenitude, to myself I said,
An' if some friend did hare or partridge crave,

Here is a gentleman could send them game:

Being morning, he's taking exercise.

J. J. B.

POINTER'S GHOST.

TO HIS MASTER.

Who lent him to an Apothecary, by whom
he had been shot for an Hare!

OH! hadst thou never known a dog,
Or from the plough-tail, flash'd in vogue;

As dunghill Sportsmen do;
Who but from honour, seldom flinch,
As when they would seduce a wench,
And prove to her untrue!

Was it in lieu of purging pills,
To check the swelling in thy gills,
That thou didst part with me?
Or, could the staggers gripe thee so,
That but a clyster nought would do,
And he must have his fee!

Why

Why did he not, as he has done,
 A bladder empty for a gun,
 And thy poor pointer save?
 Or would he thus his patients use,
 Their confidence at first abuse,
 Then send them to the grave!

Of such a marksman have a care,
 Lest he mistake thee for an Hare,
 And rashly shoot thee too!
 A bolus or a lotion may
 Just as inevitably slay,
 As fowling-pieces do.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

COMEDY OF HEAR BOTH SIDES.

Spoken by Mr. Bannister.

RASHNESS and Enterprise twin brothers are;
 Rivals, that teach each other how to dare:
 So like, that they, to man's eternal wonder,

Can never perfectly be known asunder,
 Until the ended action shall decide,
 Which is the blind, and which th' enlightened guide.

In him who fails, we Rashness recognise;
 Let him succeed—'tis noble Enterprise!

All London lately saw, with trembling
 stare,

Drop from the clouds and vibrate in the
 air,

Rashness himself; who dar'd a mad-
 man's flight,

As if he sought the shades of endless
 night!

The boldest bosom felt unheard-of fears;
 In terror, thousands shed hysteric tears!

Downward he comes—he falls not yet!
 but, oh!

The next dread sweep all hope must over-
 throw!

Terrific interval! Safe when he came—
 'Twas Enterprise, accompanied by Fame!

Pursuing taste, which changes like the
 moon,

An author rises in his air balloon:

A while he sails the regions of the air;

Dull earth contemplating, builds his castles
 there:

Onward he soars, with hope of fame
 elate!

Then cuts the cord, and rashly tempts his
 fate.

And wherefore thus expose himself to fall?
 Why brave what might the stoutest heart
 appal?

Of modern plays are we not daily told
 How very vile they are? Unlike the old
 Strong sense, and sterling wit, of those
 bless'd days,

When bolder bards with glory won the
 bays!

The charge, alas! contains too much of
 truth!

This the old age of wit, and that the
 youth!

The scourge of satire now we dare not
 use:

We dread Newspapers, Magazines, Re-
 views;

We dread the Christians; nay, we dread
 the Jews!

Aptly compar'd to nature's keenest
 throes

Are theirs, who face such formidable foes.
 Oh that the flag of peace might be un-
 furl'd!

Peace here to-night! sweet peace through-
 out the world!

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.

AQUAKER once, the story's old;
 By our good friend Joe Miller told:
 What happen'd once, may happen
 again—

A Quaker once, no matter when,
 One of the canine race had got,
 Which he or lik'd, or wanted not.

Whether sagacious Broadbrim thought
 The dog was better fed than taught;
 Whether he stole the meat and cheese;

Whether he did not bark to please;
 Or did not fawn, or did not fright
 Beggars by day and thieves by night:

Or, vagrant, destitute, and poor,
 He saw by chance an open door;
 And, uninvited, forward press'd

(Who does not hate intrusive guest)
 Upon the Quaker's quiet meal,
 With rash attempt a bone to steal:

Or

Or if at passengers he flew;
 Or what he did, or did not do:
 How he came there; and what his crime;
 Are things to tell some other time:
 Except that here we must remark,
 The story leaves us in the dark!
 Therefore this dog might be as good
 As any of the canine brood,
 For any thing that we can say:
 And dogs themselves should have fair
 play.

The time was noon, the place the city—
 Mov'd by the spirit, not of pity,
 The Quaker spoke the quadruped:
 "Go, friend; and use thy utmost speed!
 Thee I'll not kill, thee I'll not maim;
 But I will give thee an ill name."
 Then out of doors he made him fly,
 And gave the treach'rous hue and cry,
 "Bad dog! Bad dog!" The frighten'd
 crowd,

"Mad dog! Mad dog!" replied aloud.
 Poor hound! is there no chance to save
 Thy bones from brickbat, stone, or stave?
 Thou wert not mad—compell'd thy flight;
 The venom was in slander's bite.
 The fate of Fairfax here has shewn,
 The best may make his case their own.
 At vice indignant, in their ire,
 Bosoms of purest mould may make
 The rash and dangerous mistake
 Of never stopping to inquire.
 If such a lesson can delight,
 We all shall bless this happy night.

FAVOURITE HUNTING SONGS.

From Nimrod's Songs of the Chace.

SONG.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

OUT of sight are the hounds, boys;
 We've lost them to day,
 We are fairly thrown out,
 Who will tell us the way?

RESPONSE.

If you'll follow up close, we will tell you
 the way.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

Who, who are such friends to the joys of
 the chace?

We hear but the voice, but we see not
 the face.

RESPONSE.

We cannot, we must not discover the face.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

Are you fairies or goblins that haunt the
 rude plain?

Oh, say, who you are, that enliven our
 train.

RESPONSE.

We are nymphs of the wood, of Diana's
 chaste train.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

O'er mountains, thro' fountains, then
 briskly we'll fly,

Diana and Echo shall join in the cry.

GLEE.

Love in yonder valley lies,
 'Wake him not with noise or cries!
 Tir'd with sport, with toil oppress,
 Glad he takes an hour of rest;
 See, see his quiver by his side,
 Sure to conquer youthful pride!
 If he's rais'd, and points his darts,
 'Tis too late to save your hearts!

CATCH.

When will sounds of battle cease?
 When the world is hush'd to peace—
 Welcome discord's borrid sound,
 Welcome clangor's bursting round.
 Let the British thunder roar,
 Shouts be heard from shore to shore.
 Every brave commander sing,
 With first and last, God save the King!

SONG.

RECITATIVE.

WHO, who is this that strikes my
 wond'ring eyes?

'Tis rosy health, an hunter in disguise:
 He comes to win me from soft pleasure's
 train;

And thus he speaks in his enliv'ning strain.

AIR.

Now the dawn's peeping over the hill,
 To sleep breaking echos arise!
 Hark! the hounds and the hunters loud fill
 The woods with their shouts and their
 cries.

Pursue o'er the mountains your prey,
 Be first of the heart-cheering race;
 All rous'd by the toils of the day,
 You'll own the delights of the chace.

A hunter, no more you'll complain;
 No spleen-brooding cares shall ye know:
 A stranger to sickness and pain,
 With life and new vigour you'll glow.
 Then fly from the pleasures that pall,
 That languor most certainly yield;
 But wake to the horn's early call,
 And haste to the sports of the field.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR MARCH, 1803.

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A Vignette Title Page, for Ditto. And an Etching of Skaiting*

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J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE PRESENT VOLUME.

HAVING perfected our Twenty-first Volume, including the First of the *Improved Work*, we have to return our grateful acknowledgments to our numerous Friends, and the Public at large, for the approbation they have so unequivocally testified of our labours, by an increasing patronage. We have ever avoided professions; but, lest silence should be construed into a want of sensibility, or inattention, it can neither be deemed vain, nor obtrusive, to renew the assurances that it shall be our constant effort to support the spirit of this Publication; and to supply, by a series of active endeavours, an unremitting diversification of all the variety, novelty, and enterprize, which daily offer to the amateur in those pleasures naturally attached to gaiety and health, the Amusements of the Table, or the Sports of the Field. And hence, from a confidence in the success of our undertakings, we have no doubt, that in all future cases of exertion, an *improvement in the work*, will, as at present, invariably ensure an *improvement in the sale*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Poem on Adultery, from Birmingham, being too long, and unsuitable to our Plan, we have transmitted it to another respectable publication, the *Monthly Visitor and Family Magazine*, printed for Cundee, Ivy-Lane, where the promptitude of its insertion will no doubt be commensurate with the merit and morality of this pathetic composition.

Crispin and the Calf, certain in our next.

Honest Peter, a Character, is also delayed only for want of room.

The Song to the tune of Chevy Chase, from Liverpool, cannot be inserted.

Another Correspondent has submitted to us a distinction without a difference—A couple and a brace of birds are certainly synonymous terms.

A Lady's Pun upon a Latin phrase, which she intimates a classical scholar declined, we must beg leave to decline also.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MARCH, 1803.

COURSING.

THE day of meeting to decide the great match between Colonel Thornton's dog Major, and Mr. Durand's famous bitch, for a thousand guineas, play or pay, was announced to take place on the 25th instant. Mr. Durand's house had been named as the place of meeting, and Epsom for the Colonel and his friends; but intimation having been given by Mr. D. to the Colonel, that the multitude of people would be too great to hope for any trial or sport. Carshalton was named and approved by Colonel Thornton.

At eleven on Friday, the company, with Mr. Durand, met Colonel Thornton and his friends on Sutton Heights. Several carriages with ladies graced the scene. The day was brilliant, and about five hundred horsemen, all well mounted, were drawn together.

Two brace of greyhounds, in blue and buff sheets, were led from a carriage—chaise-marine—and finally Major, sheeted in rich buff colour, on the right side embellished and embroidered with the armorial bearings of the family of Thornton; on the left, richly embroidered in

letters of gold, was seen "Major, aut ne plus ultra." The dog of known fame, The Hero of the North, was stripped; he appeared in good condition, gay as a lark, although eleven years old; but he was admitted by the Colonel to be too fat, not having had a run for some months, except a course or two in Essex, which, from the politeness of Mr. Montague Burgoyne, he had at Mark hall.

Mr. Durand came forward, and handsomely acknowledged the forfeit; he said a box hare was ready; the company wished to see Major run, and with him a lively little bitch of the Colonel's.—The hare had about two hundred and fifty yards law, and, from a blunder of Mr. D. Slippe, the bitch had one hundred yards advantage over Major. The odds were that they never turned her, the Colonel offered to take them; in a few hundred yards, the bitch, which gained ground, got up to her, and soon after Major got in, they turned her alternately, when Major threw himself at least five yards at her, and killed her.

Second course.—Phantasmagoria and the same black bitch were turned down, and bets were

proposed on the hare against the dogs; the Colonel offered to back the dogs, none would accept. After trying a little time, a hare was started, the contest between the dogs and hare was very great, when Phantasmagoria threw her up.

The next course of consequence was a trial of Major and the black bitch: a hare had stolen away, and was not intended to be run, the company all acting like sportsmen, and the hare was a full mile off, when a ruffian, in a smock-frock, with the lungs of a Stentor, soon took away the dogs. The bitch, catching a sight of her, as she ascended a hill, got up to her, and played away turning her. Mr. Beaumont also had passed the company, like an arrow, laid in Major; the dogs, from the severity of the course, and heat of the day, and no water, were nearly exhausted, when Major threw himself full seven yards at her, caught her, and lay for dead, the hare got away, leaving a great part of her skin, and got into a hedge, the bitch topt the hedge full seven feet, the hare did not cross, but had crept down the ditch and died. The bitch, to save her life, was bled, and with difficulty recovered. This course was full three miles.

The last course was then desired to end the day with Phantasmagoria, and Supernactaralia, who had a very severe course while running, and the company divided. A hare started near the Colonel's greyhounds, when Spectographia, a whelp by Phantasmagoria, and out of Catgut, sister to Claret and Czarina, broke his couples, and in sheets ran so closely that he killed her, after many turns, to the astonishment of all sportsmen present.

Thus ended, to the satisfaction of all parties, the Surry coursing. The company dined together at

the greyhound, at Carshalton, and parted at a reasonable hour. We were sorry to observe that Colonel Thornton was prevented riding, by indisposition, but he still exerted himself to amuse the company, which he did so effectually as to keep them in a roar of laughter. Mr. Beaumont, who led the field, on a Jupiter horse of the Colonel's, in attempting to take the second hare from Major, fell and hurt himself very much.

The *Morning Herald* of the 29th instant, thus sarcastically describes the coursing at the above meeting:—A Correspondent assures us, that last week's coursing, on the Surry Downs, may certainly be classed under the head of Sport extraordinary!—Nothing in the Long-dog annals will be found to equal the adventures of Major, and My Lady, who, at this genial season, so gallantly ran three brace of doe-hares, turned out of boxes, for the amusement of a numerous field of high-mettled cockney sportsmen. Major, to prove the *ne plus ultra* of his Northern blood, ran the prolific ladies of the skut so hard, that they were obliged to cast their progeny, in preservation of their own lives; while My Lady, more than equally successful, picked up, and killed all the young that Major thus heroically had left behind him!—The coursing Colonel, who brought his greyhounds in winding sheets, decorated with armorial devices, offered to bet Mr. Durand ten thousand guineas to one thousand, that he would run the next Surry dog stone dead, that dared to enter the lists with his Major, to run a doe-hare on the same downs next Midsummer-day.

The Newmarket Coursing Meeting will be found in page 339 of this Magazine.

COCKING.

COCKINGS.

AT the Cock-pit without Bootham-Bar, York, a grand main of cocks began fighting on Tuesday, the 22d ult. and finished on the Saturday following; between the Earl of Mexborough, (Lister feeder, and Probin setter) and Sir Francis Boynton, Bart. (Thompson feeder and setter) consisting of 20 main battles—The following is the fighting for the five days:

LISTER.		THOMPSON.	
	Main		Main
Tuesday	3	Tuesday	1
Wednesday	2	Wednesday	2
Thursday	3	Thursday	1
Friday	1	Friday	3
Saturday	2	Saturday	2

11

9

There were five byes fought, three of which were won by Sir Francis Boynton, and two by Lord Mexborough.

At the annual cocking at Whymondham, was fought a Welch main of eight cocks, eight subscribers of L.5 each, for a bullock, value forty pounds, which was won by a gentleman of Leicester—The gentlemen generously gave the pit-money, amounting to upwards of twelve pounds, to the poor inhabitants.

THE cockings at Loughborough last month between Mr. Meynell and Capt. Farmer, was won by the latter, five a-head.

A MAIN of cocks was fought during the present month, at the cock pit royal, for two hundred guineas, between the Sussex cocks and those of Mr. Durand of Carshalton; the

former were all bred at Henfield, near Brighton, and the latter collected from various parts of the county of Surry. The first battle was a drawn one, and after twenty-six severe contests, each county had won thirteen. The last two were then won by the Sussex cocks, which decided the main in their favour. They had also the advantage in the byes. Gladdish fed for Sussex, and Walters for Surry. Considerable sums were sported, and the pit, during the main, was numerously attended by cocking amateurs, assembled from various parts of the country.

MR. SHERIDAN'S WIT.

IN the House of Commons, on the 4th inst. when Mr. Calcraft made his promised motion for the Prince of Wales to resume his state and splendour; Sir Robert Buxton said that the dignity of the Prince consisted not in the *trappings* of a court, but in the virtues of the man; that state and dignity were but secondary considerations. Mr. Sheridan in reply said, if the Prince could do without the splendour attached to his rank, why not the other branches of the state lay it aside likewise? In order to bring this curtailment system home to gentlemen's minds, continued Mr. Sheridan, let it be applied to the house; let it be supposed that the speaker possessed sufficient dignity, and commanded sufficient respect by those *virtues* which it was acknowledged he possessed; let the chair be removed; let the other badges be stripped off; let "*that baulie*," the mace, be taken away; let the fine house that was building for him, in which he hoped he would soon entertain the members with his accustomed hospitality and splendour, be demolished;

let the state coach be laid down ; and, instead of proceeding in it to St. James's, attended by a grand procession of members in their private coaches, let him go on foot with their addresses, covered with a warm surtout, and honoured with the *trappings* of an umbrella, to protect his *virtues* in case of rain. (*Loud bursts of laughter.*) Let the judges be conducted by no sherriffs nor sherriff's attendants to the assize towns ; let the chief justice go down in the mail-coach, and the puisné judges and the council, content themselves with travelling as outside passengers. (*A loud laugh.*) Let the lord mayor, instead of coming to Westminster Hall in the state barge, accompanied by the several companies in their state barges ; let him come in a plain wherry, without attendants ; and, instead of going back in his fine coach to feast on turtle at Guildhall, with the great officers of state, and foreign ambassadors, let him content himself with a hackney coach, and a beef steak at Dolly's chop-house !

AN
INACCURATE STATEMENT
TO BE
CORRECTED.

THE following article appeared in some of the newspapers of last month ; the nobleman alluded to may be easily guessed at ; or, if a plainer description is necessary to ascertain who is meant, it is the same as the daily papers lately, but rather prematurely, sent into the other world.

GALLANTRY IN OLD AGE.

A few days since, an aged peer made an enterprise, which will pre-

vent him from falling into oblivion—for another week. An Italian lady, one of the *corps d'Opera*, with whom he is acquainted, had a servant maid, handsome enough at least for the pretence of having excited the passions of so universal a gallant. One morning when he was informed that the mistress was indisposed, he called at the door in his chariot, and desired to speak with the charming Abigail. The girl came to the steps of the chariot ; he could not hear her there, she must come in : with so venerable a gentleman there could be no danger, she stepped up ; in an instant the footman closed the door, the blinds were already drawn, the chariot drove on, and his lordship proceeded to such liberties that the girl called for deliverance in a voice which alarmed the whole street. Here we have the complete success of the enterprise ; the fair *enragée* was speedily released, and the present race are again forced to contemplate that exhaustless gallantry, before which their great grandmothers trembled !

We are not in the habits of *fishing* for anecdotes of gallantry, but the FACTS from which the above erroneous account is fabricated are in our possession. The lady alluded to is not one of the *corps d'Opera*. We however shall not anticipate the particulars, but content ourselves with promising them for the next Magazine. An article more contemptible than the above, has by accident got into our present month's Magazine ; and which we wish had not been there, as it describes the nobleman at whom we hint, not as *he now is*, nor has been for many years. To compensate for this very indifferent article, our readers will find some pretty lines on this subject, in our poetical department.

HORSE.

HORSE CAUSE.

NORWICH ASSIZES.

BUXTON v. DANIEL.

THIS was an action brought to recover the sum of L. 22: 10s. for a horse, bought by plaintiff of defendant. The plaintiff, at St. Faith's fair, accompanied by a Mr. Stephens, bought a mare of an agent of the defendant, for L. 22, 10s. When the mare was shewn, Mr. Stephens observed to the plaintiff, that he thought the mare was lame; which being mentioned to the agent of the defendant, he warranted her to be sound. The plaintiff proved that within three or four days after he bought the mare, she began to be lame, and that in about a fortnight afterwards he gave her a dose of physic; but getting worse, he sent her to the defendant by his servant, and desired to have the price returned him. The defendant told the servant, if his master had come, he could have changed with him for another horse, which he said would suit him; but refused taking the mare back. The servant then took the mare to the Queen's Head, Acle, where she remained to the present time. The defendant called several witnesses to prove that the mare was sound from her birth; but it appearing that a Mr. Womack had borrowed this mare of the defendant, and rode her sixty miles in one day, and that the mare was then put into a stable, and not even rubbed down till the following morning: after this the mare never did any work, but was sent to Caister marshes, in the course of a few days. From this circumstance it was inferred, that the mare then received the injury. The jury, under the direction of the learned

judge, found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages L. 36—being the price given for the mare, and the expence of keeping her since.

His Lordship observed, and he was sorry to see it, that in most horse causes, there was a long string of witnesses swearing positively on the one part that the horse was sound, and on the other that it was unsound; but in the present instance there did not appear to be any wilful testimony advanced.

VALUABLE HORSE KILLED.

Surry Assizes, Kingston, March 23.

IRONMONGER v. HOPE.

MR. GARROW stated, that this was an action to recover the value of a very fine horse, which had been killed by the negligent conduct of the defendant in driving a chaise-cart. The plaintiff, Mr. Ironmonger, was a proprietor of several coaches, which run between London and Brighton, and places adjacent. The horse which was killed, was one usually kept for his own use, and served him as his charger, he being a member of a volunteer corps of cavalry; but of late the animal had had but little exercise. He told the coachman of the Guildford stage, in whom he had great confidence, to use him occasionally, by way of keeping him in health. He stated this, to shew why so good a horse was found to a stage coach. The defendant was a butcher residing at Epsom, in this county, and prided himself upon only one thing, but that thing was his delight to such

an

an extent, that it seemed as if he wished it should be engraven on his tomb. It was this, that he possessed the fastest trotting horse in the county, and that he and his horse could out-trot all the world. But in his excursions upon this horse he did not always proceed with as much care as expedition; for it happened that one evening in January last, when unfortunately the animal in question was in the Guildford coach, at the bottom of the hill, near Leatherhead, he drove his chaise cart so unskillfully and so furiously, that the shaft entered the thigh of the horse, and caused his death. He should prove the manner in which it was done—that the coachman was no way to blame—and then he trusted that the jury would not think 100 guineas would be too much for such an animal.

The coachman deposed, that on the evening in question, as he was going over the road softly, just at the bottom of the hill near Leatherhead, he saw something coming, which run zig-zag across the road. He called out as it approached him, and drew up close to his own side of the road. He could not, however, keep clear, the defendant's cart came direct upon him with such velocity that the shaft was driven nine inches in the flesh of the off hind thigh; the poor animal screamed out like a child that was severely beaten. The defendant jumped up at receiving the shock. Before that time he had evidently been lying on his back in his cart upon the straw at the bottom, probably asleep. He abused the witness a great deal, and swore he would not give his name, but at length he did. The farriers, who attended the horse, proved his death in consequence of this wound; and one said he would have given

fifty guineas for the horse on a speculation to sell again.

W. Clinch said, that previous to the accident, he had offered Mr. Ironmonger seventy-five guineas for the horse, and would willingly have given a hundred for it. He believed the animal to be worth it.

Mr. Serjeant Best, in cross examination, having in vain attempted to prove that the coachman was drunk, addressed the jury in mitigation of damages; and contended, that they ought not to give more than the price of a common stage horse, notwithstanding the evidence of Mr. Clinch, who seemed to be brought forward to *clinch* the farrier's assertion of the great value of the beast. Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages Fifty-five Guineas.

DEATH

or

STANLEY, KING OF THE GIPSIES.

THIS extraordinary personage died some time ago, by the road-side, in his cart, in the parish of Affpiddle, in Dorsetshire, attended by two females. He had completed his 82d year, and was possessed of considerable bodily strength and vigour. In his juvenile days he was a well-known pugilist, having beat Jack James, Stevenson, Falkner, &c. and was once the antagonist of Broughton. The family of which he was the head, was very noted in this and all the neighbouring counties. He had ten sons, all stout able men, and were well-known at all the principal markets, races, and fairs throughout the kingdom.

DANIEL'S

DANIEL'S RURAL SPORTS.

Volume Second.

WE have now before us the second volume of Rural Sports, just published, and which is much more bulky than the first. It consists of upwards of five hundred pages, and contains near fifty copperplates; the latter engraved with an equal degree of taste to those of the first volume.

As we propose to go through this volume, and to give occasional extracts, in some degree of order, it shall be our first business to give the Contents, and List of Plates.

CONTENTS.

Fishing, and Anecdotes respecting the Natural History of Fish.
 Account of Rivers in England, Scotland, and Ireland.
 Angling.
 Fishponds, and Nets for taking Fish.
 Laws relating to Fish.
 Birds, and Sketches from their Natural History.
 Birds of Game described.
 Statutes respecting winged Game.
 Gamekeepers, and Laws concerning.
 Land Birds of Sport described.
 Water Fowl ditto.
 Shooting Wild Fowl—Directions for.
 Laws relating to Wild Fowl.
 Dogs used in Shooting described.
 Laws respecting Dogs.
 Pigeon Shooting.
 Rook Shooting.
 Ammunition, Gun, &c.—Rules for Choice and Management of.
 Conclusion.
 Index.

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Bream and Chub.
 Charr and Gwiniad.
 Eel, Minnow, &c.
 Roach, Dace, &c.
 Pearch.
 Carp and Tench.
 Tench at Thornville.
 Trolling Implements.
 Pike.
 Snap Implements.
 Trimmer ditto.
 Greyling and Gudgeon.
 Trout and Implements.
 Insects, &c. and Pike's Jaw Bones.
 Salmon.
 Smelt and Barbel.
 Group of Fish.
 Bustard.
 Pheasant.
 Wounded Pheasant and Dog.
 Partridges and Young
 Covey of Partridges.
 Red Legged Partridge and Ptarmigan.
 Cock of the Wood.
 Black Grouse.
 Setter and Black Grouse.
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 Ptarmigan—Scene in Highlands.
 Old Gamekeeper.
 Woodcocks
 Great Lancashire and Common Snipe.
 Land Rail and Quail.
 Dotterel and Plover.
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 Grey and Black Goose
 Wild Duck, Pintail, &c.
 Teal and Jack Snipe.
 Old English Setter.
 Spanish Pointer.
 Dash.
 Pointers—Pluto and Juno.
 Spaniels and Woodcock.
 Gun Breechings.

Intending this article merely as a detail of the contents of the volume, we shall state the heads of the subjects that present themselves to our notice on a first cursory perusal.

The art of angling, and all its improvements, has engaged a considerable

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siderable part of Mr. Daniel's attention. He has given a comprehensive description of all the principal rivers in Great Britain and Ireland, and their contents; the natural history of fish, including the Gwiniad, &c.; laws relative to, and adjudged cases, in points concerning them; instructions for making fish ponds, &c. Shooting is likewise particularly attended to. The author, to directions, and in pointing out the dogs proper to be used in that sport, has availed himself of the best authorities, ancient and modern. He also gives an outline of the statutes relative to the practice of shooting.

Under the head of Geese, we find an account of the management of them in Lincolnshire, and in East Friesland, with instances of their whimsical attachment. Guns and game also find ample scope in these amusing and elegant pages. To remarks on the construction of the former, and directions for keeping and managing them, we find some ludicrous comments. The account of James the First's game establishment, and that of the person whose portrait is given under the title of gamekeeper, is truly curious.

In what further relates to game, we find added a great variety of its abuses in the practices of poachers; with statutes relating to, and several observations upon, that character; particulars of the red-legged partridge; poetical instructions for partridge-shooting, &c. Under the head of Game, there is likewise the history of the Black Grouse, and several very curious particulars relative to these birds, in the Highlands, in Russia, and elsewhere. In fact, so accurate and extensive have been the labours of the author of *Rural Sports*, that, in the account of the rivers for fishing, &c. in this and the sister king-

dom, those of the Island of Anglesea are not overlooked. At present we can only add to this faint outline, that the two volumes, on the subject of *RURAL SPORTS*, seem to approximate much nearer to the complete *desideratum* of a sportsman, than any other work hitherto extant.

INHUMANITY

TO

CART-HORSES.

THE Horse has ever been esteemed the most noble quadruped of the universe, and was surely designed by his Creator the companion of man. His strength, his courage, and docility, are evidence of the truth of this position beyond the cavil of the sceptic, or the sophistry of the argumentative. All nations turn their best affections to this animal. The Scythian, at the foot of Caucasus, venerates the Horse as his best friend, and thinks it his duty to provide for his beast before the gratification of those wants so essentially necessary for his own existence; "because," says he, "my Horse bears me to the chase, and from the battle, and when the shades of night invite me to rest, he kindly becomes my pillow, and we meet the morning dawn together." The Roman veteran, worn down in the services of his country, and no longer able to bear the labours of the war, returns from the field to claim a little plot of earth to cultivate, that he and his faithful Horse may find repose, and finish their last of life in ease and plenty. The state approved his claim, and the aged soldier's greatest pleasure was to tell the perils through which

his

his second self had carried him ; and of the hair-breadth-scapes, amidst the horrors of the fight, their fortune had protected. The Arab of the desert is more attached to his Horse than to his own offspring, because of his invaluable services ; and to wound, or wantonly to do him injury, is never forgotten, sometimes punished with death or dismemberment. The gaudy Mamaluke of the Nile, if we may believe Denon the historian, lavishes more on his comforts and adornments, than our modern puppies on their mistresses. Nor is the Horse wanting in grateful affection towards those who treat him with kindness : he remembers the hand that feeds him, and only presents his heel to his persecutors. Ariosto, an Italian poet, has finely described this propensity, in his Orlando Furioso, where King Sacripant endeavours in vain to seize on the bridle of Bayardo, Rinaldo's fiery steed. The Horse recognizes Angelica, who had often treated him with kindness. But thus the poet—

" Then to Angelica, with easy pace,
He moves, and humbly views her well-known face :

A spaniel, thus, domestic at the board,
Fawns, after absence, and surveys his lord.

The damsel was remember'd by the steed,

Wont at Albracca from her hand to feed ;
What time Rinaldo, courted by the maid,
With foul ingratitude her love repaid.

Now boldly in her hand she took his rein,

Strok'd his broad chest, and smooth'd his ruffled mane ;

While, conscious he, with wond'rous sense endu'd,

Still as a lamb, beside her gently stood."

If the most barbarous nations of the world have thus venerated the Horse ; if the bravest people of the universe could thus provide for his necessities ; if the Arab of the de-

sert considered him of his family ; and the gay Mamaluke of the Oasis spreads his form with such honours—surely the Horse should not be less cherished in Britain, where humanity has ever been a characteristic, and liberality still a growing principle.

I was led to these observations by the cruelty exercised the other day by a shag-eared villain, on the shaft-horse of a brick-maker's cart. The fellow had a load to deliver at the foot of a building, and the poor creature not putting back agreeable to the will of his driver, the savage, with the wildest ferocity, beat the head of the animal with the but-end of his whip, till the blood gushed in torrents from the distended nostrils ; and, to say with Jaques,

" The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat

Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears

Cours'd one another down his innocent nose

In piteous chase."——

My resentment at the cruelty flew like Jove's thunder, and I improved the monster for being less human than the wild Scythian, or the creature he persecuted ; but such was the conduct of this lesser brute, that he threatened me with similar treatment ; which, to avoid, and the filth of the channels, I thought it most prudent to retire from the sanguiferous scene ; but could not help reflecting on the dreadful consequences attending immoderate passions, more particularly when they are directed against helpless innocence.

This fellow, I said, is not of my species ; for he ceased to be human when he yielded to brutality.

ON THE
LONGEVITY
OF
THREE HORSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I REQUEST a place in your Magazine for a singular account of longevity in three horses, the property of Edward Brown, Esq. of Dulwich, a gentleman whom I have known many years. Their names were Jack, Peacock, and Mungo; and their ages, taken together at the completion of each, made a total of one hundred and fifteen years. The two former drew the chariot, the first dying at the age of thirty-six, the second at that of thirty-four years. Mungo, the survivor, a poney, which was accustomed to draw the water-cart, and to do various useful drudgery to the last, finished his part of the drama in a style of much ease and comfort on the 2d of September, 1794, aged forty-five years. Mr. Brown has a portrait of the last, executed in a very good style by a gentleman artist. The three ancient and faithful servants he buried in separate fields, each field being called after the name of the horse there buried, and each grave ornamented with a young plantation. A century hence the proprietor of these fields, possessing the volumes of the *Sporting Magazine*, may witness these monuments of Mr. Brown's humanity to animals, and learn to do so likewise.

As a contrast to the above, but from which also some information needful toward compassion may be derived: An opulent citizen, within Mr. Brown's knowledge, some years since had a horse, an old and

faithful servant, verging towards his thirtieth year. Satisfied with the long services of this animal, the gentleman humanely desired to provide comfortably for the remainder of his life, but was not fortunate, or sufficiently discriminative, in the means he chose. The horse was committed to a farmer, whose land bordered on an extensive common, which was assigned to the animal as his constant quarters. In the warm season, and during the luxuriance of grass, the veteran fared well, and found sufficient leisure to roll at his ease, after the labour of collecting his food: but winter brought a sad reverse, and the poor aged animal, alike incapable of sustaining the rigours of the season, or the continued toil of subsisting himself with scanty morsels of withered herbage, perished miserably in a ditch, from the effects of hunger and cold. The neighbouring inhabitants daily witnessed this spectacle of animal wretchedness, dying by inches, during seven weeks.

There is a class of men, Mr Editor, in every civilized country—I wish fervently it were more numerous—who do not deem attempts to redress the wrongs, and mitigate the constant and flagrant cruelties inflicted upon brute animals, either jacobinical, antisocial, or the mere cant of modern philanthropy. To such, these lines are respectfully addressed. There are others—mark well the magic of phrases—who, alarmed at the idea of beasts possessing rights, will yet acknowledge that men have duties to perform towards them, among which they reckon those of justice and compassion. I have the honour to be, Sir, your very humble and obedient,

JOHN LAWRENCE.

Somer's Town, Feb. 3.

A TRICK

A TRICK WITH CARDS.

FROM a visit to Chale-Bay, we returned to Godshill, a venerable church on a most delightful hill. Curiosity, which is ever awake with a traveller like myself, led me to the clerk of the parish, who, with the utmost civility, soon accompanied me to the sacred edifice before mentioned. I found in the church some sculptured marbles to the memory of the Worsley family, of superior taste; but, above all, I found my companion a man of information, who, perfectly understanding the end of my inquiries, did every thing in his power for my gratification, led me to the stone that covers the celebrated Dean Cole, of whom my guide related the following

ANECDOTE.

QUEEN MARY, it seems, was determined to act the same tragedy among her protestant subjects in Ireland she had done at home. To that end, her commission was made out and delivered to Dr. Cole, who undertook the charge with more than Christian zeal. In the progress of his journey, making some little stay at Chester, the Doctor was waited on by the Mayor of the city. In the course of conversation, Mr. Dean was so full of his new commission, that he could not forbear, as we say, of letting the cat out of the bag. "I have that with me," said he, producing a little box from his portmanteau, "which shall lash the heretics of Ireland." His hostess, a Mrs. Edmunds, had the good luck to over-hear this, and being more than half a heretic herself, and having a brother of the protestant profession in Dublin, she became much troubled; and, taking her opportunity while the Dean

was gone down to compliment his worship the Mayor to the door, stepped into the Dean's apartment, took out the commission, and left a pack of cards in its place. The Dean having completed his civilities, returned to his chamber, and put up his box without the least suspicion. On his arrival in Dublin, he was introduced to Lord Fitzwalter the Lord Lieutenant, and the Privy Council. The Doctor began his speech in form, and set forth the nature of his business, and then delivered his box with due ceremony. "What have we here?" said his Lordship at the opening; "this is nothing but a pack of cards." It was not easy to conceive the Doctor's feelings at the ridiculous figure he made. He could only say, that a commission he certainly had, but who had played him this trick with the cards, was beyond his comprehension. "Why, then, Mr. Dean," said his Lordship, "you have nothing to do but to return to London and get your commission renewed, and we in the mean time will merrily shuffle your cards." This sarcastic advice the Doctor was forced to take with infinite chagrin; but owing to the prevalency of contrary winds, and other vexatious delays, the Doctor could not go on ship-board till the news arrived of Queen Mary's death, and the business happily came to nothing.

Queen Elizabeth was so pleased with the bare recital of the story, that she sent for Mrs. Edmunds, and allowed her forty pounds a year for her life, for this seasonable and important piece of dexterity.

What can brighten superstition's eye?
What tortures furnish, or what flames supply.

I thank'd my kind guide for his pleasant information, returned with my

my friend to my quarters, and spent the evening with a conviviality that makes the cup of life more pleasant to go down than all the sophistry of the casuist, or the dull jaws of fanaticism.

lightful supremacy, what sums have been spent—what schemes have been practised—what dangers have been run—provincial records can only testify, or the fair dames of Cornwall proclaim: but the most singular event is one of recent celebrity.

A RACE

TO THE

WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

TO strive for the mastery has in all ages been a predominating passion with our new-married countrywomen. Some have obtained this desirable gratification to female vanity, by a right down masculine modification of their domestic conduct: others, more wise, by an irreproachable attachment to the humours of their yokemate, till even the avaricious have resigned the key to female smiles, and their golden gods to that irresistible influence none but the succumbing husband can delineate. To obtain this mastery, many other stratagems have been ventured on; but the most laughable and singular, is that sanctioned by the legends of the church, the faith of superstition, and the imperative dictates of tradition.

In the parish of St. Neots, in the most western county of England, is a well of pure water, overshadowed by a grove of trees; and these waters are consecrated to St. Keyne. In such veneration are they held, that whoever presumes to pollute them is held in detestation, till the offence be done away by offerings or public repentance; but, above all, the villagers believe, and the priest sanctions the belief, that whosoever drinks first of this well, after completion of the marriage ceremony, shall hold the mastery for life. To obtain this de-

A youthful couple, of the greatest respectability, were lately married at St. Neots, and the bride having been previously tutored by her sisters, feigned, upon returning from church, sudden indisposition; and, quitting the house of her husband privately, fled to the well of St. Keyne, where she, in presence of several witnesses, drank plentifully of the all-powerful waters, and then in good humour returned, perfectly satisfied with her success, to her unsuspecting bridegroom. The day was passed in all the pleasantries that could be expected, and the night with all the comforts attached to the divine junction. The morning came, and, having quitted his bridal bed with the sun, the husband took his way to the holy well, where, in presence of the hermit who makes the register, he drank of the fountain of supremacy; and then returned to his beloved partner. Time flew in his usual way, and happiness danced before them, till one day the goddess fled their mansion. Domestic quarrels are sometimes about a shadow, and the sweetest instruments will be discordant. To be brief, a dispute arose, and the parties engaged in a wordy war. The lady boasted her right to decide, for she had first drank of the well of St. Keyne. The husband contended for his prior right to supremacy; when, fortunately for both, the parson of the parish entered, to whom was left the power of decision. The priest having fairly heard their respective pretensions, to the great chagrin

chagrin of the lady and her sisters, gave a verdict in favour of the husband; declaring the bride had been too premature, for the matrimonial ceremony could not be said to be completed till after the *bedding*; and, of course, unless the lady could produce a just cause of impediment, the power contended for fell by right to the husband for life. No cause being pleaded, all matters were adjusted, and happiness again resumed her former station.

May ev'ry husband first obtain the spring,

And drink the waters of the holy place:

For female government's a scandalous thing,

Pregnant with cuckoldom and sad disgrace.

A FASHIONABLE DIALOGUE.

IN the midst of the constantly increasing improvements in almost every art and science, as well as every branch of mechanics, permit me to congratulate the numerous readers of the *Sporting Magazine* upon the refinement of taste, and the refinement of manners, so eminently conspicuous in every part of the metropolis; but more particularly at the western extremity, where the passion for puppyism is so superlatively predominant, that from thence, I beg permission to transmit a few anecdotes, which for wit, point, and brilliancy, I doubt not you will consider equal to any thing handed down to us, from the attic salt box of the ancients.

A few days since, two juvenile sprigs of the ton, lounging arm in arm down Bond Street, swinging their knotted shelalies between the legs of every female they encountered, and nodding at every car-

riage they met, happened at length to be honoured with the attention of a mother and daughter, to whom they were known, and who instantly touched the check-string for the coachman to stop. A profusion of the most paltry *Pic Nic* conversation ensued, interlarded with all those shallow and superficial compliments and frivolities which none understand but those who use them; when, after the usual awkwardness of grinning and taking leave, the following laconic conversation actually took place between the two.

Damme, is not that a most delicious girl, Jack?

Tolerable!—Well enough!

"Well enough!" By G—d she's an angel!

You may be of that opinion. I see no such points of attraction about her.

No! Why not?

"Why not?"—Why I had an opportunity of dining with her the other day, at the house of a friend; and, damme, the bitch eats cheese.

A few days after which, as two pigs of the same sty were taking their jellies and imperial, at the fashionable shop of the celebrated *bon vivant* in the same street, the following secret transpired, and there can be no doubt but the old fashioned healthy exercise of riding on horseback, will, except with citizens and the vulgar, soon fall into disrepute.

DIALOGUE.

How long have you been in town, Ned?

Oh! about ten days.

Well, how do you get rid of your time? What do you do?

I don't know!—I lounge about—here, and in the street.

You

You go to the opera and the play-houses, I suppose?

Sometimes—look in—stay an hour—but never sit it out.

Do you keep horses in town?

Yes, I have three; a devilish good groom and a helper.

Oh! then, you do ride.

"Ride!" No, damme, I never ride; that's too robust.

These specimens I trouble you with, as the very essence of scholastic knowledge, and the quintessence of mental sublimity: Are they the effervescence of wit, or the effusions of insanity? I put the question to you, upon a presumption you are better enabled to decide, than my inexperience can be to determine. Whichever it may be, there are a very great number of well-dressed characters who all talk in this way, and many of them I know have been at the universities, to insure the credit of an education. Some too, I am told, possess the degree of Masters of Arts, certified by the greater part of the taylor, boot-makers, and tavern-keepers, in this and the surrounding neighbourhood.

TWIG 'EM.

*The Blenheim, Bond Street,
Valentine's Day, 1803.*

HUNTING GLOVES:

OR,

TWO EYES SEE MORE THAN
THREE.

A VERY honest fellow, named John Bland, by trade a leather glove maker, preferring ship-board to the shop-board, took a voyage to China; and, being what is called a very useful man, was

frequently excused the ordinary duties of the ship, permitted to work for himself, and have a little trade for barter. When the vessel arrived at Canton, a merchant came on board, as is the custom, to traffic with the men for their private ventures. With this man John exchanged his concern for commodities of the country, and found himself in the end egregiously cheated. Our knight of the needle one day meeting the merchant on shore, upbraided him severely with the deception. *Fou-ki*, (friend) replied the cunning varlet, English Man has but two eyes, China Man has three, one for his friend and two for himself. O! very well, returned John; then, if ever I live to come to this place again, I'll try, for the honour of Old England, to make *two eyes see more than three*. Time, who never falters in his progress, soon brought the ship again to moorings in the same place, and on board came the merchant. Well, *Fou-ki*, said he to Bland, what have you got? Only a bale of doe-skin hunting-gloves, for which I expect two dollars a pair. The Asiatic infidel much approved the commodity, but would only consent to give half the price. Well, quoth Bland, give me the cash, and take the bale, since you will pay no more. The merchant laid down the dollars, took the goods, and exulting went on shore. In a few hours, *Bou-sikan*, for that was his name, entered Bland's birth, with fire in his three eyes, and seemed ripe for mischief. *Fou-ki*, exclaimed the cunning man, you have deceived me; the gloves are all for one hand. I know it, replied Bland, and there is a second bale with all the gloves for the other hand; give me the other dollar, my first price, and they are yours. The Chinaman found no alternative,

alternative, paid the remaining dollars, and, at parting, acknowledged his mistaken opinion of our countrymen, declaring that English Man had seen more with two eyes than China Man with three.

Who bites the biter, the right mark shall hit,

And he who's bit content, is rightly bit.

LUDICROUS INSTANCE

OF THE

VERSATILITY OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

THAT levity and volatile character, with which the French nation has been so often reproached, has tended, in the present day, to render life supportable to the thousands of that nation who have been scattered over the kingdoms of Europe. Stripped of their paternal estates, driven for refuge to a foreign land, and often reduced to the last stage of poverty, many of the French nobility have applied themselves to earn a livelihood by means honest and commendable, but which would have appeared more terrible than the loss of existence to the haughty spirit of an English peer. To be able to conform the mind to the vicissitudes of fortune, and yet still retain cheerfulness of temper, is surely the greatest happiness of man, whether derived from constitution or philosophy.

But the cheerfulness of a Frenchman is by no means of that serene and philosophic kind, which receives the good and bad things of fortune with an uninterrupted smile. Trifles reduce him to despondency; but this gloomy moment is short, for trifles have an equal power of again elevating him to transport. He is almost always cheerful, because the gay nothings that continually dance around him

can raise his spirits, as well as the solid materials of happiness.

An anecdote, very characteristic of this disposition, occurred a few years ago at the house of a gentleman in the northern part of this kingdom. Monsieur de la T. the representative of an ancient family in Brittany, had attended the Princes on their emigration from France, at the commencement of the Revolution. His estates were in consequence early confiscated; and his exile was embittered by hearing of the calamities of his family, several of whom fell victims to the guillotine. Monsieur de la T. attached himself to the Prince of Conde's army, and was engaged in several warm but undecisive actions on the French frontier. Chagrined at last with the hardships and fatigues of a fruitless contest, where valour had no prospect of seeing its efforts crowned with success, and where a precarious pay scarcely afforded him the means of subsistence, the Comte de la T. at length left the army, and sought an asylum in England, which had already afforded liberal protection to so many of his countrymen.

Finding London already overstocked with his destitute countrymen, he resolved to make a tour of the island: and, for that purpose, procured letters of introduction to several gentlemen in various parts of the country. After having made a long journey one day on foot, in very deep roads, and during an inclement season, he arrived in the evening at the house of a gentleman, to whom he carried a letter of introduction. The gentleman received him with that cordial hospitality, which is the distinguishing characteristic of a British country gentleman. M. de la T.'s host happened that evening to have a party at his house; and, finding his

new guest in dishabille, he carried him to his wardrobe, and provided him with dry clothes and shoes. The kind reception he met with from the gentleman and his friends soon made the Frenchman forget the fatigues and hardships of the day, and break forth into his natural vivacity and good humour. After dinner, when the company were all collected in the drawing-room, the Comte began to gratify their curiosity by a recital of his adventures. He dwelt on his former affluence, his loyalty to his king, the miseries he had undergone during exile, and the many dangers he had escaped.

His narration was interspersed with several interesting anecdotes of the unfortunate Louis during his confinement, and concluded with a pathetic description of the ruin of his own family. Tears prevented him from proceeding: the whole company sympathised with him. There was not a dry eye among his audience. One young lady, quite overpowered by her emotions, retired to the farther end of the room, and threw herself down on a chair by a harpsichord. Her fingers instinctively slid to the keys, and she touched one of them slightly, as if to divert her agitation. It was the mere undesigned impulse of feeling. But no sooner did the vibration reach the Frenchman's ears, than he started up, exclaiming—"Ah, Madame! *me entreat you favour me wid de Scotch reel—me love de Scotch reel above all tings.*" The astonished company were at a loss whether to cry or laugh, when they saw their traveller, whose misfortunes still wet their eyes, preparing in earnest for the dance, by throwing off the shoes which his host had given him, and which were too large to admit of proper agility in a caper!

M.

A CURIOUS

DUTCH ADVERTISEMENT.

From the New York Gazette.

R UN'D away, or stolen, or rasedrayed, mine large plack horse, about fourteen oder fifteen hands six hinchies hie. He has been got four plack legs, two pehind and two pefore. He is plack all over his poddy, but he has got some vite spots pon his pack, where de skin vas rub off; but I greesed em, and de vite spots is all plack agen. He trods and kanTERS, and sometimes he valks, and ven he valks, all his legs and feet goes on von after a noder. He has two ears pon his head, poth alike, but one is placker dan toder: he has two eyes, von is put out, and toder is pon de side of his head, and when you go toder side he vont see you. Ven he eats good deal he has a pig pelly. He has a long dail dat hangs down pehind; but I cut it short toder day, and now tis not so long as vat it vas. He is shoed all round; but his pehind shoes comed ofe, and now he has got on shoes only pefore. He holts up his head and looks gaily; and when he has been frighten, he joomps about like every thing in de world. He will ride mit a saddle or a chare, or a kart, or he will go by him self, without noboddy but a pag on his pack, and anoder pag on it. He is not very old, and his hed ven he valk or runs goes first, and his dail stays pehind, only when he gets mad, and turns round, and den sometimes his dail comes first. Vooveer will pring him pack, shall pay fife tollars rieward; and ife he pring pack de tief dat sdole him, he shall pay pesides twenty tollars, and no questions axed.

STAKEEN PONDREILDREN.

A DANCE

A DANCE
FOR THE
WATERS OF MOTTCOMB:

OR,
MAY-DAY AT SHAFTESBURY.

In Remarks during a Tour to the West.

AFTER surveying the high-grounds at Stourhead, the divine abode of Mr. Hoare, I turned off near the magnificent temple erected by that gentleman, on the spot where fell the immortal Alfred; and, delighted with the scenery that surrounded me, walked towards the town of Shaftesbury. It was May-morning when I arrived, and the inhabitants were cheerfully busy, as bees about the door of the hive, on a vernal sunny day. But before I describe the cause of their alacrity, it may be necessary to say something of this ancient borough.

Shaftesbury is a large market-town, on the north side of Dorsetshire, healthfully situated on a fine eminence, encircled with delightful landscapes, but particularly defective in water; for it is only supplied from a well at the bottom of the hill on which the town stands. The founder of Shaftesbury was King Alfred,

Whose deeds are struck in everlasting brass,

For future kings to emulate, and live
The people's love, their glory, and their boast.

It was here stood the palace of that monarch, which afterwards became a monastery, endowed with great privileges and ample revenues. It was here King Canutus the Dane ended his life; and the murdered body of Edward, in those days esteemed a martyr, was interred and canonized, to whose brilliant shrine came devotees from all

Christian nations, in great numbers, which occasioned an uncommon overflow of riches and popularity. Camden asserts, in former times there were ten parish churches, now reduced to three. The houses are mostly of free-stone, though not remarkable for their regularity and beauty. The town is governed by a mayor and corporation, and of late years has made itself conspicuously ridiculous for its electioneering jugglery, which must appear a prominent feature on the canvas of parliamentary traffic, so long as bribery and corruption stain the pages of English history.

The inhabitants of Shaftesbury, have an annual custom of great singularity, called the *Bezant*, or a May-day Dance for the Waters of Mottcumb. The last new married couple of the town come in the morning to the mayor's house, and are presented, the one with a fine Holland shirt, the other with a shift of the same materials, elegantly adorned with ribbands of all the colours of the rainbow. With these begin the procession; and immediately after them a party bearing a large dish, in which is placed a calf's head, with a purse of money in the mouth: round the buds, or young horns, is wreathed a chaplet, composed of all the flowers of the season. Over this the Bezant is held, at the end of a pole, by a man dressed in singular uniform. The Bezant is a valuable toy of some magnitude, in shape not unlike the roof or covering of an ordinary house. Every part of the Bezant is covered with pieces of gold and silver coin, the productions of distant ages, and these are arranged to represent a kind of circular tiling. And now comes the mayor and his aldermanic body, at the sound of music, of which there is great plenty. The whole are put in motion: youth, age, and

R r 2 even

even decrepitude, begin to dance, and in this way quit the town, descend the hill, and never cease leaping and prancing, till they arrive at the well of Mottcomb, where the owners of the water wait to receive their merry customers. After a short speech of ceremony, the mayor presents the Bezan to buy the waters for another year: and now Mr. Mayor, unwilling to leave so valuable a pledge behind, begins to treat for a redemption, when the foreman of the Mottcomb people consents for the whole. Having received the dish with the calf's head, the purse of money, and a new pair of laced gloves, he returns the Bezan to the magistrate, who, having refreshed himself and company on Mottcomb-green, return, dancing in the most ridiculous way, to the place from whence they came, finishing the day with May-games, and the greatest festivity: and thus the waters of the valley are enjoyed by the corporation on the hill for another year.

The propriety of this very singular custom, with all its seeming absurdities, is to be defended. Water, one of the greatest blessings of life, producing, as well as food, health and cleanliness, being in this town a scarce article, and obtained at a remote distance, the sagacious of former ages, to keep the people in remembrance of its supreme value, instituted this annual and whimsical ceremony; or, in other words, here Nature kindly presents a fountain for general use; and, to make the people ever mindful of the gift, their wise forefathers instituted for ever an yearly sacrifice of the golden Bezan, and its whimsical redemption by the calf's head, the purse, laced gloves, and grotesque dancing.

"Thrice hail the custom, year by year,
Where more is meant than meets the ear."

THE
AFFECTED WISE MAN;

OR,

THE DUPE OF WOMEN, WINE, AND THE
GAMING TABLE.

From the French.

MEMNON one day took it into his head, that it was possible to be perfectly wise; and, big with this great project, he said to himself—To accomplish my purpose, it is only necessary to be without passions; or, what amounts to the same thing, completely to subdue them. First of all, then, I am resolved never to be in love with any woman whatever, and, in contemplating the most perfect beauty, those cheeks will one day become wrinkled and fallow; those eyes, now so bright, will be bordered with an ugly red distilling rheum; in a word, all those charms, now so fair, will be succeeded by disgusting ugliness and deformity. In the next place, I will be always sober; in vain may my companions try to tempt me with good cheer, delicious wines, or the seductions of society. I will eat no more than nature requires for its support; I will drink only what may comfort without injuring me; thus my health will be always equal, and my ideas clear and harmonious. All this is so easy that there will be little merit in succeeding in my plan. Afterwards I shall think a little of my fortune; my desires are moderate, and my income is safely placed in the hands of the receiver-general of Nineveh. Thus, independent, I shall never be under the necessity of making my court to the great. I envy no one, and no one will envy me; I have friends, con-

tinued

tinued he, and I shall preserve them, for they will have nothing to dispute with me, so that our connection will be constant and unruffled.

Having thus arranged his little plan of wisdom, in his chamber, Memnon thrust his head out of his window to enjoy the coolness of the morning. He perceived two women walking under the plantains, near his house. The one was old, and seemed not to think of any one thing; the other was young, beautiful, and seemed much oppressed with some secret affliction. She sighed, wept, wrung her hands in such a manner as to touch the heart of our sage. It was not with the beauty of the lady that he was affected—he was sure that he could feel no such weakness—no! but, moved solely by her affliction, he descended: he accosted the beautiful Ninevite, with intent to console her by his wisdom. In the most simple and affecting manner, she related the sufferings she had endured from the barbarity of a cruel uncle—by the way this uncle was altogether an ideal personage—and implored the advice of Memnon to give her counsel how to escape the future consequences of his vengeance. “You appear,” said she, “a man of wisdom, and if you will have the condescension to go home with me, and examine my affairs, I am confident you will be able to extricate me from the perplexities in which I am involved.” Memnon immediately agreed to the proposal of the afflicted beauty, who introduced him into a superb and richly ornamented chamber, where she politely made him sit down with her on a sofa, with their legs crossed, according to the custom of Eastern nations. In a short time, the philosopher was so touched with the pathetic detail of the afflicted fair one, that he

forgot his wisdom, and listened only to the call of passion. At this critical moment, the lady’s uncle stalked into the room, according to previous agreement, and, in an awful and threatening tone, he menaced the wise Memnon and his fair niece with immediate death. He, nevertheless, hinted, that for a sum of money he might be prevailed upon to pardon their crime. Memnon was under the necessity of giving all he had to the furious uncle, happy to be let off at so cheap a rate.

Ashamed, and almost in despair, Memnon returned home, where he found an invitation to dine with a party of friends. Thinking it the best way to banish the thought of this unfortunate adventure, he determined to accept the invitation, and flattered himself that in the charms of the society of his friends he should forget the folly of which he had been guilty in the morning. On Memnon’s appearance, his friends observing that he was a little chagrined, pressed him to drink to dissipate his melancholy. A little wine taken in moderation, is beneficial both to the mind and the body. Thus reasoned the sage Memnon; and, so reasoning, he speedily got drunk. It was proposed to play: a game regulated by one’s friends, thought he, is pleasant pastime. He played, grew warm, lost all the money in his purse, and four times as much on his word of honour. A dispute arose, high words took place, and one of his most intimate friends threw a dice-box at his head, and knocked out one of his eyes. The sage Memnon was conveyed home drunk, without money, in debt, and with an eye less than he took out with him.

After the wine had a little evaporated, he dispatched his valet de chambre for some money to the receiver-general of the taxes of Nineveh.

Nineveh, to pay the debts he had contracted to his friends. He was informed that his debtor had, that very morning, made a fraudulent bankruptcy, and had spread alarm and despondency over a hundred families. Memnon flew to court, with a patch on his eye and a petition in his hand, to demand justice of the king against the bankrupt. After meeting with some ladies, who sported with his misfortune, Memnon hid himself in a corner, expecting the moment when he might throw himself at the feet of the monarch. The moment at length arrived, and thrice Memnon kissed the ground while he presented his petition. His gracious Majesty received it favourably, and gave it to one of his satraps to render him an account of its contents. The satrap drew Memnon aside, and, with a haughty air and a bitter sarcastic grin, said to him, you must be a mighty pleasant kind of one-eyed fellow, to have the assurance to demand justice against an honest bankrupt, whom I honour with my protection, and who is besides nephew to my mistress's chambermaid. I advise you to give up this pursuit, if you expect to preserve your remaining eye.

Memnon having in the morning wisely renounced women, all excess at table, gaming, quarrelling, and, above all, the court, was thus, before night, deceived and robbed by a beautiful lady, got drunk, gamed, engaged in a quarrel, lost an eye, and went to court, where he was exposed to mockery and laughter.

From the fate of Memnon, it is not difficult to collect one inference—that he who aims at perfect wisdom will certainly be disappointed in the pursuit; and that a complete victory over the passions is not consistent with the present condition of human nature.

A VICTIM

AT THE

SHRINE OF FASHION.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING addressed you before, I may, I hope, without the accusation of presumption, or further ceremony, take the liberty to introduce you to a more familiar acquaintance with the present state of my family concerns, and those grievous fashions that imbitter my days, and render my life little better than a burden to me. I possess by inheritance twelve thousand pounds *per annum*, clear and unincumbered, and the moiety of a borough by burgage tenure in my neighbourhood. I have an only son, of two-and-twenty years of age,

Of manners gentle, and of mind sincere.

who has passed through the scholastic and academic parts of his education, with satisfaction to his tutors, happiness to his fond father, and credit to himself. On his bidding adieu to the university last year, I relinquished to him my seat in parliament; and, having no enjoyment but his pleasure, well-doing, and promotion in this life, I was willing to let this child of promise have the whole benefit of his expectancy while I yet lived, and wished him to indulge in every gratification his well-informed mind and superior abilities seemed to demand.

No sooner in possession of power, than he displayed it. He hired his hunting box in Leicestershire; his racing box at Newmarket; his shooting box in Norfolk; his boiling box at Bath; and bathing box at Brighton. He has converted

my

my best pastures into paddocks, and the finest meadows into grazing ground for newly purchased mares and foals. Nor have I seen him but once since his election, which was on his return from killing grouse in the Highlands of Scotland, and his *time*, upon the Lakes of Westmoreland. I followed him, however, to town, on the meeting of parliament, and found he had been balloted for and elected a member of every club, from the top of Bond Street to the bottom of Pall Mall; that he never retires to rest till five in the morning, or is ever to be seen till two in the afternoon; that he is engaged at seven periodical weekly meetings at Newmarket in the course of the season, exclusive of York and Doncaster, Brighton and Bury; and, although muscular, athletic, and substantial, must be, by the middle of June, melted down to eight stone and a half, as they term it, to weigh for the Welter. As carriages have destroyed so many of their owners, my son drives himself in what they call a unicorn, because nobody, as the first whips acknowledge, can controul or govern the horses; while his puppy of a servant lolls behind in one chaise, and his pointers in another.

Comely, graceful, and active, his person was attractive, and his mind was social; health bloomed in his face, and sensibility in his eye; but, alas! in four short months, a dismal insipidity overclouds his countenance—ennui and lassitude his frame. His vivacity and entertaining conversation, formerly listened to with pleasure, are changed to an abstruse jargon I do not profess to understand, and speculative calculations that no one else can comprehend. As his attention to the state of national affairs, as well as his duty to his constituents, seem totally relinquished, I confess myself not only mentally chagrined, but

cut to the very soul; confident his ability was great, and his knowledge, for his years, extensive.

I had flattered myself his speeches in the senate of his country would have been applauded, the fostering fondness of a father required, and the state assisted; but, alas! the fashion and folly of numbers, whose exercises and ignorance at school and college he despised, have now prevailed, and rendered my darling boy depraved, dissipated, and, I am afraid, undone. His health is visibly declining, his powers impaired; the hopes and joys of a doting father blasted, and all his happiness destroyed. Now, Gentlemen, as he is a professed admirer of, and constant advocate for the increasing circulation of your entertaining Miscellany, you cannot do me a greater favour than to afford this an early insertion, that, coming through your hands, as a public reproach, it may produce a more impressive and permanent effect, than from the lips of, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant, **BENEVOLUS.**

Portman Square, Macræ 7, 1803.

Extraordinary Voyage of a Horse.

A FEW years since, a horse, the property of Mr. Hammond of Brinklesham in Hampshire, and which he had but a short time purchased of a person at Poole in Dorsetshire, strayed from the close in which he was kept, to a river in the neighbourhood, where he took to the water, and swam out to sea; and, incredible as it may appear, continued his voyage home as far as Spithead, above four leagues, where he was discovered and taken up by the crew of a vessel, and landed safe at the Quay-gates at Portsmouth. The horse was afterwards advertised, by means whereof Mr. Hammond heard of him, and got him home.

THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

THE HERO OF THE NORTH.

*Brought forward at Drury-Lane, on
Saturday, February 19.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gustavus Vasa	Mr. Pope.
Casimir Rubenski . .	Mr. Wroughton.
Carlowitz	Mr. Raymond.
Uto	Mr. De Camp.
Brennomar	Mr. Caulfield.
Sigismund of Calmar	Mr. Kelly.
Gabriel	Mr. Downton.
Marcoff	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Iwan	Mr. Sedgwick.
Vilitaki	Mr. Fisher.
Nydorff	Mr. Grimaldi.
Basilstern	Mr. Gibbons.
Princess Gunilda . .	Mrs. Young.
Santa Michelwina . .	Mrs. Harlowe.
Frederica Rubenski .	Mrs. Mountain.
Paulina	Miss Menage.
Alexa	Mrs. Bland.
Ulrica	Miss Tyrer.

THE plot commences with that period of the Swedish History when the renowned Gustavus, overwhelmed by superior force, and despairing of an effectual resistance, retires to the mountains of Dalecarlia, and seeks, amidst the darkness of the mine, a shelter from the persecutions of his foes. During the period of his concealment, his faithful subjects, unable to endure the oppression of their Danish Conquerors, a second time throw off the yoke, and contend for their liberties with the sword—success crowns their first efforts; and only the presence of their hero becomes wanting to perfect their emancipation. Frederica, beloved by Gustavus, and her father Rubenski, set forth in search of his retreat. Their steps are closely pursued by Carlowitz, a chief of the opposite faction; and it is not without many perils and narrow escapes, that they reach the mine. Here, at length, they obtain the reward of their adventures, and persuade Gustavus again to command the patriot army:

His people in multitudes flock round the royal banner; and the power of the Danes is soon confined within a single fortress, which Carlowitz is appointed to defend, and where Gunilda, the sister of Gustavus, is imprisoned. The great strength of the castle for a while baffles every attack; but stratagem effects what force cannot. Alexa, a lovely peasant girl, of whom Carlowitz is enamoured, forms an assignation with him at a postern gate, and while the governor is lost in the delirium of passion, contrives to admit her countrymen within the ramparts, the signal being the sixth hour struck by the castle clock, and her singing an air, when the Governor, in keeping the assignation with her, would naturally leave the castle gate open. Confusion deprives the garrison of the power of defence; and every where the patriots are triumphant. The Danes, then driven to desperation, drag forth Gunilda from her prison, and threaten to sacrifice her on the spot, unless their assailants retire. Fraternal affection prevails upon Gustavus, and he instantly offers to withdraw his troops, as the price of her safety and release; but the Princess herself, with patriotic heroism, refuses life upon such degrading terms, and exhorts her brother to charge the remains of the garrison, and disregard her life, when compared with the public good, and the freedom of Sweden. Enraged at her fortitude, the Danes offer to plunge their daggers in her bosom, when Carlowitz—who, though seduced from his allegiance by the tyrant, retains the sentiments of an honourable heart—interferes, and bids his vassals release the Princess, and trust to their own courage only for defence. The cause of the Danes is become hopeless; but Gustavus, unwilling to be surpassed in generosity by a foe, voluntarily waves the advantages of

of fortune, and offers to decide the battle by single combat. The extraordinary magnanimity displayed in this proposal, at once subdues the pride and inflexibility of Carlowitz; the virtues of his lawful prince strike fully upon his mind; and, unable to persevere in a conduct which his own feelings now condemn as atrocious, he recants the errors of rebellion, and supplicates the royal pardon. Gustavus bestows it frankly; and assures his misguided opponents, that the memory of their past offences is obliterated in the sincerity of their present repentance. Rewards are liberally dispensed to those characters whose virtues have deserved a recompence; and the play concludes with the rejoicings of a gallant and loyal people, upon the recovery of their liberties, and the overthrow of foreign tyranny.

The first scene of the piece represents the cottage of Marcoff, extremely appropriate in its furniture; and one of the windows being open, discovers a distant view of the surrounding country, covered with snow, and glittering with the silvery effulgence of the moon beam.

A noise being heard without, Alexa goes to the door, and introduces Casimir Rubenski, and his daughter Frederica, pursued by the tyrant Carlowitz. Marcoff has just time to hide them, when Carlowitz enters with his guards; but not being able to find the fugitives, they retire to the sound of martial music. A quartetto, a duetto, and a finale, all composed by Kelly, conclude the first act.

The second act opens with a view of an abbey, a beautiful scene, wherein Gunilda, the sister of Gustavus, is confined, for the purpose of compelling her to take the veil. Sigismund, her lover, disguised as a pilgrim, prevails upon

Gabriel, the gardener of the convent, to allow him an interview, and the scene ends with a song by Gabriel, in which he appropriately compares himself to an evergreen.

The next scene represents the interior of the convent, with the accustomed ceremonies of a novice taking the veil; but upon Gunilda refusing to comply, she is remanded to her cell, and the scene drawing discovers an awful view of a copper-mine, the gloom of which is merely enlivened by the light of a solitary lamp, whose rays are dimly reflected by the surrounding masses of metal. Here Gustavus is seen with Frederica and her father, and, being supported by the miners, they sally forth, surprise the castle, seize Carlowitz; and, as before stated, Gustavus and his fair consort are unanimously placed upon the throne of Sweden.

The scenes are costly to profusion, the dresses and decorations splendid in the extreme, and the music highly creditable to the taste and judgment of Kelly, who, disdaining the frittering frivolities of the Italian school, has given a pleasing model of simplicity.

The performers exerted themselves to please, and their efforts, considering the poverty of the dialogue, were wonderfully successful. Bannister acquitted himself as commendably as the author would allow him; Pope bawled rather too loudly; Raymond had a very powerful effect; Kelly sung in his best style; and Dowton's Gabriel was a very excellent piece of acting. As for the ladies, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Mountain, who looked charmingly in their grand attire, gave every proof of their zeal to serve the author, who appears to possess a poetical diction without the invention of the muse.

For specimens of the Songs, &c. see our poetical department.

S s JOHN

JOHN BULL:

OR,

AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE.

A NEW COMEDY,

BY MR. COLMAN.

*Brought forward at Covent-Garden, on
Saturday, March 5.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Peregrine..... Mr. Cooke.
Sir Simon Rochdale.. Mr. Blanchard.
Frank Rochdale Mr. H. Johnston.
Lord Fitz Balaam ... Mr. Waddy.
Hon. Tom. Shuffleton Mr. Lewis.
Job Thornberry..... Mr. Fawcett.
Dennis Brulgruddery Mr. Johnstone,
Dan Mr. Emery.
Lady Car. Braymore. Mrs. H. Johnston.
Mrs. Brulgruddery.. Mrs. Davenport.
Mary Thornberry ... Mrs. Gibbs.

THIS new Comedy is the acknowledged production of Mr. Colman, and surpasses his most popular pieces in wit, humour, repartee, *équivoque*, and temporary allusion; while in genuine pathos and excellent writing, it has many scenes and passages which are not inferior to the best compositions of the age.

It will be seen from the following sketch, that if the fable approximates in its ground work to the romantic, it is not, however, altogether extended beyond the limits of probability. The scene is laid near Penzance, in Cornwall, on the coast of which Peregrine is wrecked after an absence of thirty years in India. He reaches a miserable public house on the heath, in the neighbourhood of Penzance, and is on the point of entering it, when he hears the shrieks of a female in distress, and flies to her assistance. She proves to be Mary Thornberry, the daughter of Thornberry, an honest brazier of the town, who had relieved Peregrine as a distressed orphan, and obtained, by his

interest, a passage for him to India. Mary, rescued from robbers, informs him that she had that morning abandoned her father's house, being seduced and forsaken by her lover Francis Rochdale, he being compelled by his father, Sir Simon, to marry Lady Caroline Braymore, who, with her father, Lord Fitz Balaam, are at the mansion-house to adjust matters for that purpose, and that she is going to London to seek an asylum. He prevails on her to wait his return from a short excursion; sets out for Penzance; arrives at the house of Job Thornberry, at a time when the bailiffs, under a commission of bankruptcy, are in possession of his effects. He soon makes himself known to the brazier, and relates, that fortune having favoured him, he had returned home to reward his benefactor, to which intent he produces a small box he had swam on shore with, which had the name of "Job Thornberry" written upon it, asserting that the contents of it belonged to him, as being the profits gained upon L.10 which he had received from Job in distress. The brazier declines his offers of assistance, observing, that his daughter Mary having deserted him, he has no one left to care for. It immediately occurs to Peregrine, that she must be the girl he has just rescued, and promises Job, if he will accept his offer, and consider it as a debt, he will bring him to his daughter. This is consented to, and the brazier's debts, amounting to L.6000 are paid. Peregrine then conducts Job to his daughter, who is forgiven by her father, and by him accompanied to the house of Sir Simon Rochdale.

Reparation by marriage is in vain demanded by Thornberry, in an interview which he procures with difficulty with Sir Simon, the father of young Rochdale, though,
till

till he knew that his own son was the aggressor, he had promised Thornberry the most ample satisfaction, and assured him that the offender he had described should not be suffered to remain any longer upon the estate. In vain, when Sir Simon knows all, does he attempt to compound with, to rally or banter old Thornberry. Despising both his threats and his favours, refuting all Sir Simon's arguments, or turning them against him, he insists upon strict and impartial justice, and also upon the equality of his own daughter with the son of the Baron, whose obstinacy is only removed by his knowledge of the power retained by Peregrine over his estate; and as it then appears that as the marriage of Lady Caroline Braymore, with Tom Shuffleton, has left him no alternative, young Rochdale is permitted to indulge his natural affection, and he is united to Mary Thornberry.

This Comedy, which is truly English in sentiment and character, possesses irresistible claims to public patronage. The audience are not tricked out of their judgment and common sense, either by those false appeals to humanity, and that mockery of woe, which characterize the German drama, or by the flimsy incidents and flippant jargon, which it has been the fashion to introduce from the French stage. The characters, dialogue, and manners, are those of the country only; and while merriment is produced by the most natural means, the purest lessons of morality are conveyed in the most appropriate diction. As a satirist, at once energetic in the thing, and delicate in the mode, Mr. Colman has had the happiest success. Female seduction is held up to detestation, with all the horrors and miseries to which it leads; the vices and follies of

fashion, under the name of the New School, are exposed to reprobation; the noble independence of mind, which so peculiarly characterizes the inhabitants of this country, is admirably portrayed; the ridiculous pride of rank, without merit, is turned into just ridicule; selfishness and avarice are represented in their true colours, and libertinism is abashed and confounded at its own deformity.

Having spoken thus generally in praise of the piece, it becomes our duty to notice, that Thornberry, the brazier, though in a very different situation of life, is taken almost literally, with respect to motive of action, but not to all the consequences, from the character of Russet, in the *Jealous Wife*, so admirably drawn by the elder Colman. The allusion to the L.6000, which absorbs the attention of Brulgruddery, is exactly similar to the incident in the *Prize*; and Peregrine's discovery of himself as the elder brother to Sir Simon, is too abrupt. We also think, that the avarice of Mrs. Brulgruddery is so very highly coloured as to excite disgust.

The performers contributed, by every possible exertion, to the success of the Comedy. Cooke's Peregrine is a masterly representation; and he marked the philanthropic sentiments with a feeling and energy that impressed them on every mind. Lewis gave to Shuffleton a rank and importance much beyond what could have been expected by the author. Fawcett evinced in Thornberry, the honest independent spirit of an English tradesman; and Emery, Blanchard, and H. Johnston, displayed, in their respective parts, talents which were rewarded with general plaudits.

Johnstone's humour in the part of Brulgruddery was irresistible;

and it is perhaps the most finished Irish character he has hitherto assumed.

Mrs. Gibbs, in Mary Thornberry, was chaste and affecting; and Mrs. H. Johnston, in the character of Lady Caroline, evinced, in her deportment, action, and expression, all the natural airs of a modern lady of fashion.

It is not sufficient to say that the Comedy was received by an audience overflowing in every part, with unqualified applause. It produced plaudits as general and enthusiastic as were ever witnessed in a theatre; and there cannot exist a doubt that it will attract, during the season, crowded and splendid audiences. The capability for exciting laughter belong more to it than to any modern production in our recollection; and, while its popularity must continue for a long time undiminished in the theatre, we run little risk in predicting that it will prove pleasing to the *primores populi* in the closet.

The prologue, written by Mr. T. Dibdin, and spoken by Mr. Brunton, is principally designed to shew that the author did not intend to bring forward a particular character of John Bull, but to depict the general character and manners of the country.

The Epilogue, for which see our Poetry, was *sung* by Johnstone, and was so happy a combination of epigrams and bulls, as to produce a general *encore*.

The applause was so reiterated at the conclusion of the play, that it was with difficulty Mr. Lewis gained attention to announce it for a second performance.

Very little alteration was found necessary in the subsequent representations of John Bull's Fire-side; and for the heart-felt propriety, the magnanimity of its moral precepts,

and the beauty of its comparisons, we trust it will long be regarded as a genuine picture of the original unvitiated character of the British nation.

THE

NEW HAMLET, MACBETH, &c.

MR. COOPER, from North America, who made his appearance, at Drury-Lane, on the 7th instant, in the character of Hamlet, has inspired the public with very favourable hopes. He had given considerable satisfaction to a London audience before he left this country, and the reputation he acquired in the western hemisphere had travelled before him to our side of the Atlantic. Mr. Cooper has a manly figure, and an expressive face. His voice is very powerful, his enunciation is uncommonly distinct, and he is not deficient in variety of tone. We should not imagine, however, that Hamlet was the character in which he gained his celebrity. He gives undoubted proofs of an excellent understanding; but he does not succeed well in expressing the sensibility and delicacy of feeling which are ascribed to this amiable Prince. Hamlet not only commands our respect by his virtues, but calls forth our tenderest sympathy by the generous openness of his heart and the winning softness of his manners. The black and gloomy passions are foreign to his nature, and even the supernatural warning he received was unable to make him pursue with steadiness his just plan of revenge. A dark cloud of anger and discontent continually lowered over the brow of his representative. Mr. Cooper's air was stern and haughty;

PORTRAIT

OF A

PEER OF PICCADILLY.

haughty ; and, even in the delivery of sentiments of friendship and pious regret, his features were not lighted up with the glow of benevolence, or overcast with the shade of melancholy. But though he seemed to us to fail in marking with sufficient precision the sudden transitions of thought and emotion, we have scarcely ever seen the part supported with greater energy. The character represented to us might not catch hold of our affections, but at no time offended, at no time disgusted us, at no time was in danger of exciting impatience, or of incurring contempt. In the first scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Mr. Cooper appeared to very great advantage. Hamlet here lays aside all the gentler part of his disposition, and gives full scope to his indignation at the treacherous attempt to overreach him. When he exclaims—"Do you think I am more easily to be played upon than a pipe?" he is almost lost in the whirlwind of passion. Our debutant shewed here the first-rate powers. Without overstepping the modesty of nature, he expressed with wonderful force the feelings of wounded pride, of thorough detestation, and of conscious superiority. His exertions were rewarded with a warm burst of applause. Indeed, throughout the whole evening, his reception was flattering. And considering the difficulties he had to struggle with in the arduousness of the character, and in the size of the house he spoke in for the first time, there is much more room for commendation than censure. He will be found a most useful acquisition to the theatre. He has good stamina, and will turn out a great actor. The audience, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, was extremely numerous.

TO what superior excellence will not genius soar, when properly directed! Lord Piccadilly stands confessed the most distinguished turf character that now adorns the British dominions. Having some years past nearly sacrificed his eye-sight in the intense study of the turf, the late Duke of Cumberland recommended him to his Majesty, as an object meriting the royal favour, and procured him a green ribbon as an honourable reward for his learned discoveries.

If you meet him at the opera, and ask him how he does, he will answer you immediately—"His dam, Sir, was got by Highflyer, his grand-dam by Eclipse, his great grand-dam by Driver, his great great grand-dam by Whitefoot, out of the old Moonah Barb-mare." His Lordship has seldom fewer racers in his stud than eighteen or twenty; most of them high-formed steeds, and all his intimate friends: in short, he is a jockey in an *exceeding high form*. If you meet him in his phaeton upon the road, it will be full gallop: his out riders, indeed, may be trotting behind, for they ride only hunters; but Lord Piccadilly drives nothing but the first bloods, in order to have a race before him wherever he goes. Oh! they have all four won many and many a king's plate!

Perhaps, unfortunately for our reader, he does not comprehend the pleasure resulting from these exquisite cattle. If he be so dull, it will be in vain to recommend to him the contemplation of his Lordship's beautiful string. He will never enjoy the grace of their jolting

ing walk, the grace of their topping gallop, the delightful whisk of a long ragged tail, much less the beauty of a horse's stopping short, bolting his tail right up, and — : but it would require the pen of a Swift to describe all the dear *délices* of those engaging Houynhums, which that great man had both the penetration to see, and taste to enjoy.

Lord Piccadilly enjoys them all; and, next to the horses themselves, he enjoys their feeders. Meet him and one of his grooms together, they would remind you of the *two kings of Brentford*. They always whisper—no matter whether any one is near or not, they are always cheek-by-jowl, and whispering; nay, if there was a secret, and you were near and to listen, you would get nothing by it; their language is that of a jockey, and you would find it much about as intelligible as that of a horse. In a word, Lord Piccadilly is deservedly esteemed the first turf character; and, being deep in the mystery, is the perfect jockey. He pretends, indeed, to have some *petite* gallantries upon his hands, merely because it is the barbarous custom: but he makes them at best but secondary objects, for every time he wakes from his sleep, he cries, with Shakespeare's Richard the Third—"Give me another horse."

A
VOCABULARY
FOR

THE CARD TABLE,

Describing the Fraudulent Practices by Professional Players; namely, Sharpers, Family Men, Black-Legs, Connoisseurs, &c.

PALMING, OR HANDING THE CARDS—So called from the cards being secured in the

palm of the hand. The person who practises this art, may be justly said to practice one of the most curious manœuvres the cards can admit of, being done by a most astonishing and imperceptible motion by which they can secret from the pack any number of cards they think proper, and hold them in the palm of their hand till they want to make use of them, or till the adversary cut, when they usually place them on the top in taking up the cards.

WEAVING—Is securing one or more cards upon the knee, under the table played at; and therefore any person who practises this art has always the choice of exchanging any of the cards he thinks proper for those he has secured.

GARRETING—Is so called from the practice of securing the good cards at any game behind the head, under the hat.

SLIPPING THE CARDS—Is performed in various ways, all which tend to put the same cards at the top again, which have been cut off, and ought to be put underneath. Whenever this is done, you may depend the cards are previously placed in such a manner as will answer the purpose of the person who performs the operation.

AMUSING—Is by engaging a dupe in conversation, offering a glass of wine, a pinch of snuff, &c.

WALKING THE PEGS—At cribbage, means either your adversary putting his own pegs forward, or those of your's back, as may best suit his purpose; and is generally executed while laying out the cards for the crib.

CUT CARDS—Are sometimes called Longs and Shorts. These are a pack of cards which are regularly prepared, having the good cards, according to the game played at, all cut something shorter, and the

the bad ones cut something narrower, than they were. By this means, if they want a particular card to start, they cut accordingly.

SKELETON PACK—Are made by taking three or four cards out of the pack, which, being known to the adept, makes his adversary play to a very great disadvantage. It is therefore the duty of the fair player to count the pack as frequently as he thinks proper.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN—Is sometimes called a Brief Card, and must have been procured from some person who has the making of cards, it being somewhat larger than any which are made up into packs; by which means, by fixing any card they think proper under it, they can always have the card so placed under it ready for a start.

THE BRIDGE, OR BRIDGING THE CARDS—Is done when any particular card is wanted to start, and they can by any means find such card, and place it on the top of the pack. This done, they bend the upper part of the cards upwards, and the lower parts of the cards downwards; then dividing the cards, and putting those which were under at the top, and the two cards which have been bent opposite ways will be found together, and will form a cavity, something like the arch of a bridge, by which means they can perceive where to cut for the card they want.

SADDLING THE CARDS—Is frequently practised at cribbage. This is bending the sixes, sevens, eights, and nines, in the middle, longways, with the sides downwards; by which means it is extremely easy for them to have one of those cards for a start, by cutting where they perceive a card bent in that manner, taking due care to leave the card so bended uppermost,

MARKING THE CARDS—Is performed in so many different ways, that there is no pointing them all out. All that can possibly be done is, to examine often and minutely, and when you perceive any marked, order them to be changed.

GIVING THE OFFICE—Is when you suffer any person, who may stand behind your chair, to look over your hand; and, by preconcerted signals, such person, by means of those signs, makes your adversary fully acquainted with every card you have, which enables him to manage his cards accordingly. In short, this is a method so often made use of with success, that it has been preferred before any other *pull*, especially when the connoisseur or sharper is not master of the legerdemain requisite for the foregoing operations. J. J. B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A DOMESTIC Treatise on the Diseases of Horses and Dogs; so conducted as to enable Persons to practise with ease and success on their own Animals, without the Assistance of a Farrier: including likewise the natural Management, as Stabling, Feeding, Exercise, &c. together with the Outlines of a Plan for the Establishment of genuine Medicines for these Animals, throughout the kingdom. By De-labere Blaine, Professor of Animal Medicine, Author of "the Anatomy of the Horse," "A System of Veterinary Medicine," "A Treatise on the Distemper in Dogs," &c. &c. The whole illustrated with Plates. In one Volume, 12mo, Price 3s. 6d. in extra Boards. Published by T. Boosey,

sey, Old Broad Street, London. 1803.

We have for some time promised ourselves to be able to offer something like an account of Mr Blaine's larger work on Veterinary Medicine, which appeared last year; but a pressure of circumstances has hitherto prevented us: for the present we must therefore content ourselves with presenting the above elegant little performance to our readers. When we first heard of this publication, we were disposed to think Mr. White's useful treatise had rendered any immediate attempt of this kind almost unnecessary; but, on a more attentive examination, we find that not only does this work contain information sufficiently extensive and novel to warrant its appearance, but that it is in fact wholly new in its object. Before we proceed to give any farther account, we must premise that its appearance and price have by no means the usual correspondent relation to each other. It presents a handsome small volume, with an engraved frontispiece exhibiting an internal view of the horse. The title-page is also elegantly engraved, and contains in its centre a beautiful view of the foot of the horse, as it appears when injected with wax. This plate is finely coloured. The whole is remarkably handsomely printed, on a fine paper, and hot pressed. But we presume the disproportion in price and appearance is to be accounted for on the principle that this work being the key to an extensive arrangement, emolument is but a secondary consideration.

Our author presents us with a considerable introduction, in which he describes farriery as being learned by a scientific research, and by an imitative or mechanical mode. The first is calculated for persons intending to practise on the

diseases of the animals of others; the latter for the common purpose of enabling the owners of animals readily to practise on their own, by the mechanical method of resorting to written instructions and receipts. But, as our author observes, though we have had some attempts at simplifying farriery by written instructions, so as to render its practice familiar to ordinary persons, yet but half has been done; for, when the remedies were pointed out, they were commonly not within the reach of the persons wanting them, or the frauds of druggists and farriers has made one article to be often substituted for another. Mr. Blaine labours, therefore, to shew, and we think with some effect, that unless the recipes a treatise of this kind recommends, can be always procured faithfully prepared, its benefits are lost to the public. To obviate this inconvenience in future, Mr. Blaine, in this introduction, announces a very extensive arrangement of ready prepared medicines for the prevalent diseases of the horse and dog. He here very properly remarks, that he shall probably subject himself to the tax of empiricism; and candidly we think that he will find it difficult to detach this stigma wholly from him; but we must at the same time allow that his former success, particularly in his admirable discovery for the cure of the Distemper in Dogs, and the wretched compositions at present sold under the name of Horse Medicines, in some measure warrant his attempt. The introduction concludes with an account of these ready prepared medicines, their form, price, and uses, of which we observe twenty-one designed for the horse, and six for the dog.

The work itself now proceeds by a very excellent account of the General Formation, Structure, and Economy,

Economy, of the Horse; the whole illustrated by, and referring to the frontispiece. Having concluded this subject, the diseases are next alphabetically arranged and treated of, interspersed in alphabetical order; with the general management, and other subjects necessary to the well ordering of the horse. Page 135 finishes what relates to the horse, and page 139 commences an elegant and well written introduction to the diseases of the dog, in which our author ably pleads the cause of this valuable animal, and apologizes for what has seemed to his friends as a dereliction of his respectability in paying a professional attention to this subject. The diseases of dogs are likewise alphabetically arranged; but, as being wholly a novel attempt, we could have wished to have seen them more in detail: nevertheless, even as they are managed, much valuable information may be derived from them; and of the whole we may safely assert, that even did not the excellence of the remarks on horses entitle this little work to an ample share of praise, the useful hints relative to dogs would alone render it a valuable performance.

The British Expedition to Egypt.
By Sir Robert Thomas Wilson.
Carefully abridged. In Two Parts.

This truly ingenious epitome is indeed a very happy illustration of a *varietas delectabilis*, the motto which the author of the Abridgment has chosen; because, to the military department, which contains nothing uncommon to such details, excepting Sir R. Wilson's refutation of many untruths advanced by the French writers, the author of this Abridgment has added a Second Part, which contains a retrospective view of the political importance, and the present state

of Egypt; and the proceedings of the French before the arrival of the British: including a general account of the antiquities, conquests, monuments, manners, productions, and peculiarities of that country.

It is in the second part of this work, in which, among other entertaining particulars of the customs and manners of the Egyptians, we are informed that the Arabs hunt the crocodiles merely for their skin, which they sell to the shield-makers, who cover the outsides of the shields with them. They are also very expert in diving; and, in hunting ducks, they will remain a long time under water. Their method of catching ducks is this—Taking a long running knotted string in their hands, they dive into the river, and, swimming under the ducks, pass a noose over their feet, and then, swimming back to the shore, catch them as easily as people in Europe catch fish by angling.

The following is given as a specimen of the style and manner of the work before us.

Description of a Turkish Tournament.

"IN the course of Sir R. Wilson's Memoirs, we find the following digression, with a view of describing the Turkish ceremony of throwing the Dgirredde. This, he observes, was a scene of much novelty to a European. The Grand Vizir giving a tournament, as this practice is called, attended by the Captain Pacha and all the Turkish and English officers of note, about three hundred cavalry were drawn out to form three sides of a square; the most expert horsemen then rode out of the rank, alternately throwing the dgirredde at each other, viz. a sharpened stick, pretty thick, and upwards of a yard long; while, from the mouths of their horses, and the brutish use of their

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shovel-stirrups, the blood streamed profusely from their mouths and sides. This exercise having lasted about two hours, the Grand Vizir and the Captain Pacha mounted their horses, and proceeded to review the army; all the while their attendants continued shouting, *Allu Achbar, Alla Achbar*, Praise be to God. However, before the cavalcade reached the camp, the Grand Vizir seized a *dgirredde*, and, dexterously manœuvring his horse, threw it at the Reis Effendi; soon after which, the contest became general among the great personages. Solyman Aga, the flower of the Mamelukes, was here most admired for his skill in all the martial exercises; but, being cautious of provoking the rivalry of the Vizir, like a cunning statesman, he took care to gratify his vanity in becoming apparently vanquished, when he might have been deemed the vanquisher.

"Here it is to be observed, that the combatants, frequently pretending to be hit and unhorsed, from repeated blows, would accordingly fall on the ground. Several Turks in this situation, Sir R. Wilson observes, could not help looking at the British officers, who were quizzing them, by lolling out their tongues, &c. But this ridicule of theirs, though at first noticed with some displeasure by the Captain Pacha, was afterwards excused, as he could only apologize for the appearance of a *fool*, an after-performer in this ceremony, from the custom of his country.

"The fool here alluded to, in the midst of this grotesque piece of mummery, is permitted to ride into the circle, mounted on a wretched horse, with a bell round its neck; he is himself quite naked; and, having a bunch of straws in his hand, in imitation of javelins, is allowed to throw them against the

Vizir, and him only, as if no other person were worthy of his attention; and, at the conclusion of this ceremony, the Vizir presented the fool with a handful of sequins. Here it should be observed, that Egyptian fools, especially at Cairo, have many privileges. And, as even their children are considered as peculiar favourites of Heaven, the most virtuous women have no scruple to indulge them in any liberties whatever; while passengers, instead of disturbing them, pray for a blessing on their junction.

"But, to return to the *dgirredde*: this stick, so called, is in the tournament held behind the thigh of the horse, till he is checked up suddenly from full speed, and at that moment the *dgirredde* is darted against the adversary; though, to make it strike with the point and give it force, it requires a very strong arm. Nor is the horse ever thrown suddenly on his haunches without his mouth being filled with blood; hence their mouths are so hardened, that, with a less severe bit, they hang dead upon the hand. The Turkish stirrups exactly resemble the pan of a shovel; and, in galloping, as they are constantly pressed against the horse's flanks, they are not pricked, but positively scored."

In page 132, where the author is speaking of the horses which the French took with them to France, he observes, "the Egyptian horse is of little value, and the breed of Arabia Felix very hard to procure; it being there necessary it should be certified by the sheriff of Mecca, as a real Yemen; the price of each is from five to eight hundred pounds. In fact, these genuine Arabians were so scarce, that not more than two or three were seen all the while the French were in Egypt."

HORSE

HORSE CAUSES.

ESSEX ASSIZES.

*Chelmsford, Friday, March 11.**Before Mr. Justice Heath.*

BROOKER v. CONSIDINE.

THIS was an action of trover for a horse.

Mr. Garrow stated, the singularity of this case would be, that the witnesses on both sides would swear to the identity of the same horse: but this was not the first time such a case had happened. Mr. Carnan the bookseller, long since deceased, who had once lost a horse, saw another like him, and was so fully persuaded it was his own, that he not only brought an action to recover it, but when defeated in his first action, run through every stage of appeal, until the cause was ultimately decided against him in the House of Lords; yet so fully persuaded was he to his dying day, the horse he claimed was his own, that he published a history of his Horse Law Suit annually at the bottom of his Almanack. Mr. Brooker, the plaintiff in the present cause, had purchased a horse of Messrs. Green and Young, sometime in May last, which his servant was one day riding, when the defendant, who was a quarter-master of dragoons, claimed the horse, as having been stolen from Norwich some time before. He accordingly had possession of the horse, and had since sold him. He did not mean to impute perjury to the witnesses who would be called to support the claim of the defendant, but he should shew clearly that they *must* be mistaken, for he would take up the history of the horse in question, from the mo-

ment of his birth, until he came into the hands of the plaintiff Mr. Brooker. To prove this case, he called a man of the name of John Stedman, a farmer at Ixworth, in Suffolk. He stated that, in 1798, he gave his son a mare in foal, which foaled a horse colt in the month of June that year. His son kept the foal until the 16th of September, 1801, and then sold him to a Mr. Alston. He saw the same horse, after it had been claimed by Considine, at Mr. Hyam's livery stables, at Islington. He was sure it was the *same* horse—it was a bay, and had a few white hairs on the forehead, a few in the tail, and a black list down the shoulders.

Charles Stedman, the son of the last witness, gave the same account of the horse, and added, that he was a restive, bad tempered beast. He had him nicked and docked before he sold him. The horse was then traced through the possession of a Mr. Alston, a Mr. Kernie, a Mr. Gerard, a Mr. Young, which last witness sold him to the plaintiff, Brooker. These witnesses all agreed, that it was the same horse, and gave the same description of his marks and temper.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd stated the case of the defendant, which was, that Mr. Considine had bought the horse in question of the breeder in Suffolk, before he was either broken in or trimmed; that he had him nicked and docked by the farrier of the regiment, then at Norwich, and that he was turned out in that neighbourhood to graze, and was stolen while at pasture.

To prove this case, four private dragoons of the regiment were called. They stated, that Mr. Considine bought the horse at Norwich, in February, 1801. The horse then had a long tail and mane; that he was trimmed by their farrier; he was a bay horse,

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with a black list down the back; a little white in the forehead, white in the off fetlock. They had seen him lately, and had no doubt but he was the same horse that was stolen from the pasture ground at Norwich.

Edwards, one of these witnesses, the man who groomed and rode him, being cross-examined as to his temper, said it was nothing remarkable.

Mr. Garrow observed, that this was decisive; for all the witnesses agreed that the horse was vicious and restive, and that upon this occasion the horse himself was the best evidence; for what was bred in the bone would never come out of the flesh.

Mr. Sherman, the person who purchased the horse of Mr. Considine, after the latter had taken him from the plaintiff, said, he sold him again the same day, because he was so restive he could not ride him.

Mr. Justice Heath observed, that he remembered having tried four causes of this sort, where two sets of witnesses swore to the same horse; and in none of those cases did he think perjury was to be imputed to either party. They were deceived by two animals having the same natural marks, and so nearly resembling each other that they could not be distinguished. But he thought it was very easy how to decide—one party had *lost* a horse—the other had *never* lost it. They who could shew continued possession were most likely to be right. He also recollected trying a case once in Norfolk, where they let their sows and pigs run on the commons, of a sow and litter being claimed by two parties, and each supported his claim by several witnesses, who swore to the identity of the animals. There was no reason to suppose but that they had

been deceived by the likeness which the two litters bore to each other.—Verdict for Plaintiff for L.21.

HESKIN V. KNIGHT.

THIS was a trial respecting the unsoundness of a horse, and excited a considerable degree of interest among the dealers in horses. The plaintiff is a horse-dealer, and resides near Bishop Stortford; the defendant a farmer, who lives at Tile-hall, near Billericay. In May last the defendant sold plaintiff a horse of the blood kind, for L.55, and, as appeared by a letter, which was read in court, from defendant, to Mr. Lamb, the farrier, in this town, warranted the horse sound, with the exception of some cracks in his heels, occasioned by the grease, which distemper he had in a great degree, at the time he was sold. A short time afterwards the plaintiff discovered that the horse was lame, and sent him to defendant, who refused to take him in. The horse was therefore put to a livery stable kept by Mr. Hunt, of Billericay, where he remained until the 3d of December, and was on that day sold by public auction, in Chelmsford market, to defray the expences of his keep, when he was again purchased by the plaintiff, who had him till the time of trial, a period of more than three months.—On the part of the plaintiff, Mr. Cooper, a horse-dealer; Mr. Abell, of the Borough; and Mr. Lamb, the farrier, severally declared the horse lame, owing to a contraction in his fore-feet. The groom of the plaintiff was also called, and who had led the horse from Chelmsford to Hockerill; his evidence, however, did not exactly correspond with the foregoing; as he did not, he said, *perceive* that the horse went lame

lame on the road.—On the part of the plaintiff, it was attempted to prove no warranty; but the letter to Mr. Lamb was received as conclusive. Mr. Hunt, a farrier, was called; he had known the horse some time, but was certain that there was no radical unsoundness. The most material witness on the part of the defendant was Mr. Adams, surgeon, of Billericay, whose testimony was nearly as follows: Mr. Hunt, in whose stable the horse was kept at livery, requested Mr. Adams to go to his house, and examine the horse in question. Mr. A., supposing that the dispute might cause a suit at law, was the more particular in his observations; he ordered the animal to be taken out of the stable, which was accordingly walked, trotted, and galloped on the hard ground before him, at several periods during his standing at Mr. Hunt's, but could not at any time discover any lameness. He, however, represented that the horse had, what was more peculiar to the blood species of that animal, a narrow foot, which was often occasioned by the ignorance of those who shod them; brought on, he said, by cutting out what was called the *binder*, a part of the heel of the foot which the wisdom of nature had placed there for the purpose of keeping it expanded. This he said had been practised, in a small degree, upon the horse in question, but not so much as to render him lame, in his opinion. Mr. Garrow, who was counsel for the defendant, paid the last witness some very handsome compliments as to what he had been informed relative to his abilities in his profession; and more particularly for the trouble which he understood Mr. A. had taken at his leisure hours to become acquainted with the anatomy of that useful animal

the horse, which, said Mr. G. cannot but prove highly beneficial to the neighbourhood in which Mr. A. resides. Several other persons were called on the part of the defendant, among whom was the blacksmith who shod the horse; he declared that he never knew him to be lame. He told the Court, that he had been at the Veterinary College, but did not agree with their practice, and that he had discovered that they were not all wise men there.

The Judge summed up the evidence in a very brief manner. As to the warranty, his Lordship observed, that when a man bought a horse at L.55, it was to be supposed that, in the common course of business, such horse was warranted sound. It was material that the Jury should consider the soundness of the horse at three several periods: at the time he was sold, at the time he was returned, and his state at the present time. The horse, his Lordship said, he understood was at the door of the Court, and particularly urged the Jury to go out and examine him, to which the counsel on both sides agreed. The Jury returned in a few minutes, and found a verdict for the plaintiff, Damages L.55.

THE
BIRD PRESERVER AND WIRE
WORKER.

Court of Common Pleas, Feb. 24.

THOMPSON v. PILTON.

THIS was an action to recover the sum of L.32 : 12 : 6. The plaintiff is a bird-preserver, and the defendant

defendant a wire-worker in Piccadilly.

The defence to this action was, that the charges were extravagant. The plaintiff had been employed to stuff a quantity of foreign birds and animals; and two cases, which constituted that part of the bill in dispute, had been made on a large scale, containing trees in full bloom, with birds perched on them, and animals of various descriptions sporting beneath. The birds consisted of cockatoos, mockacooos, towchers, gold pheasants, Virginia nightingales, canaries, &c. &c, and the animals, pigs in armour, monkeys, squirrels, crocodiles, and a number of non-descripts.

The plaintiff called several witnesses; one of them said *all* the productions of each quarter of the globe had passed through his hands, and he thought the plaintiff's charges were very reasonable.

The counsel for the defendant proposed a reference; but that was objected to, as he had refused to let any person view the articles except his own friends. Some witnesses were then called to depreciate the value of them.

Mr. Tennant, who said, he was one of the greatest naturalists in England, estimated the value at little more than half what they were charged.

Lord Alvanley said, as the articles were works of fancy, it was impossible to appreciate them by any common rules. He certainly thought the fairest mode of adjusting the difference between these parties would have been by reference; but, as the defendant had declined shewing them to any of the plaintiff's friends, he must now abide the consequences.—The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff to the full amount of his demand.

POST-CHAISE CAUSE.

Court of King's Bench, March 2.

Sittings before Lord Ellenborough, in Guildhall, London.

MESSITER V. COOPER.

THIS was an action on the case brought by the plaintiff, who is a respectable attorney, against the defendant, who is a stable-keeper in Piccadilly, for refusing to suffer a post-chaise, which the plaintiff had hired to take him to Hounslow, to proceed with him, after his luggage was fastened on the chaise, and he and his companion had taken their seats.

The gentleman who was travelling with the plaintiff swore, that after they were in the chaise, the defendant's servant came to them, and demanded 18s. for the hire. The plaintiff refused to pay, saying, it was an exorbitant demand. The ostler then demanded 16s. This was also refused. Cooper the defendant then came to Mr. Messiter, the plaintiff, and abused him and his companion, calling them blackguards and scoundrels, and swore they should not have his chaise at all. The plaintiff, being anxious to proceed on his journey, offered him a guinea, and desired him to take for the hire of his chaise. This he refused, and desired the driver to take the chaise into the yard, and to throw the luggage out; which was done, and the plaintiff was obliged to procure a chaise from another place.

Six witnesses from the stables were called by the defendant, who swore that it was usual to pay for the chaise before it set out; and that

that it was the constant custom to insist upon a previous payment, to prevent losses by the drivers being robbed, which frequently happened on the road. They also swore that the defendant was very grossly abused by the plaintiff: that no tender was made; and that the defendant behaved himself with civility and propriety.

Mr. Erskine, on behalf of the defendant, contended that he had a right to insist on previous payment.

Lord Ellenborough told the jury that he thought an inn-keeper had a right to insist upon previous payment, if made before the travellers got into the chaise, but if he suffered their luggage to be fastened on, and the travellers to take possession of the chaise, without making any demand, they had a right to insist on proceeding without previous payment. With respect to the tender, his Lordship said, the evidence was contradictory; but if they believed the tender was made, he thought the defendant had no ground of defence whatever. He left it to the jury, who found a verdict for the plaintiff for nominal damages.

SHOOTING WITHOUT A LICENSE.

Hertfordshire Spring Assizes.

Monday, March 7.

LUCAS V. DEATON.

IT was stated by Mr. Serjeant Shepherd, that this was an action to recover penalties; first, for shooting without being qualified;

next, for shooting without a license; and, lastly, for having exposed pheasants to sale. The jury, he observed, were many of them men of landed property, and perhaps some might be lords of manors; but all the comforts and advantages they received from their situation as landholders, would be nothing, if the *manners* of the defendant in this cause could ever be tolerated. A gentleman who had a character to sustain in his neighbourhood, would conduct himself with propriety in his sports, and must also pay the duty to qualify him to enjoy field sports; but the *anywhereians*, residing near the skirts of London, sported all round the home counties, as far as horse and buggy could carry them, without either license or qualification. The defendant in the present case was of that description. There was a party of them, of five or six four-legged dogs, and four men, which came down to Lawrence Ayles, in this county, on the second of October last, and went all round that part of the county, killing not only the cock pheasants, but the hens also, which was most unsportsmanlike conduct. The defendant on the record, Mr. Charles Deaton, was one, his brother another, and a Mr. Tarling, a hay salesman, a third, with a fourth, whose name they had not yet learned. He should prove the fact by the ostler at the public house where they put up; and, when he had done that, he was entitled to the verdict of the jury. He had no doubt but his learned Brother (Best) would make an eloquent speech on the other side; but he was sure he had no legal answer to give to this charge.

He called a witness of the name of Sherrington to prove these facts, who stated, that four persons came down to his master's house, a public

lic house, in October last, and that they went out sporting. They went into Mr. Gerrard's wood, and they fired several times. He hunted their dogs. The witness, however, could not state any thing very particular. He could not tell who fired. He could not tell how many birds they killed; they *might* kill some. He did not *count* them, &c. He did not know who they were, and all he knew of them was, that they called one of them Charles Deaton.

R. Nash, a sawyer, stated, that he saw the last witness in company with four men, on the 2d of October last, hunting their dogs; he heard several shots, but did not see any birds killed.

Mr. Serjeant Best, for the defence, was proceeding to comment on the insufficiency of the evidence, as to identifying the person of the defendant, and observed, the jury did not know who the plaintiff was; the Mr. Lucas, who appeared in Court as the *prochein amy* of the game of Hertfordshire—when he was interrupted by the Learned Judge, who said, he did not think the identity of the defendant was sufficiently proved. He recollected the case of a subscribing witness to a bond, who had never seen the party who executed it but that once, and it was held not sufficient proof, without some farther evidence, to shew that the party who executed it was the same party who was sued.

The plaintiff was accordingly non-suited.

SKAITING.

A slight Engraving to face this Page.

THE familiar exercise of Skaiting in winter time, needs no description. During the late se-

vere frost, the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, was the scene of attraction, and where our first rate *dashers* endeavoured to outvie each other in Skaiting. It is likewise to be noticed, that there was Skaiting at the Marquis of Abercorn's, during the grand Fete given at the Priory, near Stanmore, where some Ladies took the diversion, and that with such grace, along the *slippery* way, as to enchant every male beholder. Our artist was questioned if he could not make his design from this last, and oblige us with LADIES SKAITING? "Oh, G—, no!" he exclaimed, "who can catch the graceful form, and elegant manner of the Hamiltons, or depict the bewitching angle of ———?" "Say no more," was our reply, "we must be content with the motley group in Hyde Park."

For the Sporting Magazine.

OLD PUGILISTIC

AND

ATHLETIC BIOGRAPHY.

IHAVE not observed, in the pugilistic annals of the Sporting Magazine, the name of a Suffolk man, Hugh Wright, once so noted in his own country, particularly in Ipswich, where he lived and died. Yet, if vast athletic powers, the port and aspect of a giant, an exalted degree of courage, both active and passive, and the most meek and benevolent disposition, have any claim to remembrance, the name of Hugh Wright ought surely to find a place in the necrology of his fellows. Hugh was the eldest of three brothers, corn-porters at Ipswich, all fighting men; the lowest in stature of

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2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and techniques used to collect and analyze data. It includes a detailed description of the experimental procedures and the statistical analysis performed.

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4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the findings. It highlights the potential applications of the research in various fields and the need for further investigation.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes the study. It summarizes the key findings and provides a final statement on the significance of the research.

ought never to excite any very lasting melancholy regrets. Wright was attended by the best surgeon of the town; and the late Mr. Woodthorp, who died last year, superintendent of the military hospital in Jersey, then a youth, and an amateur in boxing, was extremely solicitous for his recovery, and diligent in his attentions; but the symptomatic fever was unconquerable by any human means. A singular and pleasing trait in the character of this *bona fide* great man ought not to be omitted. Being of a disposition perfectly pacific and unoffending himself, he strove to keep the peace at all public meetings, and was generally successful, because all bullies against whom he had particular spleen, stood in awe of him. His face was Roman, his beard black, and his features harsh and saturnine; with a club in his hand, he would have made an excellent living model of Hercules.

It was probably about twelve months previous to this fatal accident, that the quickly decided engagement took place between William Wright, and Frazer the hatter; seconded by Hugh Wright and Ripshaw. Young Wright, as has been said, was more than six feet high, Frazer a middle-sized, stout man, with a considerable share of pugilistic skill; and he took care to make his agreement accordingly, that is, that each should stand up and fight fair, without any closing at all. This short affair was decided one summer's morning, by four o'clock, in a great field near St. Matthews, in the presence of about thirty spectators, and deserves mention on no other ground; than as a striking example of the use, and indeed, efficiency of science opposed to superior strength. On the set to, the young man began with great eagerness, overshadowing and pressing upon his antagonist, and

dealing a number of ponderous blows, which yet fell without effect on his guard and breast. At one moment it appeared, as though he would have beat in his adversary's guard, and at once have terminated the contest, but the wary hatter drew back, manœuvered and preserved his strength; and perceiving the storm began to abate, he stood boldly forward, and planted a blow with such exquisite force and skill between the eyes, as sent Wright fairly backwards, who caught himself upon his hands and his hams. Complaint was immediately made by Ripshaw, that Wright, contrary to agreement, had plainly attempted to close; however, they again set to, Wright fighting in the same way, and giving the hatter several hard blows on the breast and head, at the same time receiving a pinching blow in the face, which urged him to close unfairly, and throw the man down by main strength. Hugh was now exasperated against his brother, and fairly acknowledged the battle lost; but such was the spirit and game of Frazer, that he refused to take advantage of the foul play thus far, and courted another set to: this last was made in a fit of desperation by Wright, who would probably have beat out his antagonist's brains, could he have directed his blows with a skill equal to their force, which was by no means the case, although some of them were severely felt; in the mean time, himself caught one or two in the face, which he had not patience to endure, without recurring to his old practice of running in upon his man, whom he again threw by main force upon the ground, as if he had been an infant. This, in course, decided the affair, and Frazer was declared conqueror. Having previously adverted to the advantages of skill, we ought not to forget that an argument, like many other things, has

has two handles, and in the art of reasoning, a man ought not to be either left or right handed. It is sufficiently obvious, in a case like the above, how much the weak man with all his science, stands indebted to a good ring and the seconds; in such a match, fought at random, strength would generally possess too many advantages; an object of consideration before a man plunges himself into a casual rencounter.

Ripshaw's battle with Woolner had taken place in the neighbourhood, before the above, which the former won easily, having the advantage of both strength and skill; he is now, or lately was, keeper of the Jail at Ipswich. In the times of which we have been speaking, Ripshaw was in his prime; under six feet, of great bone and muscular substance, very active and hardy, and of considerable science for a country boxer: a year or two of training, in the schools of the metropolis, would have qualified him to have figured as one of the first pugilists of his time.

A BIT OF SUFFOLK MUTTON.

P. S. I hope, Mr. Editor, as your Magazine circulates pretty freely among the *bon vivants* of Ipswich, that my letter will fall into the hands of *Old Rip*, whose fore foot I have not had the pleasure to shake, for upwards of thirty years.

NEWMARKET COURSING SOCIETY.

1803.

DITTON FIELD.

Monday, February 21, 1803.

SIR John Sebright's p. Nettle, received forfeit from Mr. Denton's black bitch, 1 guinea and 9 bye.

Sir John Sebright's p. Nettle, beat Mr. B. Dudley's Ariel, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

Mr. B. Dudley's Abigail, beat Sir John Sebright's, Pothook, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

Mr. B. Dudley's Adelaide, beat Mr. Moseley's Brand, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

Sir John Sebright's Prude, beat Sir Charles Bunbury's Fanny, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

CHIPPENHAM FIELD.

Tuesday, February 22.

Mr. Moseley's Buzzard, beat Mr. Hamond's Wildfire, 1 guinea and 4 bye, 1st turn.

Mr. Galwey's (Sir Charles Bunbury's) Nimble, beat Mr. Tyssen's Tetotum, 1 guinea.

Mr. Dudley's Atlas, beat Mr. Galwey's (Mr. Johnson's) Hector, 1 guinea and 4 bye.

Mr. Tharpe paid forfeit to Mr. Tyssens two greyhounds.

Mr. Tyssen's (Mr. Baddison's) Trimmer, beat Mr. James's Roderick, 1 guinea and 3 bye.

Mr. Breton's Snake, against Sir Samuel Fludyer's Comedy, 1 guinea and 1 bye—undecided.

Mr. Breton's (Mr. Durand's) Sweeper, against Sir Samuel Fludyer's Critic, 1 guinea and 1 bye—undecided.

Mr. Breton's (Mr. Durand's) Smut, against Sir S. Fludyer's Comedian, 1 guinea and 1 bye—undecided.

Mr. Breton's (Mr. Durand's) Strumpet, beat Mr. Moseley's Brandy, 1 guinea and 4 bye.

Mr. Galwey's (Sir Charles Bunbury's) Fanny, beat Mr. Moseley's Balloon, 1 guinea.

Mr. Breton's (Mr. Durand's) Sky Blue, beat Mr. Moseley's Bandalore, 1 guinea and 4 bye.

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Mr.

Mr. Hamond's Whim, beat Mr. Galwey's Hebe, 1 guinea.

Mr. Galwey's puppy receives forfeit of Mr. Young's puppy, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

Mr. Galwey's puppy receives forfeit of Mr. Mellish's puppy, 1 guinea.

Sir John Sebright's puppy receives forfeit of Mr. Mellish's puppy.

beat Mr. Durand's Whiskey, 1 guinea and 5 bye.

Sir Samuel Fludyers' Comedy, beat Mr. Hamond's Wildfire, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

Sir Samuel Fludyer's Critic, against Mr. Hamond's Whim, 1 guinea and 1 bye—undecided.

Mr. Tyssen's Too-Good, against Mr. Tharpe's (Mr. Baddison's) Goodenough, 1 guinea and 9 bye—undecided.

Mr. Durand's Sky-Blue, beat Mr. Moseley's Bandalore, 1 guinea and 29 to 14 bye on Sky-Blue.

Sir John Sebright's Nettle, against Mr. Durand's Jugler, 1 guinea and 4 bye—undecided.

Mr. Tyssen's Bagatelle, beat Mr. Moseley's Brandy, 1 guinea.

Mr. Tyssen's Tetotum, against Mr. James's Roderick, 1 guinea—undecided.

Mr. Hamond's Whiff, beat Mr. Tyssen's Tokay, 1 guinea.

Mr. Lovelace's Smart, beat Mr. Galwey's (Mr. Lacey's) Blue-Man, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

Mr. James's Rambler, against Mr. Hamond's Dash, 1 guinea—undecided.

Mr. Moseley's puppy receives forfeit of Mr. Mellish's puppy.

STETCHWORTH AND DULINGHAM FIELDS.

Wednesday, February 23.

Mr. Durand's Needle, beat Mr. Hamond's (Mr. James's) Hawke, 1 guinea and 5 bye.

Mr. Lovelace's Puss, beat Mr. B. Dudley's Adelaide, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

Col. Lovelace's Miss, against Mr. B. Dudley's Ariel, 1 guinea and 1 bye—undecided.

Mr. Dudley's Abigail beat Sir John Sebright's Prude, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

Mr. James's Rambler, beat Mr. Hamond's (Mr. Wright's) Nell, 1 guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Whiff, beat Mr. Lloyd's Lady, 1 guinea.

Mr. Lloyd's Mistress, beat Mr. Moseley's Bragela, 1 guinea.

Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Dover's) Wonder, beat Mr. Tharpe's (Mr. Vaughan's) Dusky, 1 guinea.

CHEVELY FIELD.

Thursday, February 24.

Mr. Moseley's Buzzard, against Mr. Durand's Hazard, 1 guinea and 9 bye—undecided.

Mr. Dover's Wonder, beat Sir John Sebright's Popgun, 1 guinea and 2 bye.

Sir Samuel Fludyer's Comedian,

CHIPPENHAM FIELD.

Friday, February 25.

Mr. Lovelace's Puss, beat Sir John Sebright's p. Nettle, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

Mr. James's Roderick, beat Mr. Tyssen's Trip, 1 guinea and 2 bye.

Mr. Hamond's Whim, against Mr. Tyssen's Tetotum, 1 guinea and 2 bye—undecided.

Mr. Breton's Snake, against Mr. Lovelace's Miss, 1 guinea and 4 bye—undecided.

Mr. Hamond's Wildfire, against Mr.

Mr. Tyssen's Tuneful, 1 guinea and 1 bye—undecided.

Mr. James's Rambler, against Mr. Tyssen's Trull, 1 guinea and 2 bye—undecided.

Mr. Moseley's Brandy, beat Mr. Breton's Sampson, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

Mr. Lovelace's Miss, beat Mr. Tharp's Gimcrack, 1 guinea and 1 bye.

COLONEL THORNTON.

SPORTING IN THE WOLDS OF YORKSHIRE.

IN our Magazine for last month, page 284, mention is made of the sport intended at Falconers-hall, the latter end of February; since which, we have collected the following particulars:

Colonel Thornton having conducted in safety his whole sporting apparatus to Falconer's-hall, on Friday the 18th, a stag was turned out for the entertainment of a large assemblage of gentlemen, farmers, and others, near the house. After running a circuit of nearly eight miles, he was taken in a plantation of Major Topham's, at Grainge, and, from the severity of the run, died shortly afterwards.

On Saturday, the Colonel gave hare-hunting, with a beautiful pack of dwarf beagles; and coursing.

On Monday, a public breakfast was given by the Colonel, at his house, during which about two hundred horsemen had assembled. Another stag, of larger size than the former, was turned out, and after a most severe run of sixteen miles over the High Wolds, was taken at Langtoft. In the whole run there was only one check. A more beautiful run was certainly

never seen. The echo of the huntsman's horn among the vallies had a fine effect.

On Tuesday, after another public breakfast, some coursing and hare-hunting took place.—The field was a very large one, and the burst was so severe, that some of the best bred racers died in consequence.

On Wednesday, after some private coursing, the stag, which had before afforded such amusement, was turned out before a field of nearly three hundred horsemen. After running about a mile, followed by one stag-hound, he returned in the face of the whole company drawn up before the house, as if to shew his gallantry; and taking two beautiful leaps over the cordage that encircles the house, and a spiked gate, went off in a most imperial style over the High Wolds for about ten miles, followed by the whole pack; then ran down into the low grounds for about eight miles more, where he was at last taken in a drain. The immense spread of horsemen over the hills and vallies, the sound of the horn echoing amongst the mountains, the cry of the dogs, and the beauty of the scenery, formed a very fine spectacle.

A wolf had been procured from Egypt; but the farmers having entertained an idea, that, if he had escaped, the numerous flocks of sheep must suffer, it was resolved he should not be turned out.

The finest horses ever seen were brought to try their powers. Colonel Thornton produced twelve or fourteen, six of which were got by Jupiter, and were allowed to be matchless for speed, bone, and temper.

The best greyhounds were two blue whelps, the dog's name Splen-tenkinick, and the bitch, his sister, Eliza, both by Major, and out of Colonel Thornton's Ca. gut, sister

to Czarina, and own sister to Skiagraphema, who, for speed and bottom, eclipsed Phantasmagoria, who won in so great a style always before. The course was the finest ground of the Wolds, and was upwards of five miles.

On Thursday, a fine fresh fox was turned down; he went off gallantly, and, in spite of the keenness of the company, the Colonel gave him twenty minutes law. He soon found he was disappointed in the morning, for there was no scent but by pressing the hounds forward, and judicious management. After a run of good speed for the hounds, though they gave little or no cry, ran on the line at a great rate, they clearly came nearer their game, and were upon handsome terms with him, when such a storm of rain came on as made it impossible for any person to stand it. Thus, after a run of nine miles or more, over the finest country imaginable, they were obliged to be content and give up the chase. The party then made the best of their way, wet to the skin, to Nutter Lodge, where the generous owner, Mr. Parkhurst, gave them all a *warm welcome*—no bad thing after being four or five times drenched to the bone. The next day the party took their leave, all highly pleased with the different sports they had had, with strong solicitations that the Colonel should renew them next season, which he partly promised he would.

A MOST
EXTRAORDINARY BOOK.

MR EDITOR,

JOSEPH RITSON's Essay on abstinence from animal food, as a moral duty, having lately made

its appearance, and his subject necessarily involving that which obviously ought, and is, peculiarly yours, namely, humanity to the brute creation, I judged it would not be unacceptable to your sporting readers, to present them with a few extracts, which I may probably extend in a future number of the Magazine. Some readers, in this hoaxing age, may really suspect the truth of the following most extraordinary facts; but facts they were, and witnessed by thousands: nor is there any reason to doubt the existence of similar facts at this very hour.

M. de Pagés, a late traveller, speaking of the Gentoos, in India, says, "they rear numerous herds of cattle, but such is their veneration for these animals, on account of their useful and patient services to man, that to kill, or even maim one of them, is deemed a capital offence. Nausary, a small town," as we are told by the same traveller, "has a fort which belongs to the Marattas, and is surrounded by pagodas, gardens, and beautiful flower plots. The unusual familiarity common in this country, among all the different tribes of animals, which sport before us, with the most careless indifference, is not a little surprising to a stranger. The birds of the air, undismayed by our approach, perch upon the trees, and swarm among the branches, as if they conceived man to be of a nature equally quiet and inoffensive with themselves: while the monkey and squirrel climb the wall, gambol on the house-top, and leap with confidence and alacrity from one bough to another, over our heads. Even the most formidable quadrupeds seem to have lost their natural ferocity in the same harmless dispositions, and hence the apprehensions commonly occasioned by the proximity of such neighbours,

bours, no longer disquiet the minds of the natives. Happy effect of those mild and innocent manners, whence have arisen peace and protection to all the inferior animals."

"The people of Cambaia" says Pietro della Valle, "are most part gentiles, and here, more than elsewhere, their vain superstitions are observed with rigour; wherefore we caused ourselves to be conducted to see a famous hospital of birds of all sorts, which, for being sick, lame, deprived of their mates, or otherwise needing food and cure, are kept and tended there with diligence: the men also, who take care of them, are maintained by the public alms; the Indian gentiles conceiving it no less a work of charity to do good to beasts, than to men. Amongst other curious things I saw, were certain little mice, which being found orphans, without sire or dam to tend them, were put into this hospital, and a venerable old man with a white beard, keeping them in a box among cotton, very diligently tended them with his spectacles on his nose, giving them milk to eat with a bird's feather, because they were so little as yet, they could eat nothing else; and as he told us, he intended, when they were grown up, to let them go free whether they pleased.

"The next morning," continues this intelligent traveller, "going about the city, we saw another hospital of goats, kids, sheep, and wethers, either sick or lame, and there were also some cocks, peacocks, and other animals, needing the same help, and kept together quietly enough in a great court; nor wanted there men and women lodged in little rooms of the same hospital, who had the care of them. In another place, we saw another hospital of cows and calves. Among the beasts there was also a

Mahometan thief who had both his hands cut off. Moreover, without one of the gates of the city, we saw another great troop of cows, calves, and goats, properly maintained at the public charge."

"In the city of Amedabad, in the province of Guzerate, according to M. Thevenat, was an hospital for birds, wherein the Gentiles lodged all the sick birds they found, and fed them as long as they lived, if they were indisposed. Four-footed beasts had their's also. "I saw in it," says he, "several oxen, camels, horses, and other wounded beasts, who were looked after and well fed. The Bramins and Banians who religiously observe the law, not to kill any thing which has life and sensation, will make the most moving petitions, even in favour of loathsome vermin."

"Once a year," says Stavorinus, a late writer, in his voyage to the East Indies, "the charitable Banian prepares a set banquet for all the flies that are in his house, and sets down before them, upon the floor or table, large shallow dishes of sweet milk and sugar mixed together, the most delicious fare of that liquorish little creature. At other times he extends his liberality to the pismires, and walks with a bag of rice under his arm, two or three miles forward into the country, and stops as he proceeds, at each ant-hill that he meets with, to leave behind him his benevolence, a handful or two of rice, strewed upon the ground, which is the beloved dainty on which the hungry pismires feed, and their best reserve and store in time of need."

Mr. Ritson might have collected accounts still more wonderful, for many persons now living in England, have witnessed the miraculous sight, of men and women lying down naked in the Banian hospitals,

hospitals, to feast, with their blood, the most hideous swarms of all kinds pestilent vermin, knats, fleas, lice, bugs, &c. For my part, I can agree with this author, neither in his rejection of animal food, nor the expediency, or even humanity, of prolonging useless animal life. In my ideas, the putting animals out of their pain, or even out of the way, when necessary, by the most easy and unperceived possible mode of death, is all in all, in the view of justice and humanity: and, instead of Ritson, I must continue to agree with Lawrence. However much I admire Mr. Ritson's good intentions and his erudition, there is another circumstance, in which I cannot join him; his new-vamped old orthography proved so tedious to me, that I could not conveniently follow it, even in the above few extracts. I abhor trouble and perplexity uncompensated by any advantage.

Inner Temple.

ON THE

Marriage of Ralph Dutton, Esq.

WITH

Miss Honor Gubbins.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE College of Arms hath affixed to some Nobleman's shield a very appropriate motto, doubtless, but to whose, my heraldic memory fails me. A female Herald, of exquisite Beauty, hath adopted it for the arms of one whose amiable virtues and sterling good qualities—the writer flatters himself—will never be diminished.

"HONOR virtutis præmium."

LENS.

*Exning, near Newmarket,
March, 1803.*

CARD OF INVITATION

TO A

VENISON FEAST.

A Most noble Buck of the field, with a lofty steeple head, and the swiftest foot of the chase, who has often run unbounded through the spacious forest lawns, and proudly snuffed defiance to the huntsman's hollo, the prancing horse, and the keener scented hounds; by the mishap of a fatal shot, has bravely met his fate; and, by ending his last breath in the country, is brought up to London to be interred after the pompous manner of his noble ancestors.

My Lord, I am authorised to ask the favour of your polite company, at the house of Lord — in St. James's Street, to preside at the smoaking board, that you may see the dissection properly performed, according to the rules of antient custom

The flowing bowl will lend it's friendly aid, to give celestial health, by invigorating draughts to George the Third, Britannia's King.

The noble brothers of the jovial chace will line the Gothic Hall at the accustomed hour, with their warlike weapons, well sharpened and well burnished, to assist at this solemnity, according to the rites and ceremonies and antient institutions of the well-beloved most loyal and most noble order of Bucks.

I beg leave to remain,
your Lordship's

Most humble and obedient Servant,

J. J. B. *Secretary.*

March 7, 1803.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

INIGO JONES, the famous architect, having been dismissed from a lucrative office which he held, facetiously observed, "It is not *In I Go Jones*, but *Out I Go Jones*."

A CLOWNISH servant, of an eminent but *parsimonious* West India Planter, not far from Bloomsbury, has raised a laugh in the neighbourhood against his master, by saying to those who ask, "I live with a *West-stingy* merchant."

An Attorney in one of the Inns, lately changing his residence, left this notice on the door—"Letters and *Messuages* to be sent to Mr. —, at his house, in — street."

THERE is a poor girl in the county of Norfolk, whose Christian name is *Virtue*, and who has had two natural children, by a man of the name of *Bonus*—It is to be lamented that the names and actions to these persons do not correspond.

MOODY the player, went to Robins's auction room, a few mornings since, to purchase a share of Drury Lane theatre; but being very deaf, he discovered, when the lot was knocked down to him, that, instead of the share of the theatre, he had purchased the *lease of a barber's shop in the Strand*.

A RIDICULOUS story is in circulation relative to a certain reverend lord, who was lately pestered for alms by a very importunate beg-

gar-woman—"Do, pray my lord, have pity upon me; I have not tasted bread this morning."—"Good woman, you should work, and then you would have bread."—"Do, pray my lord, have charity."—"Good woman, I have none."

J. D. who lately wrote his life, summed it up in four *lesses*, viz.—House-*less*, friend-*less*, shirt-*less*, and penny-*less*. The latter will easily account for the former three.

REPARTEE.—A gentleman, from the southern division of this island, was lately detained for some hours, at a small inn, or alehouse, in Scotland, by a shower of rain.—During the interval, which, to a man who wished to get forward on his journey, could not be a pleasant one, he endeavoured to *amuse himself* by making frequent, ill-tempered remarks on the country; and, at length, in a very peevish tone, said to his host—"Does it always *rain* here?"—To which the cottage landlord replied, with the utmost composure—"No, Sir; it sometimes *snows*—as it does in *England*."

A SILLY fellow remarked the other day, that he could take the most astonishing and imprudent liberties with his health, without experiencing from such conduct the smallest inconvenience; and, addressing himself to a medical man, begged to know the reason of this?—"Because, replied the physician, to the *mind* of an *ass*, you add the *constitution of a horse*."

X x

Dr.

DR. JOHNSON, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said—"If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other!"

THE following ludicrous circumstance occurred a short time since: a person from London took an inn in a country town in the north, in which there were four others, viz. *The Bear, Angel, Ship, and Three Cups*; when, in order to introduce a sign not like theirs, the new landlord put up the sign of the *White Horse*, and under it the following lines:

My *White Horse* shall bite the *Bear*,
And make the *Angel* fly!
Shall turn the *Ship* her bottom up,
And drink the *Three Cups* dry!

THE late learned Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, formerly fellow of Jesus College, being once asked his opinion of the poetry of Mr. Pye, the Laureat, replied, that he had read some of Mr. Pye's poems, of which he thought very handsomely. But being still further urged to give his opinion of an ode that had just appeared in the public prints, he desired a friend to read it to him. The introduction contained something about the singing of birds: Wakefield abruptly stopped his friend, and gave his opinion as follows, in allusion to the Poet Laureat's name:

And when the Pye was opened,
The birds began to sing;
And was not this a dainty dish,
To set before the King?

A NATURALIST, who is very fond of collecting *butterflies*, lamented a few days since, that his wife eloped with a young fellow—His friend, to whom he imparted the doleful tidings, only answered in the words of Pope—

Women, like insects, when concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

Two young fellows in Shropshire having lately quarrelled about a young woman, in the heat of the contest a third carried her off; on which the parish schoolmaster wrote the following lines:

It's not the first time I have known,
Two dogs fall out about a bone;
And as they fought, a third, more wise,
In silence carried off the prize.

THE English practice of docking horses, it is observed, did not escape the witty sarcasm of Voltaire. Thus sings the gentle bard:

"The English, as their *savage* taste prevails,
Behead their Kings, and dock their horses' tails:
In *polish'd* France they spare (so Voltaire sings),
The tails of horses, and the heads of Kings."

Had Voltaire lived to witness the French revolution, his wit would in part have been spoiled by the cutting off the head of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD DUN—Some have derived this word from the French word *donnez*, signifying give, implying a demand of something due; and others, amongst whom is the celebrated Dr. Johnson, from the Saxon word *duncon* to clamour. Both are wrong. The origin of the word, as related in a periodical work, published in London nearly a century ago, is simply this—In the reign of Henry VII. a famous bailiff, named *Joe Dun*, lived in the city of Lincoln. This man was so extremely dexterous in his rough business, that it was usual, when a person refused to pay his debts, to say, *why don't you Dun him?* That is, why don't you send *Dun* to arrest him? and hence the custom of calling a person, who presses another for the payment of money, a *Dun*.

A GENTLEMAN,

A GENTLEMAN, who not long since advertised for an accomplished wife, with a moderate fortune, was received in due form by a very accomplished female adventurer, at the elegant house of a fashionable family now absent from England, no doubt through a connection with those who had the care of it, and passed as an heiress to a considerable fortune. After receiving a few rich presents, suitable to the occasion, the lady appointed a time for fulfilling her promise of running away, as she was under age, which she did before the expected time; not, however, by running off with the gentleman, but with the *jewels!*

A YOUNG lady who puts on a great deal too much rouge with too little care and art, was lately boasting that she owed what little colour she had to her custom of washing her face in cold water; but perceiving some little hesitation or astonishment in the company, she said to a gentleman, "You don't seem to believe me."—"Oh! Madam," said he, "I have not the least doubt, it is very clear your ladyship always washes in the Red Sea."

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER.—Prince Maurice, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took twenty-four prisoners, one of whom was George Haslewood, an Englishman. The prince ordered eight of them to be hanged, to retaliate a like sentence passed by Archduke Albert upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots. The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest horror when it came to his turn to put his hand into the helmet, of-

fered for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was accepted, and he was so fortunate, as to escape a second time. Upon being called fool-hardy, for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said he thought he acted very prudently; for as he daily hazarded his life for *six-pence*, he must have made a *good bargain* in venturing it for *twelve crowns!*

A FEW days ago the following singular incident happened in Glasgow. About dusk in the evening, a man, with a face black as midnight, and an old red coat, went into a house, made up to a servant girl in the kitchen, and held to her breast a drawn knife, saying, "this will do for you—this will do for you." She immediately screamed out, "murder! murder!" Her mistress, and another servant girl, flew to her assistance. The man held out the knife to them, and made use of the same sort of language. The girl ran off, also crying out murder! but the mistress laid hold of him, and with the assistance of the two servants, who returned upon seeing the man secured, tumbled him down stairs. In the evening, the mistress, reflecting that she had bespoke a knife from a travelling cutler, inquired of the girls whether they thought that the man who made the disturbance in the house was the person; when they both declared that they thought so; and this actually turned out to be the case. The disappointment of the poor cutler may be more easily judged of than expressed. Instead of procuring, as he no doubt expected, a glass extraordinary for his superiorly executed knife, he received nothing but kicks and cuffs for the whole. He has not made his appearance since.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Saturday morning, February 26, the King, with his usual attendants, rode to Ascot Heath, his Majesty was there met by the Earl of Sandwich, and a number of gentlemen sportsmen. About eleven o'clock a favourite deer was turned out of the cart for the day's diversion. At starting, the deer took to the right of Hatchet-lane, through the inclosures by Winkfield Church, where he took to the left; and, making for home, he was taken near Mr. Gaust's park, after a race of an hour and a half. His Majesty was in sight of the deer all the time.

ON Saturday morning, March 5, as soon as his Majesty had breakfasted, he left the Queen's Lodge, attended by General Manners, and rode to Ascot race ground, where his Majesty was met by Earl Sandwich, and several others of distinction, when the royal deer was turned out of the cart about eleven o'clock for the day's diversion. At starting, he ran with great swiftness towards Sunning Hill Wells, taking to the right by King's Beach Hill, across the forest, where he was closely pursued, and at length taken, after a very hard run of about two hours, near Mr. Crutchley's park.

THE Epping Forest Stag hounds had a fine chase, but a very severe day, on Saturday, March 19, they enlarged a deer near Chadwell, on the forest, which ran, in three or four severe bursts, along Wealdside to Ingatestone, Mill Green, Writtle park, thence to Chelmsford,

and lastly to Chignal, where he was run into by only three couple of the head hounds, in the presence of about as many hunters, who rode the whole chase: the run was supposed to be about fifty-two miles. Several capital horses died in the field, and many others remained invalided at the different inns along the Essex road.

ON Friday the 25th ult. the Goodwood hounds run a fox for several hours in the neighbourhood of Chichester, followed by a large field of sportsmen, very few only of whom were in at the death. A fine horse belonging to Captain Johnson; of the Prince's regiment, dropped under his master, and expired in consequence of hard riding in the field. The above chase afforded several remarkably fine runs, with reynard in full view, and was esteemed the best before the Goodwood dogs during the season.

THE dashing sportsmen of Melton-Mowbray and Quorn, have been much disappointed this season with the little or no sport which the turned-out foxes have shewn, these having proved but a bad substitute for these gallant foxes which, when old Meynell managed the hounds (whose courteous and conciliatory manners prevailed on the farmers to preserve the game) shewed such straight-forward runs and short bursts.—Indeed the Leicestershire fox-hunting, which of late years has been so celebrated all over the world, may be fairly said to be in the last stage of a de-

cline. In the North, Mr. Lambton's hounds have proved very successful, and are really capital; while Lord Darlington's, in their visit to our Ferry-bridge country, have kept up their old and well-deserved reputation of shewing uncommon sport, and are usually attended by very large fields. Amongst the forward riders, we have noticed Lord Darlington, Lord Barnard, Sir F. Boynton, and Messrs. Hawke, Hartley, Scott, Parker Clowes, and Lascelles.

THE hunt (late Ward's, and Lord Sefton's) in Oxfordshire, now Sir T. Mostyn's, is most excellently attended, particularly from the Collegians at Oxford. They have had some excellent runs and severe chases this season, and it is not uncommon to see from one hundred to two hundred horsemen with them well mounted. A gentleman of Christ's Church College, for a bet, about a fortnight since, rode a whole day's hunt with the above hounds (upwards of one hundred horsemen out) with a military cocked hat and feather; he rode in scarlet.

THE Odiham subscription hounds, on Wednesday, March 9th, after a chase of nearly sixty miles, pursued a fox into the town of Farnham—It was market day, the place crowded, and so unexpected a visit created much bustle and alarm; but Reynard was killed in Castle-street.

THE Oatlands, this year, is the best handicap ever made in England. For many years there have not been three classes for the Oatlands stakes; this is owing to the great justice done by the two handicappers of the stake, Lord H. Fitzroy, and Lord Chedworth.

TUNEFUL's race stands good with Allegranti, between the owners of the mares, for four thousand gui-

neas, and, to a certainty will be run; the former is the favourite, about seven to four; but if both come well and quite up to the post, it is imagined, the odds will be more in favour of Tuneful.

BETTING Room, March 21.—The bets respecting the Derby Stakes are seven to two against Lord Grey's Colt, and nine to two against Stamford. For the Oaks, four to one against the sister to Allegranti, and five to one against the Duke of Grafton's filly.

THE TURF.—By a notification in the Gazette, it appears that his Majesty's plate of one hundred guineas, hitherto run for at Burford, is transferred to Doncaster.

MURDER OF A WARRENER.—In our sporting intelligence, page 228, for January, is the particulars of the murder of Joseph Lidgate, a Warrener, by Thomas Wilson. As a sequel to that article, Wilson was tried at the Lincoln assizes, found guilty, and executed for the murder; he was only twenty-one years of age. It is to be remarked that he procured the fatal sword on *Monday*, Dec. 20; on *Tuesday* he ground and sharpened it at a blacksmith's shop; on *Wednesday* he stabbed the unfortunate Lidgate, and was dreadfully shot in the arm; on *Thursday* he was apprehended; on *Friday* he was committed to Lincoln castle; and on *Saturday* his arm was amputated near the shoulder!!!—Wilson had almost recovered from the effects of having his right arm amputated.

SHOOTING AT A GAMEKEEPER.—At the late assizes for the county of Northampton, came on the trial of George Bacon, who, with George Peake, was committed to the gaol of the same county, for "wilfully and maliciously aiding and abetting John Allen, late of Stamford, in the County of Lincoln, printer,

printer, in shooting at John Gamble, gamekeeper to the Marquis of Exeter, on Friday night the 10th of December last, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, on Easton-hill side, in the parish of Easton, in the said county of Northampton."—The prosecution was carried on, however, against Bacon only, Peake being admitted an evidence on the part of the crown, and was conducted under what is termed the Black Act, which makes the individual commission of an offence by one of any number of confederates in an unlawful transaction (as in the shooting of preserved game, which was the avowed object of the offenders in question) the deed of the whole party collectively; and consequently all are indictable as principals in an offence which perhaps some of them had not the most distant intention of committing.—Some cases in which persons in similar situations had been condemned and executed under this clause of the act, were cited by the learned counsel on the part of the prosecution.—Mr Belguy, in behalf of the prisoner, contended that the melioration of this act, which had been in some cases admitted, was good hold in the present instance, no determination having been ever expressed by the party detected in unlawfully shooting game (as the person admitted to King's evidence had sworn) of prosecuting their intention by force in case of interruption.—This consideration, and the very high character given to the prisoner, had weight with the jury, who, after a most able summing up by the mild and merciful Baron Graham, returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*.—Poor Gamble, the subject of the above prosecution, we are sorry to say, has relapsed into a dangerous way from his wound: eleven shot and some pieces of bone, which had been extracted from the

side of his face, were produced in court at Northampton by a surgeon; but Gamble was too ill to attend.

In the last season, Mr. W. Miller, gamekeeper to William Russel, Esq. of Brancepeth Castle, shot eight partridges at one shot, being the whole of the covey.

A great number of wild swans have been shot in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth—Seventeen were shot by one man in the course of a week.

A GOOD SHOT.—Mr. Barrow, the late traveller in Africa, mentions that several fields of rice being newly sown, upon the grounds belonging to the settlers, near Elephant's river, it attracted such a number of the birds called the Gross-beak, that no less than sixty-three of them were shot at, the discharge of one small fowling-piece.

GOOD SPORT IN ANGLING.—A circumstance mentioned by a writer upon the art of angling, in the last century, to shew the abundance of fish in the river Isis, is, that in 1674, the mayor of Oxford, appointed two days for fishing, between Swithin's Wier, and Woolvercot bridge, a distance about three miles, when fifteen hundred Jacks were taken, besides fish of other kinds.

A TROTTING MATCH took place last month between a mare, the property of Mr. Bell, of Manchester, rode by Mr. T. Fenton; and a mare belonging to Mr. Denham, of Chesterfield, rode by Mr. C. Fablunner; for two hundred pounds aside, twenty miles, each carrying sixteen stone. They started at Burnley, in Lancashire, and went through Skipton to Skipden in Yorkshire, a distance of twenty-one miles. Mr. Bell's mare won by about a mile and a half, and performed the length in about one hour and twenty-three minutes. OF

OF the many wagers that almost daily take place, none seem more singular than the following:—Wednesday, March 23, a landsman named Kirr, for a bet of ten guineas, engaged to start with a boat at high water, which happened about three o'clock, and to pass through every arch of Blackfriars Bridge; then to proceed to Westminster Bridge, and repeat the same there: after which he was to leave the boat at the landing-place, and proceed on foot to St James's Park, to go round the paling in the park; and, lastly, to return to the boat;—all within the space of fifty-five minutes—which he completed, to the great surprize of many, in forty-six minutes and a half. He finished his task at Blackfriars Bridge in four minutes and a half, and rowed from thence to Westminster Bridge in nine minutes. In five minutes more, he was ready to proceed to the Park, and in twenty-four minutes time had passed round the paling, without hurrying himself; and in four minutes and a half longer he walked to the boat and claimed the wager.

DURING the present month, a match for twenty guineas was run between a heavy well bred cart-mare, belonging to Mr. Davison; of Morpeth, tanner; and an active, hackney poney, belonging to Mr. Thompson, of the same place, tanner; rode by the owners. They started at the Barras Bridge, Newcastle, and went to the fifteenth mile-stone, at Morpeth, in fifty-five minutes. The poney kept the lead for the first twelve miles, when he began to shew symptoms of fatigue, and the race was won with ease by Mr. Davison. On this occasion, the knowing ones were taken in.

FRIDAY morning, February 25, Mr. Barlow, hair-dresser, of St. Clement's, and Mr. Curson, patten-

maker, undertook, for a wager of one gallon of porter, to run from the Bull, Magdalen-street, to the Hall, in the Market-place, and back again. At starting, the odds were considerably in favour of the hair-dresser, but won with great ease by the patten-maker.

Two pairs of eagles have been lately shot near Yarmouth, of that species which Linnæus calls the *Falco Ossifragus*; and Buffon, *L'Orfraie*; and which Pennant, Latham, Bewicke, and other British naturalists, term the *Sea Eagle*. The habitudes and distinctive marks of this species are as follow:—The sea eagles live chiefly upon fish, and build their nests on the sea shore, or by the sides of large rivers, on the ground among reeds, and often lay three or four eggs, rather less than those of a hen, of a white elliptical form; they catch their prey, which is chiefly fish, by darting down upon them: the Italians compare the violent descent of these birds on their prey, to the fall of lead into the water, and call them *Aquila Plumbina*, or the Lead-en Eagle. The colour of the sea eagle inclines to white, mixed with iron brown; its belly is white, with iron-coloured spots, the covert feathers of the tail are whitish; the tail feathers are black at the extremity; the upper part of the leg feathers are of an iron brown. One of these pairs measured and weighed as follows:—The Female—Length, 3 feet 4 inches; extent of wings, 8 feet; weight 9½ lbs.—The Male—Length, 2 feet 9 inches; extent of wings, 7 feet 1 inch; weight 9¼ lbs.

ABOUT the beginning of this month, as a man and a boy in the service of Mr. Ellman were at plough in a field at Glynd, near Lewes, in Sussex, they observed, in an adjoining field, a hare that was playfully skipping about in the centre

centre of it, which had also attracted the notice of an old woman, who had been gathering sticks for fuel, whom the rusticks, to create a laugh, advised to go and endeavour to catch it; the woman threw down her bundle, and went as directed, when the hare, to the astonishment of them all, instead of shewing the timidity which is natural to it, by escaping, kept running and skipping round her, in the same playful manner it had done before her approach, which brought the plough-boy to the spot, who, with his cart-whip, struck the little animal repeatedly; but she would not be driven from her station: he at length struck her harder, and knocked her into a furrow, from which he took her up, and carried her to the next field; where she recovered, and ran off. It was a large female hare, and from the prominence of her teats, had her litter to provide for, which induced the boy to spare her life.

UNCOMMON PREVALENCE OF WOLVES IN POLAND.—A letter written from Cracovia, in February last, says, that the winter in that part of the world has been extremely severe, and caused much calamity. The wolves daily arrive at the gates of the town, in search of prey, which they cannot elsewhere find. A soldier, going on a message, was devoured by these ravenous animals, and the circumstance was only discovered by the tattered remnants of his cloaths and his musket. Many dogs have become mad, and various persons have been bitten, against whose complaints all medical assistance has proved ineffectual.

ON Tuesday, the 15th instant, as a gentleman on horseback was riding along Providence Row, his horse suddenly took fright, owing to the keeper of the turnpike-gate

attempting to seize the reins, upon the gentleman refusing to take some bad halfpence offered in change, the horse running off with great speed, made towards Finsbury-Square. The gentleman finding the horse unmanageable, suddenly threw himself off without receiving any injury; the horse immediately after rushed against the iron rails of the area at the corner of the square, and carried the iron railing and part of the stone-work along with him to the bottom, where he was dashed to pieces.

DURING the present month, a young horse belonging to Mr Hinxman, of Week, near Winchester, taking fright, got away from a lad who was intrusted to walk him about the street, and galloped full speed into Messrs. Deane and Wooll's wine vaults. The affrighted animal run over thirty dozen of bottles, fifteen dozen of which he broke, without doing himself any material injury.

LATELY, Ralph Cooke, a noted poacher, was committed to the gaol of Berwick, for wilfully and maliciously shooting at Margaret, daughter of Wilham Suggatt, hair-dresser. He had been out with his gun, and being followed and hooted on his return by some children, he turned, and lodged the contents of the piece in different parts of her body. Several of the shot cannot be extracted, and she recovers but slowly.

NOTWITHSTANDING the accounts of some of our travellers, the English sojourners at Paris live precisely in the same way as the *John Bulls* and *Milords Anglais* of former years. They associate almost exclusively with each other; they are taken in by the *filles de joie*, pigeoned by the gamesters, cheated by the hotel keepers, and laughed at by all.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is an old toast in Ireland, to this effect—"May we all live to read the accounts of our own death!" This has been completely verified by the subject of the following Elegy: and as it must be a very sincere pleasure to him to read likewise what may be said of him after death, particularly as he has filled so large a space of the public eye for nearly two generations—as he has coquetted with the grand-daughters of those with whom he flirted in his youth, and been the long-enduring *Glass of Fashion*, for a century—I take the liberty of offering you the tribute due to such qualifications. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A READER.

ELEGY

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF

OLD Q.

"Longa Tythonum minuit Senectus."

HOR.

AND what is all this grand to do
That runs each street and alley
thro'?

'Tis the departure of Old Q,
The Star of Piccadilly.

The K—g, God bless him! gave a whew!
"Two Dukes just dead—a third gone
too!

What! what! could nothing save Old Q,
The Star of Piccadilly?"

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"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" ex-
claims Miss Prue;

"My mother and grand-mother too,
May now walk safe from that vile Q,
The Star of Piccadilly."

The jockey boys, Newmarket's crew,
Who know a little thing or two,
Cry out—"He's done! We've done
Old Q!

The Star of Piccadilly."

On Richmond's sunny bank there
grew,

'Midst violets sweet, a wanton yew,
Crabbed and old; and that mourns Q,
The Star of Piccadilly.

The Monsieurs and Signoras too,
Like cats in love, set up their mew,

"Ah morto, morto, por'ro Q,
The Star of Piccadilly!"

Townshend, Macmanus, all the hue
And cry of Bow-Street, each purlieu,
Each little corner, wants its Q,

The Star of Piccadilly.

Poll, Peggy, Cath'rine, Patty, Sue,
Descendants of old dames he knew,
All mourn your tutor, antient Q,

The Star of Piccadilly.

Old Nick, he whisk'd his tail so blue,
And grinn'd, and leer'd, and look'd
askew—

"O ho!" says he, "I've got my Q,
The Star of Piccadilly."

On wings of sulphur down he flew:
All London, take your last adieu—

There, there, away he claws Old Q,
The Star of Piccadilly.

Y y

And

And now, this may be said of Q—
That long he ran all folly thro',
For ever seeking something new:
He neither car'd for me, nor you,
But, to engagements strictly true,
At last—he gave the devil his due;
And died, a boy of eighty-two—
Poor Q of Piccadilly.

AN OLD
FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

*From a remarkable Day's Sport, above fifty
Years ago, with the Fox Hounds of
Squire Vernon, of Sudbury Hall, in Der-
byshire.*

ONE morning last winter to Shirely
Park came
A noble brave sportsman, George Ver-
non by name,
Came a hunting the fox, for bold Rey-
nard must die;
So they threw out to trail, and began for
to try.

'Twas early in th' morning, e'er day did
them greet,
A great many sportsmen appointed to
meet,
To meet Squire Vernon, of honour and
fame;
His hounds they bring glory and praise
to his name.

"Hoix cross him, and wind him, Tom
Mullins," he cried;
"I warrant we'll unkennel him down by
south side:

Let us draw to the cover, that lies to the
south,
Bold Reynard lies there, Trouler doubles
his mouth.

'Cries, lo hark, to Trouler, that ne'er run
in vain;
Do you hear how young Snowball doth
challenge the train:

There's Fowler, and Ryall, they're both
two brave hounds,
They'll find out bold Reynard, if he's
above ground.

Then hark, rogues together, while Juno
comes in;
There's Lady and Lambert, likewise
little Trim;
There's Pleasant, and Careless, a bitch
that runs light,
And besides, little Justice, she'll set you
all right.

There is Jovial, and Frolic, and Vigour
beside;
There is Dido, the best bitch that ever
was tried;
There is Tosspot and Bumper, and Vir-
gin, I say;
There is fifty-four couple run every
day.

Mr. Waller then over the cover did
stand;
He hollow'd most clearly with horn in
his hand;
Cries, lo hark together, we'll turn Rey-
nard's note,
And if he break's cover, we'll tear his
old coat.

Lo hark, rogues together, the scent it
lies warm:
Mr. Waller, Tom Mullins, blew concert
with horn:
Tantivy, tantivy, their horns did re-
sound;
They alarm'd the whole country for above
a mile round.

Tom Mullins, the huntsman, his whip he
did crack,
Cries, lo hark, to Careless, she's leading
the pack.
These words made Jack Wolley, who
was whipper-in,
To hollow most clearly, lo hark rogues,
hark in.

The hounds they did rally, and flourish
about,
Bold Reynard's broke cover, Tom Mal-
lins did shout:
Over Wycersom Common away he did
trim,
They so merrily ran him by the Tinker's
Inn.

Then for Blakely Hall; but the yard-
door was stop't there:
Bold Reynard was forced to take Staf-
fordshire;

Then

Then he crossed the fair river Dove, I
declare,
And strait for Grantwood, for great cover
was there.

But the hounds they pursued him so hot
in the chase,
Which Reynard perceiving would not
take the place;
But he took Weaver Hill, which was a
pleasant thing,
To hear the wood echo, and the College-
hall ring.

Tom Mullins was mounted on a trusty
bay;
Over hedges and ditches the devil would
play;
No rocks nor high mountains could baf-
fle his mind,
He cried, Hark, little Careless, she runs
like the wind.

Then for the new buildings, away he did
steer;
I thought we should run him all round
Staffordshire:
But we briskly pursued him with hound
and with born,
And we forced him back again by the
Tythe-barn.

Squire Vernon was mounted upon Gold-
en Dun;
He leapt with great courage, like fury
did ran:
Mr. Waller, he was on a gelding so
free,
He maintain'd well the chase, and kept
him company.

Squire Vernon's a sportsman, 'tis very
well known,
Rode so swiftly all day, you would have
thought he had flown.
Squire Brown rode a gelding that runs
very fleet,
He may challenge the country to carry
his weight.

Squire Boothby of Ashbourn rode over
the plain,
Expecting each minute bold Reynard
was slain;
He rode with great courage, and all the
day through,
And was rarely well mounted upon his
True Blue.

Mr. Boothby of Bradford, who never
was cast,
But with all the whole hunt, he was in
at the last:

Mr. Gretton of Langford, he bravely
came in,
And was famously mounted on Tearing
Robin.

Mr. Waller did hallow, "Now sentence
is past,
There is Trouler and Snowball puts up
at the last:
Come, gentlemen, ride, for the game is
our own;
Now the old hounds are all up, I find
Reynard is blown."

The sportsmen all rode at a desperate
rate,
As if they had rode for a thousand-pound
plate:
No hedges could turn them, no walls
could them set;
For the choicest of sportsmen in England
were met.

The hounds they did rally, and briskly
pursue;
Do you hear little Careless, she runs him
in view:
Fifty miles in four hours, it was a great
ride:
But in Wooton old park, there bold Rey-
nard he died.

Now as for Jack Wolley, we'll not him
neglect,
He rode with great fury, ne'er fearing
his neck:
Nor hedges nor walls could they turn
him again;
He came in the same minute that Rey-
nard was slain.

The sportsmen came in every one at the
last;
The hounds they run briskly, not one of
them cast:
So let's ring Reynard's fall with a horn
that sounds clear:
We've not heard such hollowing many a
year.

'Tis hunting alone can all pastime com-
mand:
There's the otter by water, the deer up-
on land;

Hare hunting is pleasant, the stag's a fine
chase;
But to hunting the fox all the rest should
give place.

Come gentlemen sportsmen, wherever
you be,
All you that love hunting, draw near
unto me:
The chase is now ended, you've heard
Reynard's fall;
So let's drink to Squire Vernon of Sud-
bury-Hall.

PROLOGUE

TO THE
COMEDY OF JOHN BULL.

*Written by Mr. T. Dibdin, and spoken by
Mr. Brunton.*

SO you're all here—Box, Pit, and
Gallery, full
Of British Jurors, come to try John Bull.
“Who acts John Bull?” methinks I hear
you say,

No character's so nam'd in all the play.
“The title then's a trick!”—We scorn
the charge,

John Bull is *British Character* at large:
’Tis he; or he; where’er you mark a
wight

Revering Law, yet resolute for Right:
Plain, blunt, his heart with feeling, jus-
tice full:

That is a Briton—that’s, thank Heaven,
John Bull.

And John, till now, we set it down for
certain,

Has always ta’en his seat *before* the cur-
tain;

And so he does—no matter *where* your
places,

I see his gen’rous mind in *all* your faces.
Whether he sits by Sweetheart, Friend,
or Bride,

John Bull’s as warm as at his own *fire-
side*.

Look up aloft, and you may safely swear
He’s *highly* pleas’d, close to his lass—
just *there*:

That hand, which round her waist is
kindly thrown,

Should any He *mislist*, would knock him
down:

For John is still, as tells the lyric page,
A lamb in love, a lion in his rage.

Where fashion’s polish shows him more
refin’d, (*Boices.*)

John, still to social gaiety inclin’d,
Freely, though aim’d at by satyric whim,
Laughs *with* the bards who raise the laugh
at him.

Or look below, and you may see him sit,
Gracing, with critic state, an English pit;
To whom, thus midway plac’d, I say be
kind,

John Bull *before*, oh spare John Bull *be-
hind*. (*Pointing off.*)

Should you condemn, *sans* mercy, the
poor elf,

’Twere suicide for John to kill *himself*;
Nor blame the fear which makes the bard
thus sue,

John Bull ne’er trembles but at *facing
you*.

SONG.

From the Hero of the North.

OH! when I was young how I kiss’d
and I toy’d,

The lasses, sweet creatures, my time quite
employ’d,

I wrote them such posies,
’Bout sweet briars and roses,

When dancing, their pride was with me
to be seen.

Tho’ now run to seed,
And am call’d an old weed,

Yet I do as I please,
Still enjoy my heart’s ease,

And contented I know I’m an old ever-
green,

Shut up in this place, as tho’ under a
frame,

My trunk remains firm, yet my sap an’t
the same,

There’s not a day passes,
But all the young lasses

Like ivy cling round me wherever I’m
seen:

Tho’ grown somewhat old,
My heart’s not yet cold;

I’m as blyth and as gay
As a daisy in May,

And my love for the wenches remains
ever green.

*Want of room obliges us to delay the inser-
tion of more Songs from the Hero of
the North; and also the humorous Epi-
logue to John Bull. They shall ap-
pear in our next Number.*

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THE RACING CALENDAR.

GOODWOOD—SUSSEX.

[N. B. For the Plates, the ages are considered as if the Meeting had been in May.]

ON Wednesday, April the 28th, the Hunting Club Subscription of 20gs. each, rode by Subscribers;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Newbery's b. g. Pantagruel, by Driver, 11st. 13lb. 1 3 1

Mr. Harrison's b. h. Cornwallis, by Pegasus, 12st. 7lb. — 3 1 2

Sir C. Burrell's b. g. Patroclus, by Pantaloon, 11st. 9lb. — 2 2 dr

Mr. Burrell's b. g. Tom O'Lynn, by Giant, 11st. 3lb. — 4 dr.

Mr. Willard's ch. m. Jenny Sutton, by Sublimite, 11st. 0½lb. pd.

Mr. Humphrey's Chip, by Pill-Box, 9st. beat Mr. Trew's b. m. Flirtilla, by Japan, 8st. 7lb. two miles, 50l.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. the property of Subscribers that never won Plate, Match, &c. of 50l. or upwards, carrying 10st. rode by gentlemen;—two miles. (8 Subscribers)

D. of Richmond's b. h. Cedar, by Gay, out of Skysweeper 1

Mr. Byndloss's Brown Bread, by Sir Peter 2

Ld. Egremont's b. m. Jesse, by Driver — 9

Hunter's Plate of 50l. rode by Gentlemen, 12st.—2 mile heats.

Mr. Gage's b. g. Elevator, by an Arabian — 1 1

D. of Richmond's gr. h. You know me, by Gay 2 2

Mr. Creswell's gr. m. Ottillia, by Driver — 3 dr

Mr. Byndloss's b. g. Sir Simon, by Sir Peter, 8st. 10lb. beat the D. of Richmond's b. h. Goodwood, by Gay, 9st. two miles, 50gs. h. ft.

On Thursday, the City of Chester's Plate of 50l. for 3 year olds, 7st. 5lb. and four year olds, 8st. 8lb.—2-mile heats

Mr. Bullock's b. c. Mr. Giles, by Trumpator, 4 years old — 3 1 1

Ld. Egremont's b. c. by Woodpecker, 4 years old — 1 2 2

Mr. Paine's ch. f. Sally, 4 years old — 2 3 3

Mr. Byndloss's ch. f. Minnikin, 4 years old 4 dr

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages; three miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Ld. Egremont's ch. h. Bobtail, by Precipitate, walked over.

The Ladies Plate of 60gs for 4 yr olds, 10st. 4lb. 5 yr olds, 11st. 6lb. 6 yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. h. Mystery, a

tery, by Woodpecker, 5
yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Byndloss's br. h. Brown
Bread, 5 yrs old — 2 2
Sweepstakes of 20gs each, rode
by the owners, 13st. 12lb.—four
miles.
Mr. Du Pré's br. g. Glow
Worm — 1
Mr. Maitland's b. g. Cad-
wallader — 2
Major G. Lennox's bl. g.
Hand Grenade — 3

On Friday, Mr. Byndloss's Sir
Simon recd. ft. from the D. of Rich-
mond's You know me, 12st. each,
2 miles, 50 gs. h. ft.

The City of Chichester's Plate
of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. four
yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st.
5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged,
8st. 12lb — 3 mile heats.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. h. Mys-
tery, by Woodpecker, 5
yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Bird's b. h. Ambo, 5
yrs old — 3 2
Mr. Hall's b. h. Skyrocket, 5
yrs old — 2 3
Mr. Martin's ch. h. Better,
5 yrs old — 5 4
D. of Richmond's b. g.
Goldpecker, aged — 4 dr
Mr. Byndloss's ch. f. Min-
nikin, 4 yrs old — 6 dr
Mr. Dearing's gr. m. by Cur-
rice, 9st. 7lb. beat Mr. Trew's
b. m. Flirtilla, 9st. two miles, 50l.
Hunter's Plate of 50l. rode by
gentlemen, 11st.—2-mile heats.
D. of Richmond's gr. h. You
know me, by Gay — 1 1
Mr. Gage's b. g. Eleva-
tor — 2 2
Mr. Creswell's gr. m. Ot-
tilia — 3 3

His Royal Highness the Prince of
Wales's Rebel, by Trumpator,
10st. beat the D. of Richmond's b.
h. Cedar, 9st. 7lb. 2 miles, 100gs.

Major Maxwell's br. g. Charles,
13st. beat General Lennox's gr. m.

Eliza, 13st. 6lb. rode by the owner,
3 miles, 50gs.

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for horses,
the property of Subscribers to the
General Fund of these Races, car-
rying 10st.—2-mile heats.

N. B. The winner to be sold for
20gs if demanded, &c.

Sir C. Burrell's High Over 1 1
Mr. Halstead's b. m. by
Skyscraper — 2 2
Mr. Byndloss's bl. h. Black-
berry — 2 2

BECCLES.

ON Monday, September the
13th, a Maiden Plate of 50l.
for horses that never started, paid
or received forfeit, or walked over
a Course; three yr olds, a feather;
four yr olds, 7st. 6lb. five yr olds,
8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and
aged, 8st. 12lb. Mares allowed
3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Samuel Symonds's b. f.
Trial, by Dungannon, out
of Barbiniola, 4 yrs 1 1
Mr. Preston's Piccadilly 2 2
Mr. Underwood's Kirkstead 3 3
Mr. Goodisson's Tulip — dis
Mr. Law's Dubskelper — dis
N. B. The qualification of Trial
is disputed.

On Tuesday the 14th, the Town
Purse of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st.
9lb. four yr olds, 7st. 6lb. five yr
olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb.
and aged, 9st. Mares allowed 3lb.
—4-mile heats.

Mr. Golding's b. f. Lampe-
do, by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Symonds's Trial, 4 yrs old 2 2

PONTEFRAC.

ON Tuesday, September 14th,
a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each,
with 50l. added by the Members for
the

RACING CALENDAR.

the Borough;—4-mile heats, (10 Subscribers.)

Mr. Croft's b. c. by Traveller, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. — — 3 1 1

Ld. Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Miracle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. — — 1 2 2

Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Fieldfare, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. — — 2 3 3

Miracle the favourite.

In running the first heat the Traveller colt fell, and the rider was so much hurt, as to be unable to remount: a boy, more than the weight, rode the colt in, but not in time to save his distance; however, as the flags were not dropped, it was suggested that he had a right to start again, to which the Stewards, after consulting with other gentlemen, at length consented.

On Wednesday, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, a Subscription of 10gs each, by 10 Subscribers, for three yr olds, 6st. 6lb. four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, and aged, 8st. 10lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—4 miles.

Ld. Darlington's ch. c. Muly Moloch, by John Bull, 4 yrs old — — 1

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Strathspey, 3 yrs old, (ran out.) — — 2

Sir R. Winn's b. c. Conjuror, by Beningborough, 3 yrs old, (ran out) — — 3

Mr. Wilson's b. f. Sophia, 4 yrs old — — 4

Mr. Darley's b. h. Sportsman, (late Coniac) 6 yrs old — — 5

Ld. Darlington's c. by Alexander, out of Fairy, 4 yrs old pd 6 to 4 against Strathspey, and 7 to 4 against Muly Moloch.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three year old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—the last mile and three quarters. (6 Subscribers.)

Sir W. Gerrard's b. c. by

Beningborough, out of Mary Ann — — 1

Ld. Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Standard, by Standard, Dam by Diomed — — 2

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Violet, 3 yrs old — — 3

4 to 1 on the winner.

Fifty pounds, for three yr olds, and maiden four yr olds—2-mile heats.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Biningborough, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. — — 1 1

Sir R. Winn's b. c. Conjuror, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. — — 2 2

On Thursday, 50l. for all ages, &c. 4-mile heats.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Violet, 3 yrs old, 4st. 13lb. — — 1 1

Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. — — 2 2

Ld. Scarborough's b. h. Wander, 5 yrs old, 8st. — — 3 3

5 to 4 on Marcia, and 5 to 4 agst. the winner.

LICHFIELD.

ON Tuesday, September the 14th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each (with 50gs added by the Stewards and Trustees) for all ages;—2 miles. (18 Subscribers.)

Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, by Walnut, 5 yrs old, 9st. — — 1

Ld. Grey's ch. c. Edgar, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. — — 2

Sir C. Bunbury's br. f. Julia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. — — 3

6 to 4 on Lignum Vitæ.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. for 5 yr olds, 8st. 7lb.—3-mile heats, was walked over for by Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ.

On Wednesday, the Macaroni Stakes of 20gs. each, rode by gentlemen;—2 miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. P. Jones's br. c. Orange Flower, a 2

RACING CALENDAR.

Flower, by Trampator, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. Bullock) — — 1
 Mr. Glover's b. g. by Walnut, out of young Flora, 5 yrs old, 11st. 1lb. — — 2
 Mr. Lockley's b. c. Attainment, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 3
 Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds that never won a Plate of greater value ;—2-mile heats.
 Mr. Jones's Orange Flower, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. — — 2 1 1
 Mr. Winn's b. c. Giles, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. — 3 2 2
 Mr. Lockley's b. c. Minima, 3 yrs old, 7st. (bolted.) — — 1 dis
 On Thursday 50l for all ages ;—4-mile heats.

Ld. Grey's ch. c. Edgar, by Trampator, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 1 1
 Mr. Massey's b. c. by Soldier, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. 2 2
 Mr. Hunter's b. f. by King Fergus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (bolted) — dis

ABINGDON.

ON Tuesday, September the 14th, the Members' Purse of 50l. for all ages ;—4 mile heats.

Mr. Payne's ch. f. Sally, by Rockingham, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. — 1 1

Mr. White's ch. c. Minia-ture, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2 2

Mr. Beechy's b. g. Defiance, aged, 8st. 12lb. 3 dr

On Wednesday, the 15th, a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with the 50l. Subscription Plate added, for maiden horses, &c. three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. 5 yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. 1lb. Mares and geldings allowed 9lb.—2-mile heats.

Winner to be sold for 30gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Grisewood's b. f. Louisa, by Precipitate, 3 yrs old 1 1

Lord Folkestone's b. g. Monkovitz, 6-yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Best's ch. m. by Asparagus, 5-yrs old — 3 3

Col. Gower's b. f. Thistle, 4-yrs old — 4 4

Mr. J. Eldridge's b. g. Ranter, aged — — 5 dr

Louisa was claimed according to the articles.

DUMFRIES.

THE third week in September, the 100l. and both 50l. were walked over for by Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Driver, by Huby, 4 yrs. old.

Mr. Fletcher's br. c. Antelope, by Stride, beat Mr. Fergusson's ch. c. Conscript, by Volunteer, out of Mother Bunch's dam, both 4 yrs old, 12st. each, 4-miles, 200gs.

Mr. Fletcher's Antelope, 12st. 3lb. beat Mr. Fergusson's Conscript, 12st. rode by gentlemen, 4-miles.

Mr. Fletcher's ch. m. beat Mr. Ram's b. g. rode by the owners, 1-mile, 100gs.

KINGSCOTE MEETING

ON Tuesday, September 14th, Colonel Kingscote's Chuc-kle, by Grouse, 10st. 10lb. beat Mr. Mills's Small Hopes, 10st. both 5-yrs old 1-mile, 50gs.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses that never started, 14st. each ;—2-mile heats.—(16 or more Subscribers.)

Mr. E. Cripps's b. g. Freeholder, by Ilmio 3 1 1
 Mr.

Mr. Kellerman's b. m.

Constantia — 1 2 dr

Mr. Hodge's b. g. Bull Dog 2 dis

Sir H. Lippincott's Brigadier,
by Mercury, aged, 11st. 11lb. beat

Mr. Elton's Yam, 4 yrs old, 11st
12lb. two miles, 100gs.

Fifty Pound Plate for horses that
never started, paid, or received for-
feit, carrying 12st. 3-mile heats.

Mr. Hodge's b. g. Specu-
lator, by Fortunio — 1 1

Mr. Cripps's b. g. Free-
holder — 2 2

Mr. G. Austin's b. g. Tal-
ly-ho! — 3 3

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each for all
ages;—2-mile heats (13 or more
Subscribers.)

Mr. Scrope's b. c. Dotterell,
by Buzzard, 4 yrs old,
10st. 4lb. — 1 1

Col. Kingscote's b. h. Chuc-
kle, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 2 dr

Mr. Cripps's b. h. Trium-
vir, 5-yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 3 dr

Mr. Eccles's b. h. Pet-
worth, aged, 12st. 2lb.

(lame) — dis

On Wednesday Mr. Mills's Small
Hopes, 5 yrs old, beat Mr. Eccles's
Poll Andrews, aged, 11st. each, 4
miles, 50gs. h. ft.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for
horses that never won before the
first of June;—2-mile heats. (5 or
more Subscribers.)

Mr. Kellerman's b. c. Mar-
quis, 4-yrs old, 10st. 4lb. 1 1

Mr. Scrope's b. h. Vulture,
6-yrs old, 12st. — 2 dr

Sir H. Lippincott's Brigadier,
aged, 12st. 2lb. beat Mr. Scrope's
Agamemnon, aged, 12st. 7lb. two
miles, 100gs.

Col. Kingscote's b. h. Chuckle,
5-yrs old, 11st. received ft. from
Mr. Creswell's Gazer, 11st. 9lb.
3 miles, 50gs.

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for all
ages; 2-mile heats.

Mr. Kellerman's b. c. Fu-

sileer, brother to Recruit,

4-yrs old, 10st. 4lb. — 1 1

Mr. Mills's b. h. Small Hopes,
5-yrs old, 11st. 6lb. — 2 dr

Mr. Cripps's b. h. Trium-
vir, 5-yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 3 dr

Mr. Smith's ch. m. Trull, 5-
yrs old, 11st. 3lb. — 4 dr

Mr. Pigot's Moorland Geld-
ing, 4-yrs old. 10st. 4lb. 5 dr

Sir H. Lippincott's Brigadier, re-
ceived ft. from Mr. Mills's Florist, 4
yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 4-miles, 100gs. h. ft.

On Thursday Mr. Mills's Florist,
by Escape, 9st. 12lb. beat Mr. El-
ton's Yam, 10st. 4lb. 2-miles, 50gs.

Mr. Scrope's Agamemnon, beat
Mr. Methuen's Marske, 14st. each,
1-mile, 50gs.

Fifty Pounds for all ages;—4-mile
heats.

Major Calcraft's b. c.
Pyrrhus, by Alexan-
der, 4-yrs old, 10st.

7lb. — 3 1 1

Mr. Kellerman's b. c.
Fusileer, 4-yrs old,
10st. 4lb. — 1 3 2

Mr. Scrope's b. c. Dot-
terell, 4-yrs old, 10st.

11lb. — 2 2 dis

Mr. R. Paul's b. m. Myrtle, beat
Mr. S. Paul's Betsy Pringle, 11st.

6lb. each, 50gs. 1-mile.

Mr. Pigot's Moorland gelding,
by Cavendish, 10st. 4lb. beat Mr.
Cresswell's Gazer, 11st. 7lb. 1-
mile, 50gs.

Mr. Austin's Tally-ho! beat
Mr. Hammond's Minister, 12st.

each, 2-miles, 50gs.

Handicap Stakes, 2gs each, ad-
ded to the 50l. Plate;—2 mile heats.

Sir H. Lippincott's b. h.
Brigadier, by Mer-
cury, aged, 12st. 7lb. 2 1 1

Mr. Pigot's Moorland
gelding, 4-yrs old,
10st. 3lb. — 1 6 4

Col. Kingscote's b. h.
Chuckle, 5-yrs old,
12st. — 3 7 2

Mr.

Mr. Mills's b. h. Small Hopes, 5-yrs old, 10st. 12lb. — —	4	2	3
Mr. Cripps's b. h. Triumvir, 5-yrs old, 10st. 10lb. — —	8	3	dr
Mr. Scrope's b. h. Aga- memnon, aged, 11st. 9lb. — —	7	4	dr
Mr. Smith's ch. m. Trull 5-yrs old, 10st. 7lb. — —	9	5	dr
Mr. Lindow's b. h. Spe- culator, aged, 10st. 10lb. — —	5		dr
Mr. Creswell's ch. m. Gazer, 5-yrs old, 11st. 2lb. — —	6		dis

BEDFORD.

ON Wednesday the 15th of September, the Woburn Stakes of 10gs each, for all ages. The winner to be sold for 125gs, if demanded, &c.—four miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Whir- ligig, by Whiskey, 4-yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — —	1		
Mr. Watson's b. c. Paulo, 4- yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — —	2		
Mr. Villier's b. f. by Escape, 4-yrs old, 7st. 5lb. — —	3		
Fifty Pounds given by his Grace the Duke of Bedford, for 3-yr olds; —heats, once round.			
Mr. Durand's ch. c. Morgan Rattler, by Mr. Teazle, 8st. 4lb. — —	1		1

Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlan-
do, 8st. — —

On Thursday a Subscription
Plate of 50l. for four yr olds and up-
wards;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Delme's br. h. Lucan, by Sir Peter, 6-yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 1	1		
Sir R. Williams's ch. h. Can- terbury, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 3	2		
Mr. Durand's ch. h. Sir Sid- ney, 5-yrs old, 8st 13lb. 2	3		

SHREWSBURY.

ON Tuesday, September the
21st, the Town Subscrip-
tion Plate of Fifty Pounds (Maiden)
for three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds,
7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six
yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st.
Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.
—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lockley's b. c. Mini-
ma, by Trumpator, 3-yrs
old. — —

Mr. Kellerman's gr. c.
Marquis, 4-yrs old — 2 2

On Wednesday, Fifty Pounds,
given by Sir William Pulteney and
the Honourable William Hill, for
all ages;—4-mile heats.

Ld Grey's ch. c. Edgar, by
Trumpator, 4-yrs old, 8st. 1 1

Mr. Lockley's br. c. Attain-
ment, 4-yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2 2

Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim,
5-yrs old, 8st. 8lb. — 3 3

On Thursday the Gentleman's
Subscription Plate of 50l. for three
and four yr olds;—heats, twice
round.

Ld Grey's ch. c. Edgar, 4-
yrs old, 9st. — 1 1

Mr. Hunt's b. f. by King
Fergus, 4-yrs old, 8st.
7lb. — — 3 2

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c.
Tityrus, 4-yrs old, 8st.
12lb. — — 2 dr

LEICESTER.

ON Wednesday the 22d of Sep-
tember, 50l. for all ages;—
2-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple,
by Citizen, 6-yrs old, 9st.
13lb. — — 1 1

Mr. Jodrell's b. c. Maccles-
field, 3-yrs old, 7st. 2 dr

The Macaroni Stakes of 10gs
each

each, for all ages;—rode by gentlemen, 4-miles. (10 Subscribers)
Mr. Jodrell's b. c. Macclesfield, by Rockingham, 3 yrs old, walked over.

On Thursday the Burgesses' Purse of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Saunders's b. f. Eliza, by Fortunio, 4-yrs old, 7st. 3lb. — 1 2 1

Mr. Bailey's gr. c. Knutsford, 4-yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (bolted) — 2 1 dis

Mr. H. Sitwell's b. h. Meteor, 6-yrs old, 8st. 13lb. — 3 3 dr

Mr. Pochin's b. h. Little Billy, by Billy, beat Mr Andrews's b. h. by Edmund (who broke down) twice round, 12st. each, 300gs.

NORTHAMPTON.

ON Monday, September 27, the Gentlemen's Subscription Purse of 50l. for three yr olds;—heats, about a mile and half each.

Mr. Farrell's ch. c. Northampton, by John Bull, out of Anna, 8st. 2lb. 1 1

Mr. Hallett's b. f. Louisa, 8st. 3lb. — 2 2

Mr. Jodrell's b. c. Macclesfield, 8st. 7lb. — 3 3

Hunters Sweepstakes of 5gs each, five yr olds carrying 10st. 7lb. and aged, 11st.—3-mile heats. (16 Subscribers.)

Mr. Elwes's b. g. Poacher, by Lurcher, 5-yrs old 1 1

Mr. J. Pell's b. g. by Phœnomenon, 5-yrs old — 2 dr

Mr. J. Hanbury's ch. m. Miss Eldin, aged — 3 dr

On Tuesday the Town Purse of 50l. for all ages;—four mile heats.

Mr. Badley's b. c. Paulo, by Woodpecker, 4-yrs, old

7st. 5lb. — — 1 1

Mr. Farrell's ch. c. Matthew, by John Bull, 4-yrs old, 7st. 5lb. — 2 2

Mr. Elwes's b. g. Poacher, 5-yrs old, 8st. 4lb. — 3 3

RACES IN IRELAND.

From the Irish Racing Calendar.

ROYAL CORPORATION RACES.

DOWNPATRICK.

[King's Plate Articles, 3lb. to mares and geldings.]

ON Monday, July 19, King's Plate for Irish bred horses, &c. not exceeding six yrs old, carrying 9st. 7lb. each;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Ormsby's b. h. Loyal, by Bagot, 6-yrs old, walked over.

On Tuesday, Fifty Guineas for County of Down-bred horses, &c. three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 9st.—2-mile heats, 5gs each entrance to go to the second horse, &c.

Mr. Pottinger's b. f. Peace, by Master Bagot, 3-yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Mc'Cally's gr. m. Spotted-doe, by Cromaboo, 5-yrs old — 4 2

Mr. Martin's b. c. Playfellow, by Marquis, 3-yrs old — 2 3

Mr. G. Hamilton's gr. g. by Vesper, 3-yrs old — 3 4
2 to 1 Peace agst the field.

On Wednesday, 60gs. for six yr. olds, 8st. 4lb. and aged, 8st. 7lb.—4-mile heats.

Marquis of Donegall's b. h. Trifle, by Pot80's aged 1 1

Mr. Ormsby's b. h. Loyal, by Bagot, 6-yrs old 2 2

At

At starting, 5 to 2 on Loyal, after the heat 2 to 1 on Trifle.

On Thursday, 60 gs. for three yr olds; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies and geldings, 8st.—Mile and half heats.

Mr. Whaley's b. c. King		
Pepin, by Tug	—	1 1
Mr. Martin's b. c. by Marquis	—	3 2
Mr. Pottinger's b. f. Peace, by Master Bagot	—	2 3
3 to 1 King Pepin against the field.		

On Friday, Fifty Guineas, for five yr. olds, 8st. 7lb.—3-mile heats

Marquis of Donegall's br. h. Fortitude, by John Bull	—	1 1
Mr. Edward's br. m. by Trumpator	—	2 2
Mr. McCail's gr. m. Spotted-doe, by Cromaboo	—	3 3

At starting 4 to 1 on Fortitude against the field, after the heat 10 to 1 he won.

On Saturday, King's Plate of 100gs. for four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 9st.—2-mile heats.

Marquis of Donegall's b. c. Curb, by Dungannon, 4 yrs old	—	1 1
Mr. Whaley's b. c. King Pepin, by Tugg, 3 yrs old	—	2 2
Mr. Edward's b. c. Buffer, by Prize-fighter, 4 yrs old	—	3 dr
6 to 4 Curb against the field.		

Governor's Plate, weight for age, for Irish bred horses, &c. that never won a King's Plate; three yr olds, 6st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six and aged, 9st.—one 2-mile heat; 3lb. to mares and geldings; winners of a 50l. Plate in 1802 prior to 19th July, carrying 4lb. extra.

Mr. Whaley's b. c. King Pepin, by Tugg, walked over.

LOUGHREA.

(3lb. to Mares and Geldings.)

ON Thursday, August 12th, Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, to which the Stewards added 50gs. three yr olds, 7st. four yr olds, 8st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds and aged, 9st.—one 2-mile heat.

Mr. Kelly's ch. h. Honest Ralph, by Master Bagot, walked over

Mr. Kirwan's ch. h. Traveller, 5 yrs old;—Mr. Edwards b. c. Buffer, 4 yrs old;—Mr. Daly's ch. c. Clarion, 3 yrs old;—and Mr. Ormsby's ch. c. Sir Sidney, 3 yrs old, paid.

Fifty Pounds for three yr olds, 7st. 11lb. each;—1-mile heats.

Ld. Clonbrock's br. c. by Lambinos	—	1 1
Mr. Daly's gr. f.	—	2 2

On Friday, Fifty Pounds for four yr olds, 8st. each;—2-mile heats.

Col. A. Daly's ch. colt, by Master Bagot	—	1 1
Mr. Kirwan's b. c. Drone, by Drone	—	2 2

At starting 4 to 1 on Drone, after the heat, 6 to 4 on him.

Fifty Pounds for five yr olds, 8st. and six yr olds, 8st. 7lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Kelly's ch. h. Honest Ralph, by Master Bagot, 6 yrs old	—	1 1
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Mr. St. George Cawfield's b. h. First Fruits, by Grouse, 5 yrs old	—	2 2
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At starting, 2 to 1 on Ralph, after the heat, 4 to 1.

Mr. R. Burk's br. g. carrying 16st. beat Mr. Kelly's b. g. carrying 15st. four miles, for 100gs. each.

2 to 1 on Mr. Burk's br. g.

On Saturday, Fifty Pounds, given by the Marquis of Clanricarde, for any horse, &c. carrying 9st. Horses &c. having won 100l. this year, in Plate, Prize, Match, or Sweepstakes, to carry 7lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr.

RACING CALENDAR.

Mr. Kelly's ch. h. Honest
Ralph, 6-yrs old (7lb extra) — 1 1

Col. A. Daly's gr. h. by
Hero — 2 2

Fifty Pounds for three yr olds,
6st. 2lb. four yr olds, 7st. 5lb. five
yr olds 8st. six yr olds and aged,
8st. 7lb.—one 4-mile heat.

Mr. St. George Cawfield's

b. h. First Fruits, by
Grouse, 5-yrs old — 1

Col. A. Daly's ch. c. by Mas-
ter Bagot, 4-yrs old — 2

Ld Clonbrock's b. c. by Lam-
binos, 3-yrs old — 3

On Monday, Fifty Pounds for
the beaten horses of the week, that
have saved their distance; three
yr olds, 6st. 5lb. four yr olds, 7st.
7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 2lb. six yr olds
and aged; 8st. 7lb.—3-mile heats.

Col. A. Daly's gr. h. by Hero,
walked over.

Thirty guineas for hunters that
never started, paid or received for-
feit, wt. for age, viz. four yr olds,
10st. 7lb. 5-yr olds, 11st. 2lb. 6-
yr olds, 11st. 11lb. and aged, 12st.
—3-mile heats; rode by Gentle-
men. Every person entering a
horse for this Plate, is to stake 5gs,
all to go to the winner; to qualify
by carrying their respective weights
over a 4-feet double stone wall,
and a ten feet cut drain (after the
Race for the Sweepstakes, the first
day of the Meeting) to the satis-
faction of the Stewards.

Mr. E. Cloran's b. m. by Plough-
boy, 5-yrs old walked over.

A Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for
hunters; 5-yr olds, 11st. 7lb. six
yr olds and aged, 12st.—1-mile
heats, rode by Gentlemen.

Mr. Cloran's b. g. by
Ploughboy, 4-yrs old
(rode by Mr. Cruise) 1 1

Capt. Darvall's br. g. aged
(rode by himself) — 6 2

Mr. T. Burke's b. g. 5-yrs
old (rode by Mr. Wil-
lington) — 2 3

Ld Clonbrock's br. g. aged
(rode by Mr. Creagh) 4 4

Mr. J. Bodkin's b. m. 5-yrs
old (rode by Mr. Kilkelly) 5 5

Mr. R. Trench's br. g. 5-yrs
olds (rode by himself) 3 6

CURRAGH

SEPTEMBER MEETING.

ON Monday, September 6th,
Conolly Stakes (first year)
for the produce of mares covered
in 1798; colts, 8st. 3lb, fillies, 7st.
11lb.—Red Post, home, 50gs, h.
ft. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Whaley's b. c. King Pepin,
by Tug, walked over.

Mr. Whaley's gr. m. by Tom
Turf, out of Jenny, agst Mr. Daly's
b. f. by Harris's Highflyer, out of
Crazy, 16st. each, Red Post, home,
100l. h. ft.

Off by consent.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, a
hogshead of Whiskey, and a hogs-
head of Port, p. p.—two miles.
Mr. Graydon's b. g. Big-breech-
es, 8st. 7lb. — 1

Mr. Brownrigg's b. g. Billy the
Grinder, 8st. — 2

Mr. Caldwell's ch. g. 7st. 7lb. pd

On Tuesday, Handicap Plate of
50gs, by Subscription, was run for
over the Ladies Course, viz. start-
ed at the Distance Post, ran by the
end of the rails, into, and finished
in the Rutland Course, heats.

Mr. Daly's ch. h. Dawdle, by
Master Bagot, aged, 8st.
9lb. — 1 1

Mr. Kirwan's b. c. Corpo-
ral Trim, by Serjeant, 4-
yrs old, 6st. 9lb. — 2 2

Sweepstakes of 10gs each;—
Post on the Flat, home.

b Mr.

Mr. Daly's b. c. Game-cock, by
Chanticleer, 4-yrs old — 1
Mr. Kirwan's b. c. Corporal
Trim, by Serjeant, 4-yrs old 2
Mr. Battersby's b. m. Darling,
by Walnut, 5-yrs old — 3

On Wednesday, the King's
Plate of 100gs, for any horse, &c.
carrying 12st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Whaley's b. h. Swords-
man, by Prizefighter, 6-
yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Battersby's b. h. Jerry
Sneak, by Chocolate, 6-
yrs old — 2 2
Mr. Ormsby's b. h. Loyal,
by Bagot, 6-yrs old (bolt-
ed) — — dis

On Thursday, the King's Plate
of 100gs, for three-yr olds, 8st.
each;—one 2-mile heat. (\$lb. to
mares)

Ms. Daly's ch. c. Bob Bobus,
by Chanticleer — 1
Mr. Hamilton's ch. c. Mr. John,
by Master Bagot — 2
Mr. Whaley's ch. c. King Pe-
pin, by Tug — 3
Mr. Daly's ch. h. Dawdle, by
Master Bagot, 6-yrs old, 8st. 2lb.
beat Mr. Whaley's b. h. Fortitude,
by John Bull, 5-yrs old, 7st. 9lb.—
Red Post home, Ogs each, h. ft.

: On Friday the King's Plate of
100gs, for mares, 10st. each;—4-
mile heats.

Mr. Kelly's b. m. Irish
Lass, by Turnip, 5-yrs
old — 1 1
Mr. Battersby's b. m. Dar-
ling, by Walnut, 5-yrs
old — 2 2
Mr. Whaley's ch. m. Pee-
weet, by Tom Turf, 6-yrs
old — 3 3
Mr. Edwards's br. m. 5-yrs
old — — dis
M. Ellis's bl. m. by Merry
Andrew — — dis


A very fine race between Irish
Lass and Darling the second heat.

On Saturday the Lord Lieute-
nant's Plate of 100gs; four yr olds,
7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 8lb. six
yr olds, 8st. 13lb. and aged, 9st.—
one 4-mile heat.

Mr. Hamilton's b. c. Sweet Wil-
liam, by Tugg, 4-yrs old — 1
Mr. Daly's ch. h. Dawdle, by
Master Bagot, aged — 2
Mr. Whaley's b. h. Swordsman,
by Prizefighter 6-yrs old — 3
Mr. Ormsby's b. h. Loyal, by
Bagot, 6-yrs — 4
Mr. Kelly's b. m. Irish Lass,
by Turnip, 5-yrs old — 5

Tit Stakes, (third and last year)
for 2-yr olds; colts, 7st. fillies,
6st. 10lb.—Two yr old Course,
25gs each, 15gs ft.

Mr. Hamilton's b. c. by Swin-
dler, on Harmony — 1
Col. Lumm's ch. c. by Chanti-
cleer, dam by Lenox — 2
Mr. Kelly's ch. c. by Chanti-
cleer, on Louisa — 3
Mr. Daly's ch. c. by Chanti-
cleer, on Saucy Moll — pd
Mr. Daly's c. by Drone, on
young Cynare — — pd
Mr. Kirwan's ch. c. by Chan-
ticleer, on Drone's sister pd
Mr. Edward's b. c. by Master
Bagot, dam by Highflyer,
grand dam by Matchem, &c. pd
Mr. Kirwin's ch. c. by Chanti-
cleer, on Drone's sister, beat Mr.
Daly's ch. c. by Chanticleer, on
Saucy Moll, 8st. 7lb. each, 2-yr
old Course, 10gs each

 The Cup in possession of Mr.
Kelly, was challenged, this Meeting,
by the Marquis of Donegall and Mr.
Whaley; Mr. Kelly did not accept
the challenge;—it is to be run for on
Monday, next April Meeting.

Marquis of Donegall's c. Curb,
4-yrs old; Mr. Whaley's b. c. Buf-
fer, 4-yrs old, 7st. 11lb. each;—
one 4-mile heat.

End of the Races in Ireland.

CARMARTHEN.

CARMARTHEN.

ON Wednesday, July 21st, a Plate of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fortescue's ch. m. Gazer, by John Bull, 5-yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	—	1	1
Mr. Jones's b. h. Collector, aged, 9st. 2lb.	—	2	dis
Mr. Ackers's b. h. Ben De- vaynes, 5-yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	—	3	dis
Mr. Mansel Philipps's br. h. Rolla, 5-yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	—	4	dr

The Corporation Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim, by Restless, 5-yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	—	1	1
Mr. M. Philipps's br. h. Rolla, 5-yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	—	2	dr

On Thursday a Plate of 50l. for horses of all ages, bred by Subscribers to the races, inhabitants of the principality.

Mr. J. Philipps's gr. m. by the Rumbold Arabian, out of a Welch Snap m. walked over.

The Steward's Plate of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats; weights as before.

Mr. Johnson's ch. m. Gazer, by John Bull	—	1	
Mr. Wrixon's gr. h. Wrangler	dis		

On Friday a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, the winner to be sold for 100gs if demanded, &c. weight, 12st.—2-mile heats. (9 Subscribers)

Mr. Jenner's gr. g. Highlander, walked over.

A Plate of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Johnson's ch. m. Gazer, walked over.

OSWESTRY.

ON Monday the 27th of September, a Subscription Plate of 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats,

Ld Grey's ch. c. Edgar, by Trumpator, 4-yrs old, 9st.	1	1
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. Mountaineer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	—	2 2

On Tuesday a Silver Cup, value 50l. given by Sir Watkin W. Wynn, Bart. for regular hunters; that had never started, paid or received forfeit, and had been for two months the property of Gentlemen Freeholders in the county of Salop, or North Wales, or Members of the Holywell Hunt. Rode by Gentlemen;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Boates's br. g. Paul, 5- yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	—	1	1
Mr. Croxon's ch. h. Moses, by Ellimore, aged, 12st. 4lb.	—	2	2
Mr. Boodle's ch. m. Nelly, 5-yrs old, 11st.	—	dis	

On Wednesday a Subscription Purse of 50l. free for any horse, &c.—4-mile heats.

Ld Grey's ch. c. Edgar, 4- yrs old, 8st.	—	1	1
Mr. Bailey's gr. h. Nauti- lus, 5-yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	—	4	2
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Mini- ma, 3-yrs old, 6st. 3lb.	—	3	dr
Mr. Hunt's b. f. Sally, 4-yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (broke down)	—	2	dis

BURFORD.

ON Tuesday the 28th of Sep-
tember, His Majesty's Plate
of 100gs for horses not more than
b 2 five

five yrs old, carrying 9st.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's b. c. Teddy
the Grinder, by Aspara-
gus, out of Stargazer, 4-
yrs old — — 1 1.
Col. Kingscote's b. h.
Chuckie — — 4 2
Mr. Creswell's ch. m. Ga-
zer — — 5 3
Mr. Marsh's bl. h. Pilgrim 6 4
Mr. Cripps's b. h. Triumvir 3 5
Mr. Mansel Philipps's br.
h. Rolla — — 2 dr
3 to 1 on Teddy the Grinder.

On Wednesday a Sweepstakes
of 5gs each, with 40gs added, for
all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 1lb.
four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds,
8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and
aged, 9st. A winner of one Plate
since the 25th of March last, car-
rying 3lb. extra. Of two or more,
5lb. extra. Horses that had
started once since that time and
not won, allowed 3lb. if twice, 5lb.
—4-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's ch. c.
Morgan Ratler, by
Mr. Teazle, out of
Mrs. Siddons, 3-yrs
old — — 3 1 1
Mr. Coventry's ch. m.
Jenny Spinner, 5-yrs old 1 3 4
Mr. Calcrafft's b. c. Pyrr-
hus, 4-yrs — 5 2 2
Mr. Jones's b. h. Col-
lector, aged — 2 5 3
Col. Kingscote's b. h.
Chuckie, 5-yrs — 4 4 5

On Monday, October 4th, Mr.
A. Craven's ch. h. Frolick, by Dio-
med, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Best's br.
galloway, Poll Thompson, 5st. four
miles, 200gs.

WARWICK.

ON Saturday, September the
11th, Mr. A. Craven's Fro-
lick, by Diomed, 10st. 13lb. 2 oz.

beat Mr. Best's br. m. Poll Thomp-
son, 7st. 7lb. two miles, 100gs, h. ft.

DONCASTER.

ON Tuesday, September the
28th, the St. Leger Stakes
of 25gs each, for three yr old colts,
8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—2-miles.
(15 Subscribers.)

Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c. Orville,
by Beningbrough — 1
Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Pipylin — 2
Ld Fitzwilliam's br. c. Sparrow
hawk — — 3
Ld Belhaven's b. c. by Bening-
brough — — 4
Sir T. Gascoine's ch. c. by ditto 5
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Young
Eclipse — — 6
Sir R. Winn's ch. c. Tankersley 7

Even betting and 5 to 4 on Mr.
Wilson's c. 5 to 2 agst Spar-
rowhawk, and 5 to 1 agst Or-
ville.

The Corporation Plate of 50l.
for all ages; three yr olds, 5st. 2lb.
four yr olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr olds,
8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and
aged, 9st. Maiden horses, &c. al-
lowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Ld Darlington's ch. c. by
Beningbrough, dam
by Ruler, 3-yrs old 4 1 1
Mr. Lumley Savile's ch.
h. Cinnamon, 5-yrs old 1 3 2
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f.
by Buzzard, 3-yrs old 2 2 3
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c.
Woodpecker, 3 yrs old 3 dr
2 to 1 agst Cinnamon, and 3 to 1
agst Ld Darlington's colt.

The North Welter Stakes of 20gs
each, rode by Gentlemen, 13st.—
2-mile heats. (10 Subscribers.)

Mr. Baker's ch. h. Quilter,
by Standard, (Mr. B.) — 1 1
Mr. Castley's ch. h. Spright-

ly,

1y, 6-yrs old, (Mr.
Hawkes) — — 2 2
6 to 4 on Quilter.

On Wednesday a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—the last mile. (5 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's br. c. by Sir Peter, out of Skelton's dam — — 1

Ld Fitzwilliam's br. c. Ducal, by Coriander — 2
5 to 2 on the winner.

The first year of a renewal of the Doncaster Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation, for horses, &c. bona fide the property of Subscribers or Confederates; three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 10lb.—four miles. (13 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's br. h. Haphazard, by Sir Peter, 5-yrs old — — 1

Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, 5-yrs old — — 2

Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c. Sparrowhawk, 3-yrs old — 3

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. Lennox, 4-yrs old — 4

Sir W. Gerard's b. c. Belleisle, 4-yrs old (broke down) — 5

Six to 4 agst Haphazard, 3 to 1 against Sparrowhawk, 4 to 1 agst Lennox, 5 to 1 agst Belleisle, and 15 to 1 against Marcia.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged 9st.—four miles.

Mr. Brandling's b. c. Alonzo, by Pegasus, 4 yrs old — 1

Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c. Orville, 3-yrs old — — 2

Ld Middleton's gr. c. Blue Devil, 3 yrs old — — 3

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Strathspey, 3-yrs old — — 4

Ld Darlington's ch. c. Muly Moloch, 4-yrs — — 5

Mr. Johnson's b. h. Sir Solomon, 6 yrs old (4lb. extra.) 6

Sir W. Gerard's b. c. Asheton, 3-yrs old — — 7

Mr. Sitwell's b. c. Pipylin, 3-yrs old — — 8

Two to 1 agst Sir Solomon, 3 to 1 agst Orville, and 10 to 1 agst Alonzo.

On Thursday a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation, for three yr old fillies, carrying 8st.—two miles. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wentworth's b. f. by Benningbrough, out of Constitution's sister — — 1

Mr. Lumley Savile's br. f. Moss Rose — — 2

D. of Hamilton's b. f. by Walnut, out of Nun — 3

Mr. Timms's b. f. Miss Teazle, by Sir Peter, out of Fan-ny — — 4

7 to 4 on the winner, and 4 to 1 agst Moss Rose.

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses that never won before the day of naming, 12st.—4-miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Sir W. Gerard's bl. h. Collier, by Comet — — 1

Mr. Barlow's b. g. Methodist 2
20 to 1 on Collier.

A Plate value 100l. for three and 4 yr olds.—2 mile heats.

Mr. Brandling's b. c. Alonzo, by Pegasus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 1 1

Ld Middletons's gr. c. Blue Devil, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 5 2

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. Lennox, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — — 2 3

Ld Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Standard,

Standard, 3-yrs old, 7st. 3lb. — — 4 4
 Mr. Garforth's ch. c. Trim, 3-yrs old, 7st. 3lb. — 3 5
 6 to 5 agst Alonzo, and 3 to 1 agst Blue Devil

WALSALL.

(NEW COURSE.)

ON Wednesday, the 29th of September, 50l. for maiden horses, wt. for age; three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. 2lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, miles each.

Mr. Lord's ch. c. Turn-toe, by Precipitate, 3 yrs old 1 1
 Mr. Bloss's iron-grey c. Marquis, 4 yrs old — 3 2
 Mr. Davis's gr. m. Vanity, 6 yrs old — 2 3

On Thursday, the 30th, another Subscription Purse of 50l. free for any horse; weights as above. The winner of one Plate in the present year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. of three or more, 7lb. extra.

Mr. Jones's br. c. Orange-flower, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old — — 1 1
 Mr. Lockley's br. c. Attainment, 4 yrs old — 2 2
 Ld. Stamford's ch. f. Elfrieda, 3 yrs old — — 4 3
 Capt. Parker's b. f. Eliza, 4 yrs old — — 5 4
 Mr. Smith's br. h. Citizen, 5 yrs old — — 3 5

NEWMARKET,

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

ON Monday, October 4th, Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. Ab. M.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. f. Marianne, by Mufti, 7st. 5lb. — 1
 D. of Grafton's b. f. Penelope, 8st. 3lb. — — 2
 Mr. Watson's b. c. Gaoler, 8st. 3lb. — — 3
 6 to 4 on Penelope, 2 to 1 against Gaoler, and 10 to 1 against Marianne.

Mr. Lockley's br. c. Hospitality, by Dragon, beat Mr. Wardell's b. c. Harefoot, by Benningbrough, dam by Drone, 7st. 10lb. each, across the Flat, 1000gs.

3 to 1 on Hospitality.

First year of a Subscription of 5gs each, for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 13lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb. B. C. (23 Subscribers.)

Ld. Sackville's b. h. Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 5 yrs old — — 1
 Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, 5 yrs old — — 2
 6 to 4 on Lignum Vitæ.

Mr. C. Sell's ch. g. recd. ft. from Mr. Hogg's ch. g. B. C. 100gs. h. ft. to have been ridden by the owners; their own weights.

On Tuesday, Mr. Harris's br. c. brother to Lurcher, 8st. 6lb. agst. Mr. Heathcote's br. f. sister to Grey Pilot, 8st. Two yr old Course, 200gs, h. ft. *ran a dead heat.*

6 to 4 on the colt.

D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau, by Skyscraper, or Grouse, 8st. 1lb. beat Mr. Lockley's Hospitality, 7st. 9lb. Ab. M. 50gs.

2 to 1 on Flambeau.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Georgiana, by John Bull, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Howard's br. m. Tawny, 7st. 10lb. Ab. M. 50gs.

2 to 1 on Georgiana.
 One-third

* One-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, with 50l. added by the Jockey-Club, for four yr old colts, carrying 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb. D. I. (15 Subscribers.)

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Eleanor,
by Whiskey, — — 1
D. of Grafton's b. f. Penelope 2
Sir F. Standish's br. f. sister to
Gouty — — 3
6 to 4 on Penelope, 7 to 4 agst.
Eleanor, and 12 to 1 agst the
sister to Gouty.

On Wednesday, Mr. Wardell's
ch. c. Malta, by Buzzard, beat
Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Whirligig,
8st. each, across the Flat, 25gs.
Even betting.

Fifty Guineas, free for any
horse, &c. four yr olds carrying
7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six
yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st.
B. C,

Ld Sackville's b. h. Dick An-
drews, by Joe Andrews, 5
yrs old — — 1
D. of Grafton's b. m. Hornby
Lass, 6 yrs old — — 2
Mr. R. Williams's b. h. Peace-
maker, 5 yrs old, ran out 3
8 to 1 on Dick Andrews.

One-third of a Subscription of
25gs each, to which was added the
Town Plate of 50l. for three yr
old colts, carrying 8st. 6lb. and fil-
lies, 8st. 5lb. D. I. (15 Sub-
scribers.)

Mr. Ladbroke's br. f. Julia,
by Whiskey — — 1
Sir F. Standish's b. c. by Sir
Peter, out of Storage — — 2
Mr. Whaley's b. c. Gulliver 3
D. of Grafton's b. c. Tyrant 4
Mr. Heathcot's br. c. by
Pot80's, out of Brighton
Belle — — 5

Even betting and 6 to 5 on Ty-
rant, 6 and 7 to 4 against Sir

Frank Standish's colt, and 10 to
1 against Julia.

On Thursday, the King's Plate
of 100gs, for four yr olds, carrying
10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb.
six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st.
2lb. R. C.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Eleanor,
by Whiskey, 4-yrs old — — 1
Sir F. Standish's b. f. sister to
Gouty, 4 yrs old — — 2
Mr. Norton's b. m. Aniseed,
5 yrs old — — 3
Ld. Sackville's b. h. Warter,
aged — — 4
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Hospitali-
ty, 4 yrs old — — 5
Mr. Wardell's ch. c. Malta;
4 yrs. old — — 6

6 to 5 on Eleanor, 3 to 1 against
Warter, 5 to 1 against Aniseed,
and 10 to 1 against Gouty.

STOCKTON.

ON Wednesday the 6th of Oc-
tober, a Maiden Plate of
50l. for three yr old colts, 8st. 5lb.
and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—2 mile heats.

Mr. Mellish's b. c. by Ga-
briel, dam by Alexander 1 1
Mr. W. Hutchinson's br. c.
by Antæus, dam by Ab-
ba Thulle — — 2 2
Mr. W. Fletcher's b. c.
Crafty, by Buzzard — 3 3
Mr. Broome's b. f. St. Ce-
cilia, by Dungannon 4 4
Even betting on Crafty, and 7 to
4 against the Gabriel colt.

Mr. G. Smith's gr. h. Confessor,
by Delphini, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr.
Hutton's br. m. Huntress, by Har-
lequin, Junior, 8st. both six yrs
old, four miles, 200gs.

6 to 4 on Confessor.

On

On Thursday, Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. that never won above that value at one time;—3 mile heats.

Mr. Carter's b. m. Quiver, by Dart, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb.	—	1	3	1
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. c. Earby, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	—	5	1	3
Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Cotillion, 4 yrs old, 8st.	—	2	4	2
Mr. Robinson's b. c. Trowers, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	—	4	2	dr
Mr. J. Walkingham's b. m. Friendless Fanny, 9 yrs old, 8st 6lb.	—	3	dr	

6 to 4 the field against Quiver

On Friday a Subscription Plate of 5gs each, with 30l. added by the Town of Stockton.—2-mile heats. (6 horses entered.)

Mr. Danby's b. c. by Stride, dam by Drone, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	4	1	1
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. by Pipator, out of Farewel, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	—	1	2
Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. Bagsman, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	—	2	3
Mr. Carter's b. m. Quiver, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	—	3	4

7 to 4 agst Quiver, and 5 to 4 agst the winner.

Mr. G. Bamlet's b. g. Thornaby, by Oberon, 4 yrs old 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. G. Hubback's gr. g. Scy-

ron, by Swann's Arabian, 5 yrs old, 9st.—2-mile heats, 50gs, h. ft.

On Saturday a Handicap Plate of 50l.—2-mile heats.

Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. Bagsman, by Traveler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5½lb.	—	3	1	1
Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Cotillion, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	—	1	5	2
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. c. Earby, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	—	2	3	3
Mr. Ferrand's b. c. Trowers, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	—	4	4	4
Mr. Walkington's Friendless Fanny, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	—	5	2	dis

Bagsman the favourite.

ENFIELD.

ON Tuesday, October the 12th, a Subscription Purse of 50l. for three and four yr olds;—heats, two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Durand's ch. f. Tulip, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, (3 plates) 8st. 9 lb.	—	1	1
Mr. Harris's br. c. brother to Lurcher, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	—	5	2
Mr. Badley's b. c. Paulp, 4 yrs old, (1 plate) 8st. 8lb.	—	2	3
Mr. White's ch. c. Miniature, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	—	4	4
Mr. Fisher's b. c. by Traveller, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	—	3	dr

AYR, SCOTLAND.

ON Tuesday, October the 5th,
50l. for all ages;—4-mile
heats.

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Driver,
by Huby, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1 1

Mr. Cuming's ch. h. by Pe-
gasus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb 2 dr

Mr. Mecadam's ch. f. by Gusta-
vus, dam by Boudrow, 4 yrs old,
8st. 8lb. beat Ld. Cassilis's br. f.
by Scorpion, out of Clementina,
3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. two miles,
200gs.

Sweepstakes for maiden horses,
all ages, 100gs each;—four miles.

D. of Hamilton's b. f. by Walnut,
dam by Javelin, 3 yrs old, 6st.
walked over.

On Wednesday, October the
6th, the 50l. for all ages;—4-mile
heats.

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Driver, walk-
ed over.

Mr. Fletcher's ch. m. Miss King,
12st. beat Capt. Ram's b. g. 14st.
two miles, 50gs.

On Thursday, October the 7th,
the 50l. free for any horse, &c.—
4-mile heats.

Mr. Webb's ch. c. by Vo-
lunteer, 4 yrs old — 3 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Dri-
ver, 4 yrs old (rider fell) 1 dis

Mr. Cuming's ch. h. by
Pegasus, 5 yrs old — 2 dr

Mr. J. Blair's ch. g. Rebel, by
Alexander, beat Mr. Fletcher's
Antelope, 13st. 9lb. each, two
miles, 50gs.—Rode by Gentle-
men.

On Friday, October the 8th,
the Ladies' Plate of 50l. for all
ages;—4 mile heats.

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Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Driver,
by Huby, 4 yrs old — 1 1
D. of Hamilton's bl. f. by
Restless, dam by Bour-
deaux, 4 yrs old — 2 2

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for
three and four yr olds;—two miles.
(Subscribers.)

D. of Hamilton's b. f. by Wal-
nut, 3 yrs old — 1

Ld. Cassilis's ch. c. by Trimmer,
3 yrs old — 2

Mr. Cuming's b. c. by John
Bull, out of Ariadne, 4 yrs
old — — 3

On Saturday, October the 9th,
the Welter Stakes of 10gs each;
—2-mile heats. (4 Subscribers.)

Mr. Blair's ch. g. by Hercu-
les — — 1 1

Mr. Cathcart's br. m. by
Tickle Toby — dis

Mr. Fletcher's Antelope, by
Stride, beat Mr. Blair's ch. g.
Rebel, 13st. 10lb. each, one mile,
50gs.—Rode by the owners.

ENFIELD.

CONCLUDED.

ON Thursday, the 14th of Octo-
ber, the Ladies' Plate of 50l.
for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Bird's b. h. Ambo,
by Overton, 5 yrs old,
8st. 10lb. — 5 5 1 1

Mr. Badley's b. c. Paulo,
4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb — 0 1 2 2

Mr. Smith's ch. h. Bright-
on, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 3 3 3 3

Mr. Golding's b. h. Peace-
maker, 5 yrs old, 8st.
7lb. — 4 4 4 dr

Mr. Cresswell's ch. f. Tu-
lip, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 0 2 dr

C NORTHALLERTON

NORTHALLERTON.

ON Thursday, October the 14th,
a Maiden Plate of 50l. for
all ages;—2-mile heats.

Ld. Belhaven's b. c. by Be-
ningbrough, dam by High-
flyer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 1 1
Mr. Wood's b. c. by Corian-
der, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2 dr

On Friday, the 15th, 50l. for
three and four yr olds, that had not
won a Prize of greater value;—
3-mile heats.

Ld. Belhaven's b. c. 3 yrs
old, 7st. 8lb. — 2 1 1
Ld. Darlington's ch. c. by
Benningbrough, 3 yrs old,
7st. 10lb. — — 1 2 2

On Saturday, the 16th, 50l. for
all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Croft's b. c. Liquorice,
by Traveller, 3 yrs old,
6st. 7lb. — 3 1 1
Mr. Crompton's ch. f. Ro-
samond, 4 yrs old, 7st.
9lb. — 1 3 3
Mr. Darley's b. h. Sports-
man, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 4 4 2
Ld. Darlington's ch. c.
Muly Moloch, 4 yrs old,
7st. 11lb. — 2 2 dr

NEWMARKET,

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

ON Monday, October the 18th,
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. f. Ma-
rianne, by Multi, 8st. beat Mr.
Lockley's b. c. Hospitality, 7st.
12lb. Ab. M. 50gs.
4 to 1 on Marianne.

Mr. Watson's b. c. Gaoler, by
Volunteer, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr.
Wyndham's ch. c. Babylon, 7st.

12lb. Across the Flat, 100gs,
h. ft.

6 to 4 on Gaoler.

D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau,
by Skyscraper, or Grouse, 8st. 11lb.
beat Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m.
Georgiana, 8st. 7lb. Two yr old
Course, 100gs.

5 to 2 and 2 to 1 on Georgiana.

One-third of a Subscription of
25gs each, with 50l. added by the
Jockey Club, for five yr olds, car-
rying 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb.
and aged, 9st. B. C. (15 Sub-
scribers.)

Ld. Sackville's b. h. Dick An-
drews, by Joe Andrews, 5 yrs
old — — 1
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. h. Bobtail,
aged — — 2
4 to 1 on Dick Andrews.

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's b. c.
Shock, by Waxy, 7st. 8lb. recd.
ft. from Mr. Wardell's b. c. Hare-
foot, 8st. 7lb. both three yrs old.
Two middle miles, 100gs. h. ft.

On Tuesday, October the 19th,
Produce Sweepstakes of 100gs
each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies,
8st. 2lb.—Two yr old course.

D. of Grafton's ch. f. by Buzz-
ard, out of a sister to King
Fergus — — 1
Mr. Heming's ch. c. Glead, by
Buzzard, out of Yeoman's
dam — — 2
Mr. Galwey's b. f. December,
by Buzzard, out of Sincerity 3
Mr. Watson's b. c. by Buzzard,
out of Desperate's dam pd. ft.
6 to 4 on the D. of Grafton's filly.

A Subscription Plate of 50l. for
three yr olds, carrying 7st. 10lb.
and four yr olds, 8st. 10lb. Across
the Flat.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Eleanor,
by Whiskey, 4 yrs old — 1
Mr.

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's b. c.
Shock, 3 yrs old — 2
Mr. J. Farrall's ch. c. Nor-
thampton, 3 yrs old — 3
Mr. Shafto's b. c. Harefoot,
3 yrs old — 4
10 to 1 on Eleanor.

Fifty Pounds, for two yr old
colts, carrying 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.
Two yr old Course.

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's gr. f. by
Precipitate — 1
D. of Grafton's b. f. Duckling 2
Mr. J. Farrall's b. c. Nettle 3
Mr. Ladbroke's b. f. Rosetta; Ld.
Clermont's b. c. by Whiskey,
out of Spinetta; Mr. Sitwell's
b. f. Regina; and Mr. Heming's
ch. c. Glead, also started, but
the Judge could only place the
first three.

11 to 8 on Duckling, 6 and 7 to 1
against the winner.

Mr. Panton's f. Mandane, by
Pot80's, out of Young Camilla,
reed. 25gs from Mr. F. Neale's
Reptile, 8st. 11lb. each. Ab. M.
100gs, h. ft.

On Wednesday, October the
20th, D. of Grafton's b. f. Duck-
ling, by Grouse, 8st. 11lb. beat the
D. of St. Albans' b. f. by Buzzard,
out of Rose, 7st. 6lb. Two yr old
Course, 50gs.

2 to 1 on Duckling.

Mr. Howard's br. m. Tawny,
by Mentor, 8st. 8lb. beat Mr.
Delmé Radcliffe's gr. f. by Pre-
cipitate, two yrs old, 6st. 7lb.
Two yr old Course, 50gs.

13 to 8 on the Precipitate filly.

The third and last year of the
October Oatland Stakes of 30gs
each. B. M.

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's b. g.
Rebel, by Trumpator, 6 yrs
old, 8st. 3lb. — 1
Sir F. Standish's b. h. Eagle, 6
yrs old, 9st. 5lb. — 2

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Georgi-
ana, 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. — 3

Mr. Cresswell's b. c. Gulliver,
3 yrs old, 6st. — 4

D. of Grafton's b. f. Penelope,
4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. — 5

Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Bobtail,
aged, 9st. 4lb. — 6

Mr. J. Farrall's b. c. Squire
Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 7

Gen. Grosvenor's b. h. Quick,
5 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. — 8

Ld. Clermont's ch. c. Piscator,
3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. — 9

The following having declared for-
feit within the time prescribed,
paid only 10gs each.

Mr. Cholmondeley's br. h. Mobber-
ley Crab, 6 yrs old, 8st. Mr.
Watson's b. c. Gaoler, 4 yrs old,
7st. 4lb. Sir C. Bunbury's b. c.
Whirligig, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.
Mr. Ladbroke's b. f. Julia, 3 yrs
old, 7st. 2lb. Mr. Wyndham's
Babylon, 4 yrs old, 6st. 6lb.

5 to 2 agst Penelope, 7 to 2 agst
Rebel, 5 to 1 agst Eagle, 6 to 1
agst Piscator, 10 to 1 agst Bob-
tail, and 50 to 4 agst Georgi-
ana.

The Town Plate of 50l. for
three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. four yr
olds, 8st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 11lb.
six yr olds, 9st. 11lb. and aged,
9st. 4lb. Two middle miles, B. C.
—With this condition, that the
winner was to be sold for 50gs, if
demanded, &c.

Mr. Howorth's b. h. Chippen-
ham, by Trumpator, 6 yrs
old — 1

Mr. Howard's br. m. Tawny,
5 yrs old — 2

Mr. Hallett's b. f. Louisa, 3 yrs
old — 3

Mr. Cholmondeley's br. h. Mob-
berley Crab, 6 yrs old — 4

Mr. Lockley's b. c. Minima, 3
yrs old — 5

Even betting on Chippenham, and
2 to 1 agst Tawny.

D. of Grafton's b f. Duckling, by Grouse, two yrs old, 7st. 11lb. recd. 20gs from Mr. Panton's French horn, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. Two yr old Course, 50gs.

On Thursday, October the 21st, Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Whirligig, by Whiskey, 8st. 12lb. beat the D. of St. Albans' b f. by Buzzard, out of Rose, 6st. 10lb. Two yr old Course, 50gs h. ft.
7 to 4 on Whirligig.

A Subscription Plate of 50l. for two yr olds, carrying 7st. 4lb. and three yr olds, 9st. Two yr old Course—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200gs if demanded, &c.

Mr Robson's b. c. Pic Nic, by Mr. Teazle, 3 yrs old — 1

Capt. Taylor's b. c. Gulliver, 3 yrs old — 2

Mr. Heming's ch. c. Gléad, 2 yrs old; Mr. Ludbroke's b. f. Rosetta, 2 yrs old; Mr. F. Neale's b. f. by Driver, 2 yrs old; Mr. J. Edwards's b. f. Miss Newland, 3 yrs old; D. of Grafton's ch. f. by Buzzard, 2 yrs old; Mr. J. Farrall's b. c. Nettle, 2 yrs old; Sir F. Standish's ch. c. brother to Eagle, 3 yrs Old; D. of Queensberry's br. f. sister to Grey Pilot, 2 yrs old; and Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Galloper, by Pot80's, out of Brighton Belle, 3 yrs old; also started, but the Judge could only place the first two

3 to 1 agst Pic Nic, 3 to 1 agst Gulliver, and 7 to 2 agst the brother to Eagle.

HOLYWELL-HUNT.

ON Tuesday, October the 19th, a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for maiden horses (at the time of

naming)—four miles. (Subscribers.)

Mr. Jones's Orange Flower, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, walked over.

On Thursday, the 20th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, two miles and a distance. (8 Subscribers)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. g.

Welsh Ambassador, by Spadille, 6 yrs old, 12st. 7lb. 1

Mr. Lloyd's b. m. Nelly, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. — 2

Mr. Boates's br. h. Paul, by Laurel, 5 yrs old, 12st. 1lb. 3

Sir W. W. Wynn's gr. g. by Smoker, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 4

The Members' Annual Plate of 50gs, for horses, &c. carrying 13st.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Lloyd's b. m. Nelly, by Druggist — 1 1

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. g. Dicky Humbug, by Symmetry, dam by Minister 2 3

MORPETH.

ON Tuesday, October the 19th, 50l. for three and four yr olds, that never won above the value of 100l. in Plate or Sweepstakes. Fillies allowed 2lb. A winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes, carrying 3lb. of two, or more, 5lb. extra. Those that had started and not won, allowed 3lb. three yr olds, 7st. 7lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 5lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Robinson's b. c. Earby, by Mufti, 4 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Wilson's b. f. Julia, 4 yrs old — 2 2

On Wednesday, the 20th, 50l. the gift of William Ord, Esq. for all ages.—3-mile heats.

No Race.

On

On Thursday, the 21st, a Hunters' Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 50l. added, 12st.—3-mile heats. (8 Subscribers.)

Ld. Strathmore's b. h. Risby,		
by Walnut	—	1 1
Col. Ord's gr. m. by Comet;		
out of Honest John's dam	2 2	
Mr. Jona. Rayne's b. g. Sowerby	—	3 3

On Friday, the 22nd, 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, 6st 7lb. four yr olds, 7st, 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 10lb. The winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes this year, carrying 3lb. of two, or a King's Plate, 4lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. —4-mile heats.

Sir H. T. Vane's br. c.		
Baggsman, by Traveller,		
4 yrs old	—	1 3 1
Ld. Strathmore's b. h. Ris-		
by, aged	—	2 1 2
Mr. Carter's b. m. Quiver,		
5 yrs old	—	3 2 dr

BOROUGHBRIDGE.

ON Wednesday, October the 20th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. four yr olds, 8st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. 8lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Walkington's b.m. Friend-		
less Fanny, by Astonish-		
ment, 6 yrs old	—	1 1
Mr. Wood's b. c. by Corian-		
der, 4 yrs old	—	2 2
Mr. W. Fletcher's b. c. Craf-		
ty, 3 yrs old	—	3 3

On Thursday, the 21st, 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. and five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. that never won a Prize of greater value. A winner of one 50l. this

season, to have carried 3lb. extra, of two, 5lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Wood's b. c. by Corian-		
der, 4 yrs old	—	1 1
Mr. Kirby's ch. c. Superb, by		
Acasia, 3 yrs old	—	3 2
Mr. W. Fletcher's b. c. Craf-		
ty, 3 yrs old	—	2 3

On Friday, the 22nd, 50l. for all ages;—3-mile heats,

Mr. Croft's b. c. Liquorice,		
by Traveller, 3 yrs old, 6st.		
11lb.	—	1 1
Mr. Wood's b. c. by Corian-		
der, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	—	3 2
Mr. Crompton's ch. f. Rosa-		
mond, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	—	2 3

PENRITH.

ON Thursday, October the 21st, 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Cotil-		
lion, by Overton, 4 yrs old,		
8st. 8lb.	—	1 1
Mr. Webb's ch. c. Conscript,		
4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	—	3 2
Mr. Walton's b. f. Farewell,		
3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb	—	2 3

On Saturday, the 23d, 50l. for all ages;—3-mile heats.

Mr. Stephenson's Cotillion,		
4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	—	1 1
Mr. Hutchinson's b. h. Vali-		
ant, aged, 9st.	—	2 2

HAMILTON, SCOTLAND.

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

ON Monday, October the 25th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, free for any horse, mare, or gelding, carrying 12st.—4-mile heats.

Mr.

Mr. Fletcher's ch. h. Apple-
garth, by Stride, aged 3 1 1
D. of Hamilton's b. g. Lit-
tle Bob, 6 yrs old — 1 2 dr
Mr. Wilkinson's gr. h. The
Rover, 6 yrs old — 2 dis

A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for
three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies,
7st. 12lb.—two miles. (5 Sub-
scribers.)

D. of Hamilton's b. f. by Wal-
nut, out of Miss Pratt — 1
Mr. Fletcher's f. by Ruler — 2
Mr. Baillie's c. by Bening-
brough — — 3

On Tuesday, the 25th, 50l. for
all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Driver, by
Huby, walked over.

Fifty Pounds for all ages;—3-
mile heats.

D. of Hamilton's b. f. by Wal-
nut, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. 1 1
Mr. Fletcher's Lethe, 5 yrs
old, 8st. 3lb. — dis

On Wednesday, the 26th, 50gs
for maiden hunters, carrying 12st.
—4-mile heats.

Ld. Montgomerie's g. Ratler 1 1
Ld. A. Hamilton's ch. m. dis

For the 50l. for three and four
yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's Driver, 4 yrs old,
walked over.

On Thursday, the 27th, 50gs
for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's br. c. Antelope,
by Stride, 4 yrs old, 7st.
10lb. — — 1 1

D. of Hamilton's bl. f. by
Restless, 4 yrs old, 7st.
10lb. — — 2 2

Subscription Plate of 50l. for all
ages.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's Driver, 4 yrs
old, 8st. 3lb. — 1 1
D. of Hamilton's Little Bob,
6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. — 2 2

On Friday, the 28th, His Grace
the D. of Hamilton's Plate of 50gs
for all ages;—four miles.

Mr. Fletcher's Driver, 4 yrs old,
7st. 7lb. — — 1
D. of Hamilton's b. f. by Wal-
nut, 3 yrs old, 6st. — 2

Subscription of 20gs each, for all
ages;—three miles. (2 Subscrib-
ers.)

D. of Hamilton's f. by Walnut,
walked over.

NEWMARKET,

HOUGHTON MEETING.

ON Monday, November the
1st, Mr. Wardell's b. c. Hare-
foot, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old,
8st. 7lb. beat Mr. F. Neale's f. by
Driver, 2 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. First
half of Ab. Mile, 25gs.
5 to 4 on Harefoot,

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Whirli-
gig, by Whiskey, 8st. 12lb. beat
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Hospitality,
8st. 3lb, both 4 yrs old, R. M.
50gs, h. ft.

2 to 1 on Whirligig.

Mr. Howard's b. h. Chippen-
ham, by Trumpator, 6 yrs old, 8st.
beat Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Malta,
4 yrs old, 7st, 5lb. D. 1. 50gs.
4 to 1 on Chippenham.

Mr. Howorth's b. m. Aniseed,
by Coriander, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr.
Howard's br. m. Tawny, 7st. 4lb.
B. C. 100gs, h. ft.
2 to 1 on Aniseed.

Fifty Pounds for two yr olds,
carrying

carrying a feather; three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. five yr olds, 9st. 3lb. 6 yr olds, 9st. 7lb. and aged, 9st. 10lb. Last three miles of B. C.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's br. h. Lucan, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old — 1

Sir F. Standish's b. f. sister to Gouty, 4 yrs. old — 2

Mr. Panton's ch. c. Trombone, 4 yrs old — 3

Mr. Williams's ch. h. Canterbury, 6 yrs old — 4

Ld. Sackville's br. h. Expectation, 6 yrs old — 5

Mr. Heming's b. h. Parnassus, 5 yrs old — 6

Mr. J. Farrall's ch. c. Northampton, 3 yrs old — 7

Mr. Dawson's ch. g. by Coriander, 2 yrs old — 8

2 to 1 against the sister to Gouty, 4 to 1 against Trombone, 5 to 1 against Lucan, 5 to 1 against Expectation, 10 to 1 against Northampton, and 12 to 1 against Canterbury.

Mr. Watson's Gaoler, 8st. 1lb. recd. 42½gs from Mr. Wyndham's Babylon, 7st. 1lb. Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.

On Tuesday, the 2nd, Gen. Grosvenor's b. h. Quick, by John Bull, 8st. beat Mr. Wardell's b. h. Wrestler, 8st. 4lb. Two yr old course, 25gs.

5 to 2 and 2 to 1 on Wrestler.

A Subscription Plate of 50l. for two yr olds, carrying 5st. 2lb. three yr olds, 7st. four yr olds, 8st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 13lb. D. I.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Whirligig, by Whiskey, 4-yrs old, 1

Mr. Ladbroke's b. f. Rosetta, by Young Woodpecker, 2 yrs old — 2

Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Malta, 4 yrs old — 3

Mr. Wardell's b. c. Harefoot, 3 yrs old — 4

Mr. Golding's b. h. Peacemaker, 5 yrs old — 5

7 to 4 against Whirligig, 3 to 1 against Harefoot, and 4 to 1 against Malta.

Mr. Wardell's Wrestler, by Antæus, 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. Coventry's ch. m. Jenny Spinner, 7st. 7lb. Two yr old Course, 25gs.

5 and 6 to 4 on Jenny Spinner.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Whirligig, by Whiskey, 8st. 3lb. recd. 20gs from Mr. Howard's br. m. Tawny, 8st. 7lb. Two yr old Course, 50gs, h. ft.

On Wednesday, the 3d, Sweepstakes of 50gs each. Two middle miles of B. C.

Mr. Howard's b. h. Chippenham, by Trumpator, 7st. 10lb. 1

Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's br. h. Lucan, 8st. 7lb. — 2

Gen. Grosvenor's b. h. Quick, 6st. 13lb — 3

6 to 5 against Chippenham, 2 to 1 against Lucan, and 4 to 1 against Quick.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Whirligig, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 9st 4lb. beat the D. of Grafton's ch. f. by Volunteer. 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. Two yr old Course, 25gs.

6 to 5 on the Filly.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10gs each. Across the Flat.

Ld. Clermont's b. c. by Whiskey, out of Spinette, 2 yrs old, 5st. 3lb. — 1

Mr.

Mr. Howorth's b. c. Gulliver, 3
yrs old, 7st. 4lb. — 2

Mr. Robson's ch. g. by Pegasus,
aged, 9st. 3lb. Gen. Grosvenor's

b. h. Quick, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.

Mr. Golding's ch. f. Remnant,
4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. Sir F. Standish's ch. c. brother to Eagle, 3

yrs old, 7st. 11lb. Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Galloper, 3 yrs old,

6st. 13lb. Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's
gr. f. by Precipitate, 2 yrs old,

5st. 10lb. also started, but the
Judge could place only the first

two.

5 to 2 against Gulliver, 5 to 1

against Remnant, and 10 to 1
against Ld. Clermont's colt.

Sir F. Standish's b. c. Duxbury,
by Sir Peter, out of Storace, 8st 6lb.

beat Mr. Ladbroke's br. f. Julia,
8st. 9lb. D. I. 100gs, h. ft.

15 to 8 on Duxbury.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each,
Across the Flat.

Mr. Howard's b. h. Chippenham,
by Trumpator, 6 yrs old,
8st. 12lb. — 1

D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau,
4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. — 2

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. Galloper,
3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. — 3

5 to 4 on Flambeau, and 7 to 4
against Chippenham.

D. of Grafton's b. m. Hornby
Lass, by Buzzard, 8st. 8lb. beat

Mr. Howard's br m. Tawny, 6st.
12lb. Across the Flat, 100gs.

5 and 6 to 4 on Hornby Lass.

CARLISLE.

ON Monday, the 1st of November, His Majesty's Plate of
100gs for five yr olds, 8st. 7lb.—
4-mile heats.

Ld. Darlington's b. h. Hap-hazard,
by Sir Peter, walked over.

On Tuesday, the 2nd, 50l. given
by the Earl of Carlisle, for all ages;
—3-mile heats.

Mr. Stephenson's b. f. Cotil-
lion, by Overton, 4 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Hutchinson's c. Earby, 4
yrs old — — 2 dr

On Thursday, the 4th, 50l. given
by the City Members, was not run
for; two horses were entered, and
recd. 15gs between them.

On Saturday, the 6th, 50l. for
all ages;—3-mile heats.

Mr. Stephenson's Cotillion, 4
yrs old — — 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's Antelope, 4 yrs
old — — 2 2

Mr. Danby's b. c. by Stride,
3 yrs old, — dis

To be recommenced in our Magazine for February next.



**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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